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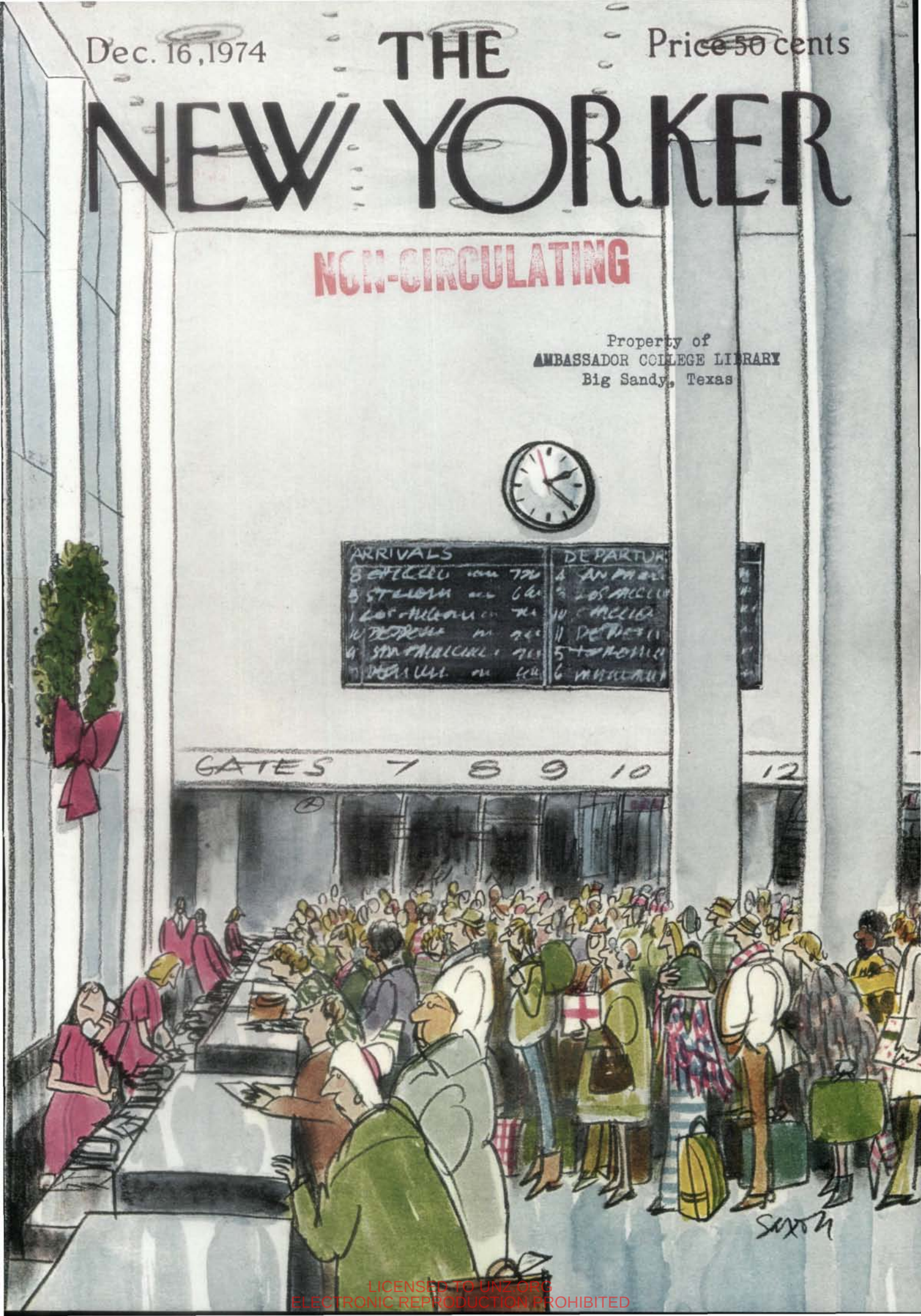

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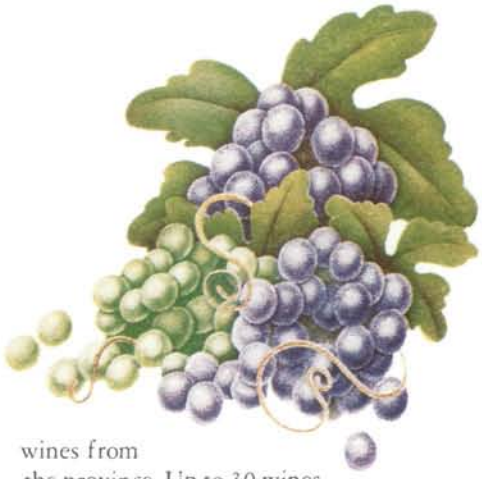

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Absurd Person Singular—Alan Ayckbourn is a master of farce, and this play about the horrors of married life will make you laugh from start to finish. With Larry Blyden, Carole Shelley, Geraldine Page, Richard Kiley, Sandy Dennis, and Tony Roberts. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Big Winner—David Opatoshu and Stan Porter in a Yiddish musical based on a 1922 play by Sholom Aleichem. The music is by Sol Kaplan, and Wolf Younin wrote the lyrics. Directed by Mr. Opatoshu. (Eden, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 260-5200. Wednesdays and Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 8:15; and Sundays at 6. Matinées Wednesdays, Thursdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

Cat on a Hot Tin Roof—A superlative revival of Tennessee Williams' preposterous and yet immensely entertaining Gothic romance. Elizabeth Ashley is a superb Maggie, and Fred Gwynn's Big Daddy is on a par with Burl Ives' unforgettable original. (ANTA Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Equity Library Theatre—Joseph Hayes' thriller **The Desperate Hours** is the third in this season's series of eight productions. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Dec. 15. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

Equus—A brilliant psychological whodunit by Peter Shaffer, beautifully acted by Anthony Hopkins, Peter Firth, Frances Sternhagen, Marian Seldes, Roberta Maxwell, and Michael Higgins. The director is John Dexter. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

God's Favorite—Neil Simon's new comedy, with Vincent Gardenia, Charles Nelson Reilly, and Maria Karnilova. Michael Bennett is the director. Opens Wednesday, Dec. 11. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Thursday, Dec. 12.)

Gypsy—Pretty, jolly Angela Lansbury feverishly impersonating a shrew. The Jule Styne-Stephen Sondheim songs stand up well after fifteen years, and Arthur Laurents, who wrote the book, has directed the show with spirit. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2. Closes Saturday, Jan. 4.)

In Praise of Love—Rex Harrison and Julie Harris in a play by Terence Rattigan. Fred Coe directed. (Morosco, 215 W. 45th St. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

In the Boom Boom Room—A reworking by David Rabe of his unsuccessful play of last year. It has grown longer, but not better. Ellen Greene is admirable as the tattered heroine. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

London Assurance—A merry burlesque of an old comedy by the Irish playwright Dion Boucicault. The cast is headed by Donald Sinden, of the Royal Shakespeare Company. The art of High Ham was never more wittily demonstrated. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Madhouse Company of London—Horseplay by some gifted clowns in a pleasant cabaret setting. (Brooklyn Navy Yard, downstairs at the Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30 and 11; and Sundays at 8:30.)

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The Magic Show—A wretched musical, but the magic tricks by Doug Henning are worth going to see. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

La Mama Experimental Theatre Club—A trilogy of plays conceived and directed by Andrei Serban, based on the originals of Sophocles, Euripides, and Seneca in ancient Greek, Latin, and other languages. With music by Elizabeth Swados. **The Trojan Women** and **Electra:** Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 12-14, at 8. . . . **Medea** and **Electra:** Sunday, Dec. 15, at 8. . . . **The Trojan Women, Electra,** and **Medea:** Friday and Saturday, Dec. 20-21, at 7. (La Mama Annex, 66 E. 4th St. 475-7710.)

The Measures Taken—Bertolt Brecht's play, translated by Eric Bentley. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Wednesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Of Mice and Men—A revival of Steinbeck's 1937 play, based on his novel. James Earl Jones has the leading role. The director is Edwin Sherin. Previews Thursday, Dec. 12, through Tuesday, Dec. 17. Opens officially on Wednesday, Dec. 18. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly at 7:30; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Prodigal Sister—A hapless and almost tuneless little musical about a family straight out of "Two Black Crows." (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Richard III—Michael Moriarty's cool, dead-eyed, delinquent Richard may not be entirely successful, theatrically speaking, but it is a fascinating characterization all the same. In spite of the presence of a number of good actors, the production could be a lot better. (Mitzi E. Newhouse Theatre, 150 W. 65th St. EN 2-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Dec. 22.)

The Rules of the Game—Pirandello's comedy, with John McMartin and Joan van Ark, is the second in a series of three offerings by the New Phoenix Repertory Company. Stephen

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Porter directed. Previews Wednesday, Dec. 11. Opens officially on Thursday, Dec. 12, and will run through Saturday, Dec. 21. (Helen Hayes, 210 W. 46th St. 246-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

San Francisco Mime Troupe—A five-week engagement of two plays. A science-fiction thriller, **the great air robbery**: Mondays, Wednesdays, and Sundays at 8. . . . ¶ Brecht's **the mother**, based on a Gorky novel: Thursdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 3. (Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Closes Monday, Dec. 23.)

Scapino—A headlong farce, freely adapted from Molière's "Les Fourberies de Scapin" and acted to perfection by Jim Dale, of the Young Vic company, and a number of others. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 265-1855. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Sherlock Holmes—Frank Dunlop's hilarious guying of the Doyle-Gillette classic, with John Wood as Holmes and Philip Locke as the infamous Professor Moriarty. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 246-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Sizwe Banzi Is Dead and **The Island**—John Kani and Winston Ntshona in two South African plays imported from London. Devised by Athol Fugard (who also directed) and by the Messrs. Kani and Ntshona. **sizwe banzi is dead**, a blistering indictment of the inhuman treatment of blacks in South Africa. Tuesdays and Thursdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3. . . . ¶ In **the island**, two black prisoners of the South African state outwit torture and death by means of brotherly affection and invincible courage. Wednesdays at 2 and 8. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164.)

Thieves—A comedy about life in a high-rise apartment house. The author is Herb Gardner, and the chief reason for seeing the show is Marlo Thomas. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Jan. 5.)

The Wager—Mark Medoff's sentimental farce, about a pair of graduate students and a professor and his pretty wife, is only rarely as funny or shrewd as it is meant to be, but it is well acted, under Anthony Perkins' direction. Kristoffer Tabori is good, in the leading role, and he is ably supported by Kenneth Gilman and John Heard. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Where's Charley?—A revival of the 1948 musical, with a book by George Abbott taken from Brandon Thomas's play "Charley's Aunt." Frank Loesser wrote the music and lyrics, and Raul Julia will play the part originated by Ray Bolger. Previews through Wednesday, Dec. 18. Opens officially on Thursday, Dec. 19. (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Who's Who in Hell—Peter Ustinov's comedy, in which he stars along with Beau Bridges and George S. Irving. Directed by Ellis Rabb. (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Long Runs—candide: A revival, in much altered form, of the 1956 original, with Leonard Bernstein's score and Richard Wilbur's lyrics. Harold Prince directed the inventive, lively performance. Be prepared to climb up ramps and steps to find a seat. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **the fantasticks**: 6,089 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **godspell**: A musical adaptation of the Book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. Songs by

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Stephen Schwartz. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 6 and 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 2 and 5.). . . **el grande de coca-cola**: A funny, brief lark, set in a tacky night club in Honduras. (Plaza 9 Theatre, Plaza Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. PL 9-3933. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.). . . **grease**: A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.). . . **the hot l baltimore**: Lanford Wilson's play about the assorted, seedy residents of a once good hotel, now shabby and threatened by bulldozers, is synthetic and sugary, but it is quite entertaining, too. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 9; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **over here!**: A musical that claims to tell us what it was like on the home front during the Second World War. It is really an excuse for presenting the two surviving Andrews Sisters, who sing splendidly, and for showing off some wonderful young dancers. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2. Closes Saturday, Jan. 4.). . . **pippin**: A great big show that ably conceals a tiny little musical. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.). . . **raisin**: Worth seeing for its appealing and gifted cast, though the book of the musical is as old-fashioned as "Uncle Tom's Cabin." (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-4271. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

Princeton Triangle Show—A musical, "A Titter Ran Through the Audience," is this year's undergraduate production. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Thursday, Dec. 12, at 8.)

BALLET AND DANCE

New York City Ballet—Performances of **the nutcracker** are being presented through Sunday, Jan. 5. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Wednesday through Friday, Dec. 11-13, at 6; Saturday, Dec. 14, at 2 and 8; Sunday, Dec. 15, at 2 and 6; Tuesday through Friday, Dec. 17-20, at 6; and Saturday, Dec. 21, at 2 and 8. Through Sunday, Feb. 16.)

Eliot Feld Ballet—Wednesday evening, Dec. 11: "Embrace Tiger and Return to Mountain," "The Consort," and "At Midnight." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Dec. 12: "Tzaddik," "Embrace Tiger and Return to Mountain," and "The Real McCoy." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Dec. 13: "Sephardic Song," "The Gods Amused," "Tzaddik," and "The Consort." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Dec. 14: "The Real McCoy," "At Midnight," and "Intermezzo." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, Dec. 15: "Sephardic Song," "The Real McCoy," and "At Midnight." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, Dec. 15: "The Real McCoy," "The Consort," and "Intermezzo." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Dec. 17: "Sephardic Song," "The Gods Amused," "Tzaddik," and "Intermezzo." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Dec. 18: "Embrace Tiger and Return to Mountain," "At Midnight," and "The Real McCoy." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Dec. 19: "The Consort," "Theatre," and "Intermezzo." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Dec. 20: "Sephardic Song," "Theatre," "The Gods Amused," and "The Real McCoy." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Dec. 21: "The Consort," "Cortège Parisien," "Tzaddik," and "At Midnight." (Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 3. Closes Sunday, Dec. 22.)

Alvin Ailey City Center Dance Theatre—Wednesday evening, Dec. 11: "Dance for Six," "Journey," "Feast of Ashes" (company première), and "The Wedding." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Dec. 12: "Fanga," "Portrait of Billie," "Rainbow 'Round My Shoulder," "Nocturne" (première), and "The Wedding." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Dec. 13: "Fanga," "Blues Suite," "Missa Brevis," and "The Wedding." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Dec. 14: "Blues Suite," "Cry," "The Road of the Phoebe Snow," and "Revelations." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Dec. 14: "Streams," "Cry," "Missa Brevis," and "The Wedding." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, Dec. 15: "Dance for Six," "Journey," "Feast of Ashes," and "The Wedding." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, Dec. 15: "Choros," "Portrait of Billie," "Blues Suite," "Nocturne," and "Revelations." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Dec. 17: "Hidden Rites," "Rainbow 'Round My Shoulder," and "Revelations." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Dec. 18: "Fanga," "Portrait of Billie," "According to Eve," and "The Wedding." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Dec. 19: "Blues Suite," "Cry," "According to Eve," and "The Wedding." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Dec. 20: "Dance for Six," "Journey," "Feast of Ashes," and "Revelations." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Dec. 21: "Fanga," "Portrait of Billie," "Rainbow 'Round My Shoulder," and "Revelations." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Dec. 21: "Missa Brevis," "How Long Have It Been," "The Road of the Phoebe Snow," and "The Wedding." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Evenings at 7:30. Matinées at 2. Closes Sunday, Dec. 22.)

Agnes de Mille—And her Heritage Dance Theatre in a lecture-demonstration entitled "Conversations About the Dance," with Gemze de Lappe, Jeremy Blanton, Hortense Kooluris, and others. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Friday, Dec. 13, at 8.)

Murray Louis Dance Company—Opening performances of an engagement that will run through Sunday, Jan. 5—Friday and Saturday, Dec. 20-21, at 8: "Geometric" (première), "Chimera," and "Hoopla." . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 21, at 2:30: "Calligraph for Martyrs," "Continuum," and "Proximities." (New York University Theatre, 35 W. 4th St. For tickets, call 777-1122.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(A few of the notable performers now in town.)

David Amram—Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011). French horn, guitar, oud, and other instruments, with saxophonists Pepper Adams and Jerry Dod-

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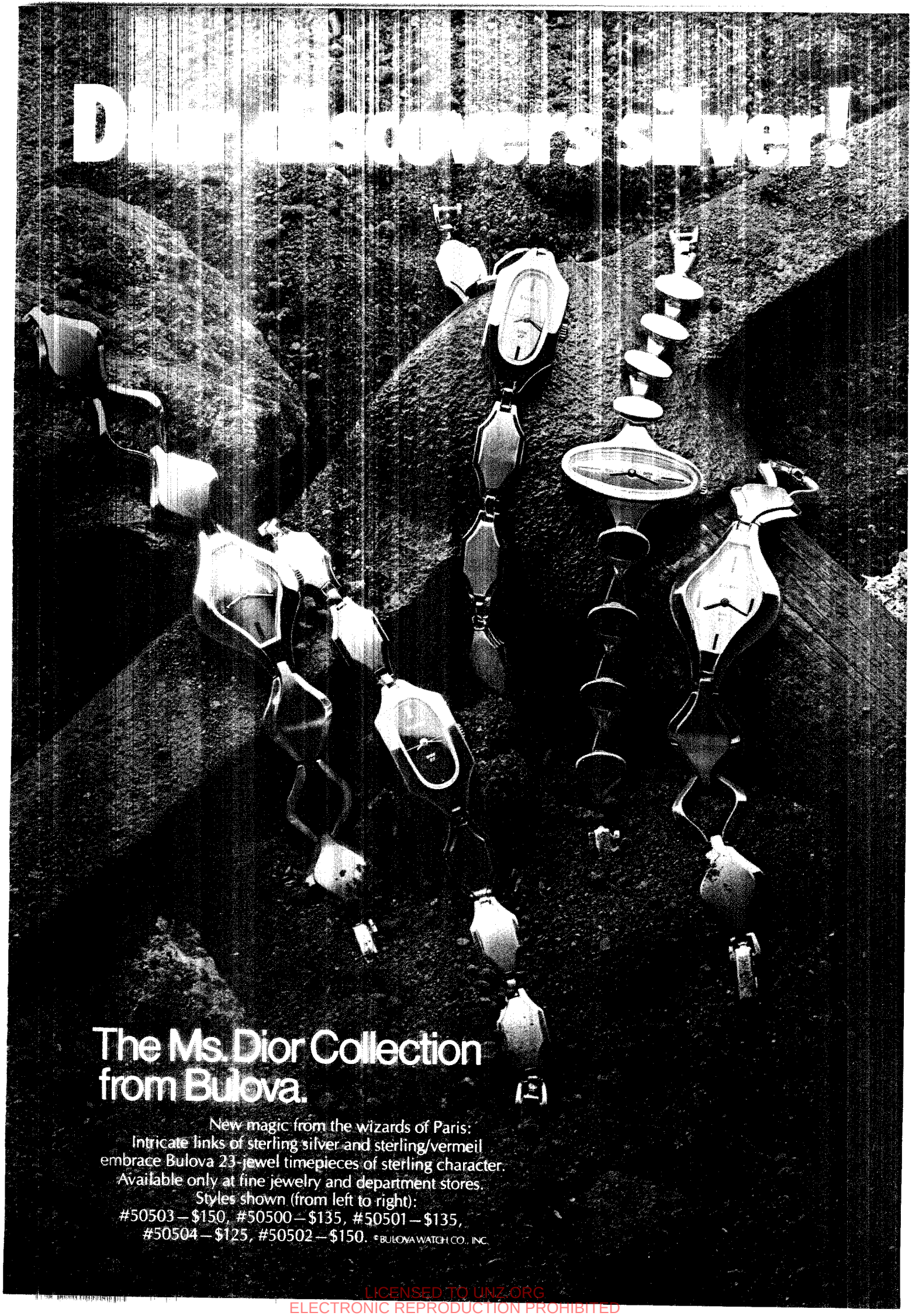

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

gion. Beginning Tuesday, Dec. 17, at ten.

Chet Baker—Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754). Trumpet, leading a combo, Mondays and Tuesdays, from nine-thirty to two.

Art Blakey and the Jazz Messengers—Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120). Drums, with the current Messengers. Fridays and Saturdays, from ten.

Ruby Braff and George Barnes—Buddy's Place, 1220 Second Ave., at 64th St. (752-5855). Cornet and guitar, respectively, in a quartet, at ten and midnight Mondays through Thursdays, and at eight-forty-five, ten-forty-five, and twelve-forty-five Fridays and Saturdays.

Bricktop and Hugh Shannon—Soerabaja, 140 E. 74th St. (744-4150). Songs. Wednesdays through Saturdays from ten until two; Shannon is here alone on Tuesdays as well.

Kenny Burrell—Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011). Guitar, leading a quartet, at ten, through Sunday, Dec. 15.

Jaki Byard—Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440). Piano, with bassist Major Holley, from nine, on Sundays.

Barbara Carroll—Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970). Piano, leading a trio, at dinner and supper, through Saturday, Dec. 14.

Roy Eldridge—Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505). Trumpet, with Bobby Pratt, Chuck Folds, Ted Sturgis, Joe Muranyi, and Eddie Locke. Nine-thirty to three, except Sundays.

Anita Ellis and Ellis Larkins—Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272). Vocals and piano, respectively. Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten-thirty and midnight.

Dizzy Gillespie—Half Note, 149 W. 54th St. (586-5383). Trumpet, leading a quintet, beginning Monday, Dec. 16.

Sonny Greer / Russell Procope / Brooks Kerr—Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220). Drums, reeds, and piano, respectively. Wednesdays through Sundays, from nine-thirty to three.

Tiny Grimes—West End Café, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750). Guitar, leading a trio, from nine to one, Wednesdays and Thursdays.

Jonah Jones—St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500). Trumpet, leading a quartet that includes drummer Cozy Cole, at dinner and supper, except Sundays.

Thad Jones-Mel Lewis Band—Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011). Mondays at ten.

Lee Konitz—Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220). Alto saxophone, with bassist Wilbur Little and pianist Dick Katz. Mondays and Tuesdays, from ten to three. . . . ¶ Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754). With guitarist Attila Zoller, Wednesdays and Thursdays, from nine-thirty until two.

Junior Mance—Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832). Piano, with a trio, Wednesdays through Saturdays, from ten to three.

Marian McPartland—Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272). Piano, leading a trio, from nine-fifteen to one, through Saturday, Dec. 14.

Mabel Mercer—St. Regis Room, in the St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave., at 55th St. (PL 3-4500). Songs. Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight.

Sammy Price—West End Café, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750). Boogie-woogie piano, with a quartet. Fridays and Saturdays, from nine to one.

Irene Reid—Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245). Vocals, with a quartet, from nine-forty-five to three, through Saturday, Dec. 14.

Bobby Short—Café Carlyle, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600). Singing and playing piano, Tuesdays through Saturdays, at nine-forty-five, eleven-thirty, and one.

Chuck Wayne and Joe Puma—Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754). Guitar duo. Sundays, from nine until two.

Mary Lou Williams—Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450). Piano, from eight to one, except Sundays.

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Teddy Wilson—Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272). Piano, with saxophonist Charlie Ventura, bassist Milt Hinton, and drummer Ronnie Coleman, from nine-fifteen to one, beginning Tuesday, Dec. 17.

World's Greatest Jazz Band of Yank Lawson and Bob Haggart—Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970). With vocalist Connie Haines. Beginning Monday, Dec. 16, at dinner and supper.

•

(A few places where the notable performers, and others, are performing.)

Angry Squire, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—A seaworthy vessel complete with dangling halyards, barrels, and a close-quartered conviviality. The musical crew on Friday and Saturday, Dec. 13-14, is bassist Bob Cunningham's trio. Music from nine-thirty to two-thirty. Dinner.

Arthur's Tavern, 57 Grove St. (CH 2-9468)—Home base (the *only* base, in fact) for the Grove Street Stompers, a Dixieland band that brings immeasurable amounts of enthusiasm into this little bar between nine-fifteen and one every Monday. Tuesdays through Saturdays, from nine until three, pianist Mabel Godwin plays good-time oldies. Closed Sundays.

Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—White brick walls, blown-up musings by R. D. Laing, succulent collard greens, and a jukebox stocked with recordings by many of the artists who appear here from time to time. Irene Reid, a powerful, expressive vocalist who sang blues and ballads with Count Basie's band in the sixties, performs with her capable quartet through Saturday, Dec. 14. Miss Reid does more than justice to popular contemporary music, but she is at her best doing blues and rhythm-and-blues. She is also adept at delivering rhyming, rhythmic, droll, seemingly improvised ten-minute harangues that concern vanity and appearance versus reality, and that she accusingly but amiably dedicates to young men, to street-corner studs—to, as she puts it, "all you hot-dog Blimpie pimps." Saxophonist David Schnitter heads up a quartet on Monday and Tuesday, Dec. 16-17. Alto saxophonist Charles McPherson's quintet comes in on Wednesday, Dec. 18. Music from nine-forty-five to three. Closed Sundays.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—A four-hundred-and-fifty-seat rock-and-folk club, on occasion so clamorous before and between shows that one walks out feeling exhausted and hoarse. But, however congested, this mini-concert hall boasts a friendly staff and a simple, pleasant décor, and its commitments to the sound system and the lighting are admirable indeed. The diverse and often imposing roster of performers is staggering. On Wednesday, Dec. 11, weighty rockster Brian Auger trades sets with Stardrive, a pretentiously futuristic quartet—guitar, bass, drums, and synthesizer—that harnesses acoustic technology to produce aural overkill. Raspberries, a traditional, uncomplicated rock band, appears opposite comedian Ed Begley, Jr., Thursday through Sunday, Dec. 12-15. Elephant's Memory and Truth, two more rock groups, arrive for a two-day stint—Monday and Tuesday, Dec. 16-17. On Friday, Dec. 20, drummer Billy Cobham brings in his pop-jazz assemblage as well as his two-bass-drum trap set. Ron Douglas, a very funny and inventive young comedian, opens the show for Cobham. Shows at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Snacks.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440)—An animated, crowded, wood-panelled bar that is highly regarded by the Village artisans and musicians who patronize it. Jimmy Raney, a warm, melodic guitarist, and his bassist, Bill Takas, provide the music Mondays through Saturdays from nine-thirty to two-thirty. Sundays, from nine to one, are devoted to the piano of Jaki Byard—composer, New England Conservatory professor, and multi-faceted jazzman—along with the bass of Major Holley. Dinner.

Buddy's Place, 1220 Second Ave., at 64th St. (752-5855)—Drummer Buddy Rich's club is a most agreeable spot: a warm, red-carpeted square room with a helpful, amiable staff. The Ruby Braff-George Barnes quartet—with rhythm guitarist Wayne Wright and bassist Michael Moore—plays joyously mellow mainstream jazz Mondays through Saturdays. Shows at ten and midnight Mondays through Thursdays; at eight-forty-five, ten-forty-five, and twelve-forty-five on Fridays and Saturdays. Snacks. Closed Sundays.

Café Carlyle, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—Singer and pianist Bobby Short, the prized fixture here, vigorously pays his respects to Gershwin, Porter, and others. Helping out, as always, are bassist Beverly Peer and drummer Dick Sheridan. Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-forty-five, eleven-thirty, and one. Dinner and supper.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—Pianist Mary Lou Williams, a Kansas City-jazz legend who was a featured soloist with the Andy Kirk orchestra from 1931 to 1942 (she began arranging for Kirk in 1929), is in charge currently. She is admirably assisted by her bassist, Milton Suggs. Sundays, Dick Hyman takes over the keyboard. Music from eight to one.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Formerly a hamburger stand, this tiny bar is a warm, unruffled refuge situated in a bustling neighborhood. The senior member of the threesome that plays swing tunes here is Sonny Greer, who worked with Duke Ellington for more than thirty years, beginning in 1919. Russell Procope carries out his duties on the alto saxophone and clarinet with the gusto and smooth finesse that typified Ellington reeds (he joined Ellington in 1945). Twenty-two-year-old Brooks Kerr, a stride stylist and an Ellington scholar, sits at the piano between Greer and Procope, and helps generate the excitement. Wednesdays through Sundays from nine-thirty to three. Alto saxophonist Lee Konitz, bassist Wilbur Little, and pianist Dick Katz take over Mondays and Tuesdays from ten to three. Pianist and singer Onzy Matthews can be found playing with bassist Charles Lindsay Wednesdays through Saturdays from six to nine. Snacks.

Half Note, 149 W. 54th St. (586-5383)—A jazz club in a sombre, modern setting, complete with black-tied waiters. The neat rows of tables and the banquette-lined wall are snubbed by patrons with a preference for the more relaxed, almost down-home atmosphere at the bar. Pianist Monty Alexander is here with his trio through Saturday, Dec. 14. On

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Monday, Dec. 16, Dizzy Gillespie, perhaps the cheekiest of trumpet players, settles in with his quintet. The hours run from eight-thirty to two Mondays through Thursdays, and from nine-thirty to three-thirty on Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays.

JACQUES, 168 Bleecker St., at Sullivan St. (254-5920)—Dart boards and piano music. Lance Hayward is seated in the corner at the keyboard every night but Wednesday, when pianist Jim Roberts substitutes. On Sundays, Jane Valentine contributes vocals. Music from nine-thirty to three.

JIMMY RYAN'S, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—It came up the river from New Orleans and, *mutatis mutandis*, it found its way here. Roy Eldridge, Bobby Pratt, Chuck Folds, Ted Sturgis, Joe Muranyi, and Eddie Locke play from nine-thirty to three. Sundays, the Gene Roland quintet holds forth from eight to two.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—This harmlessly Anglophile restaurant, complete with Tudor trappings, is, more often than not, distractingly animated and noisy. Marian McPartland whips out polished fantasies that come from such diverse sources as John Coltrane, Carole King, and Alec Wilder. She is supported by bassist Jay Leonhart and drummer Joe Cocuzzo; through Saturday, Dec. 14. On Tuesday, Dec. 17, Teddy Wilson begins performing with saxophonist Charlie Ventura, bassist Milt Hinton, and drummer Ronnie Coleman. Music from nine-fifteen to one. On Mondays, from nine to midnight, the New Orleans Funeral and Ragtime Band celebrates Dixieland jazz. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In the **BIRD CAGE**, singer Anita Ellis benefits from the sensitive piano backing of consummate accompanist Ellis Larkins; at ten-thirty and midnight Tuesdays through Saturdays.

MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A spacious and easygoing corner restaurant. Sundays through Tuesdays, guitarist Cornell Dupree and some first-rate musician friends meet for some fine rhythm-and-blues sessions. Wednesdays through Saturdays, Junior Mance, a master of the bluesy piano, leads his trio. Blue notes from ten until three.

MUSIC ROOM, 2871 Broadway, at 111th St. (866-2018)—The greatest hits of the fifteenth century—and some occasional ragtime, folk, and atonal music thrown in—are likely to be heard in this modest little restaurant and bar from seven until eleven (from six on Sundays). Many of the young professional musicians and singers who are here to display their skills (which vary in degree) in small ensembles or as soloists normally perform with such musical monoliths as the New York City Opera Orchestra, the Metropolitan Opera Orchestra, and the American Symphony Orchestra. A basket placed near the front of the dining room serves as a kitty, where patrons—mostly Columbia-area residents and upper-West Side musicians, can drop contributions. Solo lutenists, pianists, singers, and guitarists abound during the week; Fridays and Saturdays are reserved for chamber trios.

RENO SWEENEY, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—A pleasant mishmash of glitter, business suits, and bluejeans, with shows at nine and midnight Tuesdays through Saturdays. Manhattan Transfer, a vocal quartet and their backup band, stirringly revives popular music of the past—the thirties, forties, and even fifties. Singer and guitarist Nick Holmes alternates with Manhattan Transfer through Saturday, Dec. 14, and Gregory Fleeman, a singer and comedian, opens things up for M. T. from Tuesday, Dec. 17. On Sundays, singer Tally Brown goes on at nine and eleven-thirty. Mondays are showcases for new talent. Dining.

ST. REGIS ROOM, in the St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Mabel Mercer, who is on intimate terms with several hundred songs, performs her recitatives with accompaniment supplied by her pianist, Jimmy Lyon. Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight.

SOERABAJA, 140 E. 74th St. (744-4150)—Bricktop, a woman with a past, is transforming these two small rooms above a Greek-French restaurant into a saloon of almost museum-like chic. A star fixture of her own Paris club (Bricktop's) in the twenties and thirties, and, after the war, proprietress of a similarly named bistro in Rome, she remains, at eighty, as pungent and as forceful with a song as ever. She sings without a microphone, establishing an immediate intimacy that is more electric than anything younger clubgoers may be accustomed to. When she crosses the room to sing at one's table, as she invariably does, it's serious business—there's nothing campy about it. She generates a world that most of us have only experienced thirdhand and diluted in films of the forties. Hugh Shannon, who is himself no spring chicken, is the singer-pianist who accompanies and sings along with Bricktop. An international café-society luminary in his own right, he can serve up a frivolous salad of Porter or Hart with just the right touch of condiments. Hugh Shannon performs from ten to two Tuesdays through Saturdays, and Bricktop makes her appearance Wednesdays through Saturdays. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

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STRYKER'S, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754)—A dark but friendly and attractive little upper-West Side outpost devoted to live jazz (and to recorded soul, rhythm-and-blues, and similar Motown fare on its jukebox). Mondays and Tuesdays have been turned over to cool and placid Chet Baker and his young, enthusiastic musical coterie. Alto and soprano saxophonist Lee Konitz exchanges some very lyrical ideas with guitarist Attila Zoller on Wednesdays and Thursdays. On Friday and Saturday, Dec. 13-14, the David Samuels quartet is here; on the following Friday and Saturday (Dec. 20-21), tenor-sax man Harold Ousley works with a quartet. Sundays are claimed by the silken guitar duo of Chuck Wayne and Joe Puma. Music Mondays through Thursdays from nine-thirty to two; Fridays and Saturdays from nine-thirty until three; Sundays from nine until two. Snacks.

STUDIO 77/ALI'S ALLEY, 77 Greene St., between Spring and Broome Sts. (226-9042)—A simple, unpretentious, but enormous music room converted from a ground-floor SoHo loft. The space, adorned with very large, colorful paintings and other wall hangings, is devoted to the weighty, free-form music of Rashied Ali and his quartet—bassist Benny Wilson, saxophonist James Vass, and pianist Sonelius Smith. Ali was John Coltrane's drummer during the final, most exploratory period of that innovator's career, and Ali has since used Coltrane's Ultima Thule as a base camp for further reconnoiterings. Ali and Wilson, who doubles on frying pan in the course of his duties as soul-food chef, were responsible for much of the decorating and remodelling of the room, which also serves as a recording studio. Music for the adventurous Thursdays through Sundays from nine to three. Soft drinks.

VILLAGE CORNER, 142 Bleecker St., at LaGuardia Pl. (473-9762)—A bright, cheery high-ceilinged corner bar with lots of old dark wood, large mirrors, and several tables and chairs scattered around the pentagonal room. The music—mostly piano rags and boogie-woogie—and the atmosphere summon up the twenties. One or another of a number of pianists whose work is respectful and traditional—not strained through Marvin Hamlisch orchestrations—plays Tuesdays through Sundays from nine-thirty to three. Snacks. Closed Mondays.

VILLAGE GATE 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—Live music has been reinstated at this rambling, tri-level downtown institution. On Thursdays, harpist Daphne Hellman plays with bassist Lyn Christie and guitarist Mike Gari from nine to midnight. Drummer Art Blakey and the Jazz Messengers play Fridays and Saturdays from ten. Snacks.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—This murky basement of a night club still keeps tabs on some of the best jazz around. Guitarist Kenny Burrell and his quartet offer a helping of it through Sunday, Dec. 15. On Tuesday, Dec. 17, multi-instrumentalist and sometimes singing monologist David Amram descends the stairs, along with baritone saxophonist Pepper Adams and alto saxophonist Jerry Dodgion. The fifteen-member Thad Jones-Mel Lewis aggregation, with vocalist Juanita Fleming, blasts off on Mondays. The entertainment begins at ten.

WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave. at 17th St. (924-9723)—A hanging tetrahedron made of plastic straws and pipe cleaners, stained-glass windows, and nicely constructed jazz by piano-bass duos help this restaurant sustain the interest its kitchen formerly aroused. Pianist Chuck Fowler performs with bassist Duke Cleamons Mondays through Wednesdays. Thursdays through Sundays, pianist Nat Jones and his bassist take on the musical chores. The music runs from eight to two. Dinner.

WEST END CAFÉ, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—The old stamping ground of Kerouac and Ginsberg, when they were Columbia students. Now it's a modernized and enlarged cafeteria, with jazz. The patrons—still for the most part students—form an interested and enthusiastic audience for Eddie Durham on trombone and electric guitar, drummer Sam Woodyard, trumpeter Franc Williams, and pianist Robin Clark. Mondays and Tuesdays. On Wednesdays and Thursdays, Tiny Grimes, a bluesy, bebopping four-string guitarist, glides along with bassist Ted Cromwell and drummer Ronnie Cole. Boogie-woogie pianist Sammy Price works out with Ed Lewis on trumpet. Paul Quinichette on tenor sax, and a drummer named Ditto on Fridays and Saturdays. On Sunday, Dec. 15, baritone saxophonist Harold Cumberbatch is in command of a quartet. All this and student food at student prices, starting at nine.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and all that.)

PIERRE, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—In the **CAFÉ**, pianist Herb Winner's dance threesome is around Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty. Steven Weltner plays solo piano Sundays from eight-thirty to midnight and Mondays from nine to twelve-thirty.

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—Singer Saverio Saridis is in operation in the **PERSIAN ROOM** at ten Mondays through Thursdays, and at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty on Fridays and Saturdays. The trios of Barry Levitt and René Martel put forth dance tunes from seven to one. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Violinist George Cardini and pianist Jules Feuerstein are playing in the **PLAZA RESTAURANT**, from seven-thirty to ten-thirty, Tuesdays through Saturdays. . . . ¶ Mondays through Fridays, violinist Ernest Schoen and pianist Jules Kuti are on hand in the **PALM COURT**, from four-thirty to nine-thirty, while Ruth Andrews provides the piano music from nine-thirty to one. Sandu Marcu does the fiddling Saturdays from four-thirty to midnight and Sundays from four to seven. Miss Andrews does an additional stint on Sundays from seven-thirty to midnight.

RAINBOW GRILL, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—On this height of land, during dinner

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

and supper, the Charlie Byrd quartet takes turns with Barbara Carroll's trio. On Monday, Dec. 16, they will be succeeded by the World's Greatest Jazz Band of Yank Lawson and Bob Haggart, with vocalist Connie Haines. Dance music commences at eight. Closed Sundays.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—This room with a view affords harp music by Eleanor Fell, from seven to eleven, every night but Monday.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—In the **maisonette**, trumpeter Jonah Jones and his quartet (with drummer Cozy Cole) play during dinner and supper. The dance band is Anthony Terini's trio. Closed Sundays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

René Magritte (1898-1967)—The tasteful meticulousness and folk-art-like handsomeness of Magritte's well-known paintings of men in derby hats, nineteenth-century houses, and vernacular objects have made him one of the most palatable of the Surrealists. This exhibition of work done between 1923 and 1966 shows, however, that Magritte could be as vulgar and as corny as any of his confreres, and that he could draw badly. If last winter's "Belgian Symbolists and Surrealists" show at the Cultural Center hadn't prepared one for this side of Magritte, one might have doubted the authenticity of the daubs on view here. Through Jan. 18. (Davlyn, 975 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

Yannis Amoryanos—Paintings of animals, done in primitive style. Some have backgrounds evocative of millefleur tapestries. Through Saturday, Dec. 21. (Larcada, 23 E. 67th St. Open Mondays.)

Peter Blume—"Bronzes About Venus" is the first showing of sculptures by this noted painter. Through Jan. 4. (Kerr, 49 E. 82nd St. Open Mondays.)

Charles Bragg—Paintings, drawings, and etchings of elf-like figures; first one-man show in New York. Through Saturday, Dec. 21. (ACA, 25 E. 73rd St.)

Dado—Nightmarish images of a violent inner world, done in incongruously gentle pastel tones. Through Jan. 31. (Aberbach, 988 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

William Dole—Collages made up of pieces of old letters, scraps of printing with distinctive typefaces, and other papers. Through Saturday, Dec. 21. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

Lyonel Feininger (1871-1956)—Drawings and watercolors, most of them in his familiar taut, jackstraw line but a few in a looser vein, done in charcoal. Through Dec. 31. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Jean-Michel Folon—New watercolors and graphics. Through Jan. 10. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

Sam Francis—Oils, gouaches, and drawings, executed in the fifties. Through Jan. 8. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Antonio Frasconi—Color woodcuts, primarily portraits. Through Dec. 31. (Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.)

Frederick Frieseke (1874-1939)—A retrospective of oils and watercolors by an American Impressionist. Through Jan. 18. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 67th St.)

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Philip Grausman—Sculptures (portraits in pewter, for example) and drawings. Through Saturday, Dec. 21. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Chaim Gross—Handwoven Aubusson tapestries of his designs. Through Dec. 31. (Hutton, 967 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

Philip Guston—"Painting, Smoking, Eating," the title of one of the paintings on display, suggests the concerns of this appealing series of large canvases, simultaneously cartoonlike and epic, and done mostly in reds and pale pink. Through Dec. 31. (McKee, 140 E. 63rd St.)

Newton Harrison—Proposals for ecological systems executed in mixed mediums; first one-man show in New York. Through Dec. 28. (Feldman, 33 E. 74th St. Open Mondays.)

Michael Heizer—Seven paintings, all on shaped canvases. Through Saturday, Dec. 21. (Fourcade-Droll, 36 E. 75th St.)

Paul Jenkins—New paintings in this artist's free-flowing, rich colors. Through Saturday, Dec. 14. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

William King—Pine, bronze, and aluminum sculptures. Through Jan. 4. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St.)

John Koch—Realistic paintings of figures in elegant interiors. Through Saturday, Dec. 14. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Bruce Kurland—Small still-lifes of fish and fowl, vegetables and flowers. Through Saturday, Dec. 21. (Washburn, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

David Levine / Laura Ziegler—Satirical drawings of political and literary figures. / Sculpture portraits. Through Dec. 28. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Golda Lewis—Abstract assemblages, some incorporating African themes, combining handmade paper, canvas, and found objects. Through Dec. 28. (Alonzo, 26 E. 63rd St.)

Joan Luby—Images of animals, flowers, fruits, and vegetables, done in a prismatic style. Through Saturday, Dec. 14. (Bodley, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Henry Moore—Recent lithographs and etchings by the British sculptor. Through Jan. 31. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St. Open Mondays.)

Maria Luisa Pacheco—Andean-inspired acrylics on canvas by a Bolivian-born artist who lives in New York. Through Saturday, Dec. 21. (Ault, 25 E. 77th St.)

Hector Poleo—A retrospective of paintings by a Venezuelan artist. Through Dec. 29. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Daily, noon to 6.)

Kenneth Price—Bright-colored ceramic cups, serving as the basis of some cheerful small sculptures. Through Saturday, Dec. 21. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

Nicholas Roerich (1874-1947)—Stage and costume designs for Diaghilev's Ballets Russes and for Russian operas. Through Saturday, Dec. 21. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

Jochen Seidel (1924-71)—Abstract Expressionist paintings. Through Wednesday, Dec. 18. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St.)

Paul R. Smith—Drawings and hand-painted porcelain pots. Through Friday, Dec. 20. (Krasner, 1043 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Elihu Vedder (1836-1923)—Paintings and drawings, mostly of Italy, by an artist who was a well-known muralist and illustrator. Through Saturday, Dec. 14. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Joe Zucker—Compositions made by dipping cotton in paint and applying both the cotton and the paint to a canvas surface. Through Saturday, Dec. 14. (Bykert, 24 E. 81st St.)

Group Shows—At the **acquavella**, 18 E. 79th St.: Paintings and sculptures by James Rosenquist, Helen Frankenthaler, Anthony Caro, and others. Through Jan. 11. (Open Mondays.)... **artweave**, 924 Madison Ave., at 73rd St.: An exhibit of quilts, including Amish specimens from the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries; a log-cabin quilt from Kentucky; and a quilt from Massachusetts in which each large square and rectangle contains either a house or a barn, the over-all effect being that of a New England village. Through Saturday, Dec. 14.... **goldowsky**, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St.: Paintings by de Kooning, Diller, Olitski, and others. Through Jan. 3.... **gruenebaum**, 25 E. 77th St.: Watercolors, drawings, and graphics by Moore, Picasso, and Dubuffet, to name a few. Through Jan. 4.... **ingber**, 3 E. 78th St.: Small works by such contemporary painters and sculptors as Fairfield Porter, Lois Dodd, and George Sugarman. Through Dec. 28.... **nicholls**, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Cartoons and other works by Charles Addams, Peter Arno, Whitney Darrow, Jr., Arthur Getz, Charles E. Martin, Warren Miller, Frank Modell, George Price, Charles Saxon, William Steig, James Stevenson, and Barney Tobey. Through Dec. 28. (Tuesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5.)... **perls**, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: An oil by Calder, a bronze by Miró, and a still-life by Tamayo are part of this exhibit. Through Jan. 18.... **raydon**, 1091 Madison Ave., at 82nd St.: Paintings, drawings, and sculptures, from the Renaissance to the present, by such artists as Burchfield, Dubuffet, Clodion, and Chagall. Through Jan. 14.... **stone**, 48 E. 86th St.: Collages by Abbie Zabar, constructions by Barry Cohen, and paintings by Domenick Turturro. Through Saturday, Dec. 21. ... **doris weiner**, 831 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: More than eighty miniature paintings from India representing various regional styles and dating from the sixteenth century through the mid-nineteenth. Through Dec. 28. ... **zierler**, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Works in mixed mediums by Malcolm Bailey, Grace Hartigan, and five other gallery artists. Through Dec. 31.

GALLERIES—57th STREET AREA

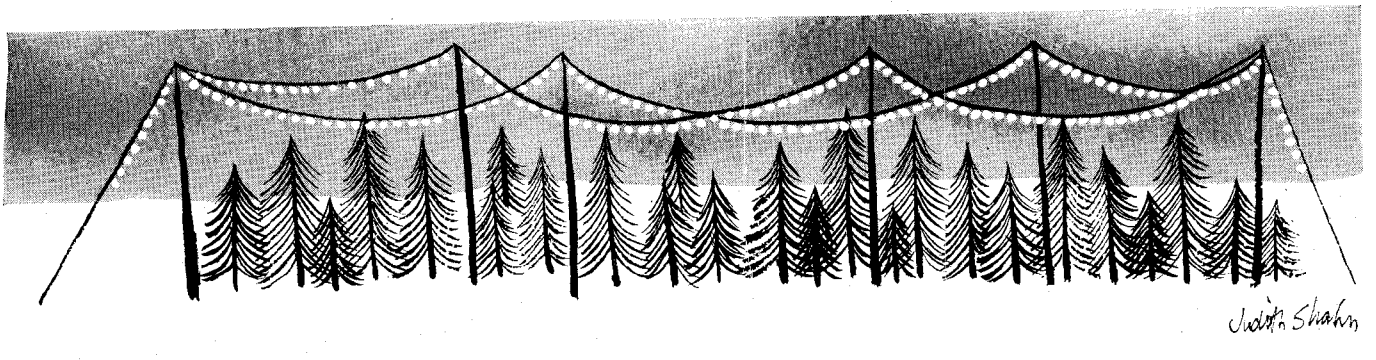
Arman / Charles Seliger—Fragmented musical instruments embedded in concrete. Through Dec. 28. / Small abstract oil paintings. Through Saturday, Dec. 14. (Crispo, 41 E. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Warren Brandt—Still-lifes in oil. Starts Saturday, Dec. 14. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St.)

Bert Carpenter—Homage to the tomato. Through Jan. 11. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St.)

Gotthard Graubner/Hans Hofmann (1880-1966)—Color-field paintings by a German artist. Through Jan. 8. / Gouaches and collages done as studies for architectural projects. Through Dec. 31. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Auguste Herbin (1882-1960)—Geometric ab-



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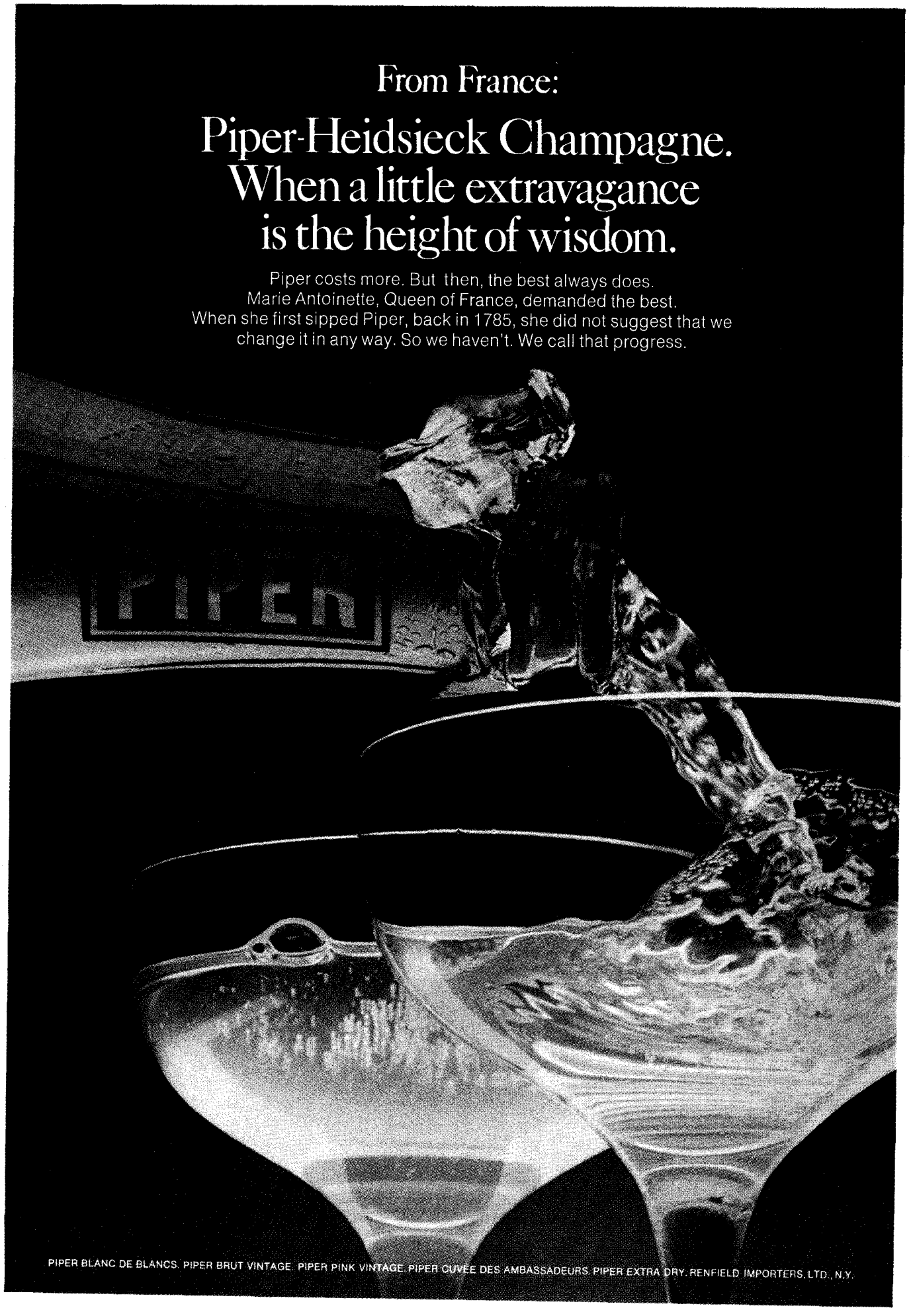
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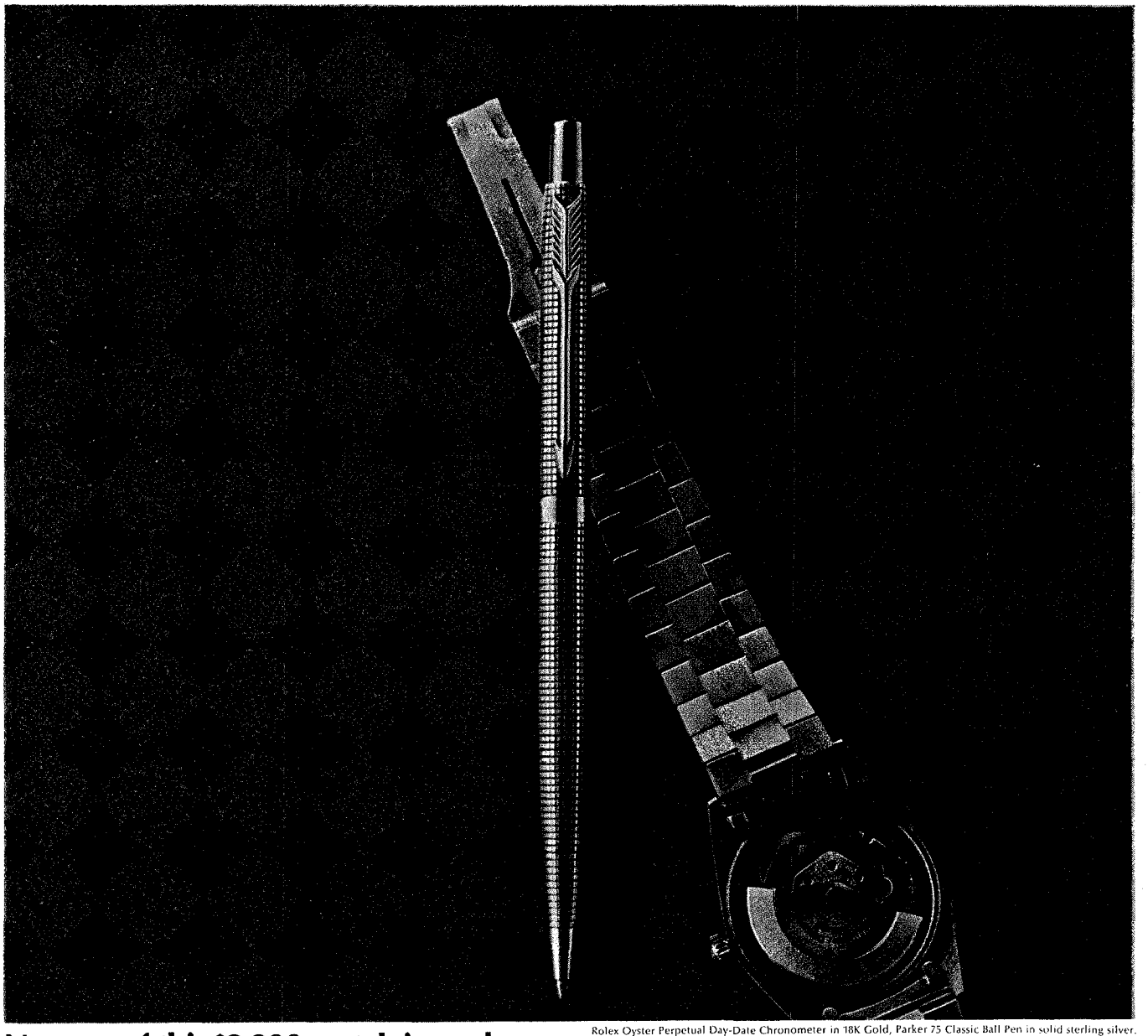

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

stractions by a French painter. Through Dec. 31. (Janis, 6 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Bob Kane—Lighthearted, fluffy paintings from—where else?—the South of France. Through Saturday, Dec. 21. (Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St.)

Joyce Kozloff—*Paintings and drawings, some* with architectural or textural effects. Through Jan. 2. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.)

Norman Laliberté—Appliqué banners, plus drawings. Through Dec. 28. (Arras, 29 W. 57th St.)

Les Levine—Taped sound effects accompany these mixed-media works, which are perhaps best typified by a large panel of drawings analyzing in detail the clothing worn by leading Watergate figures. Through Jan. 11. (Stefanotty, 50 W. 57th St.)

Reginald Marsh (1898-1954)—Paintings completed in the twenties, many of them of New York scenes. Through Dec. 31. (Rehn, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St. Open Mondays.)

Grandma Moses (1860-1961)—The horse knows the way / to carry the sleigh / through the white and drifted snow. Through Jan. 4. (Hammer, 51 E. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

William Palmer—Landscapes of Portugal, Ireland, and upper New York State. Through Saturday, Dec. 21. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

Larry Rivers—New paintings, inspired, he says, by his daughters' Japanese coloring book, and some erotica that one feels sure was inspired by far less innocent sources. Through Jan. 4. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St.)

Theodore Roszak—The sculptor has been brooding about Watergate, Chappaquiddick and other angst-inducing matters, and the result is a series of apocalyptic drawings of creatures stewing in as miserable a broth as anything ever imagined by Doré. Through Friday, Dec. 20. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Jim Sullivan—Abstract oils. Through Jan. 9. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St.)

Marie Taylor / Mario Ceroli—Animal sculptures carved from stones found on beaches. / Drawings. Through Saturday, Dec. 21. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At the **esman**, 20 W. 57th St.: Among those contributing paintings and drawings are Oldenburg, de Kooning, and Motherwell. Through Dec. 28. . . . **pace**, 32 E. 57th St.: Works on paper by Kandinsky, Kline, Schwitters, and others. Through Jan. 4. . . . **parsons-truman**, 24 W. 57th St.: Drawings by Dine, Feeley, Steinberg, and others. Through Saturday, Dec. 21. . . . **René**, 6 W. 57th St.: Works by Frank Krupka, Sonia Delaunay, and Barbara Hepworth. Starts Thursday, Dec. 12.

GALLERIES—SoHo

John Baeder—Realist paintings by an artist who is caught up in American diners and roadside stands. Through Dec. 28. (Hundred Acres, 456 West Broadway.)

Charles Cajori—Figurative paintings and drawings. Through Thursday, Dec. 19. (Landmark, 469 Broome St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11:30 to 5:30.)

Tim Corkery—Painterly abstractions. Through Jan. 4. (Hutchinson, 127 Greene St.)

Kenneth Davis—Big marble spheres that, incredibly, float around in marble fountains prepared for them; first one-man show in New York. Through Dec. 31. (Bare, 475 Broome St.)

Louise Fishman / Robert Moskowitz—Abstract

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15	16	17	18	19	20	21

oils. / Large acrylics. Through Thursday, Dec. 19. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

Andrea Klein—Hard-edge abstract paintings. Through Saturday, Dec. 14. (Aames, 93 Prince St.)

Robert Mangold / Lucio Pozzi—Paintings. Through Saturday, Dec. 21. (Weber, 420 West Broadway.)

Robert Natkin—Acrylics blotted with textured materials. Through Dec. 31. (Emmerich, 420 West Broadway.)

Doug Ohlson—Paintings. Through Saturday, Dec. 14. (Caldwell, 383 West Broadway.)

Guy Peellaert—Lurid illustrations, in mixed mediums, that were used in the artist's book "Rock Dreams." Through Dec. 22. (Star, a new gallery, at 469 West Broadway. Open Sundays.)

Robert Rauschenberg—New additions to his "Hoarfrost" series—wall hangings in which a gauzy curtain is draped over collages, usually of found paper items. Through Saturday, Dec. 21. (Castelli and Sonnabend, both at 420 West Broadway.)

Ernest Ruckle / Ken Waterstreet—Ten paintings, a characteristic one showing a massive audience of cartoonlike figures at a football game between the California Unicorns and the Texas Silver Steers. / Canvases showing closeups of soap bubbles. Through Dec. 28. (Meisel, 141 Prince St.)

Leon Smith—Metal sculptures. Through Saturday, Dec. 21. (South Houston Gallery, 98 Prince St.)

Nancy Spero—Collages combining stencilled letters, painted images, and symbols. Through Dec. 24. (A.I.R., 97 Wooster St.)

Group Shows—At the **caldwell**, 383 West Broadway: Works on paper by Ray Parker, Stephanie Schub, Ellen Banks, and others. Through Dec. 24. . . . **cooper**, 155 Wooster St.: Drawings and other works by Lynda Benglis, Joel Shapiro, Brice Marden, and others. Through Jan. 8. . . . **green mountain**, 135 Greene St.: Watercolors by Lawrence Campbell, Michael Chelminski, Elena Clough, and Dilys Evans. Through Jan. 2. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.). . . **o. k. harris**, 383 West Broadway: Paintings by Jack Mendenhall, sculptures by Thomas Baug, and conceptual pieces by Don Celender and Jerry Kearns. Through Dec. 28.

OTHER GALLERIES

Marvin Goldstein—Collages made from billboards. Through Friday, Dec. 13. (City University Graduate Center, ground-floor arcade, 33 W. 42nd St. Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 6.)

Otello Guarducci—Sculptures in bronze and aluminum with nylon string, mounted on Lucite or marble bases. Through Dec. 28. (Touchstone, 37 E. 4th St. Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5.)

Al Hirschfeld—A retrospective of more than *seven hundred and fifty drawings by the Times'* theatrical caricaturist. Through Dec. 31. (Feiden, 51 E. 10th St. Open Mondays; open Saturdays at noon; closed Sundays.)

Eric Sloane—Pen-and-ink drawings from his new book, "Recollections in Black and White," together with a group of oil paintings. Through Saturday, Dec. 21. (Grand Central, 40 Vanderbilt Ave., at 44th St. Open Mondays.)

Cedric Smith—Black-and-white Photo-Realist paintings. Through Dec. 28. (Willard Gallery, 16 Walker St., two blocks south of Canal St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 5.)

George Sugarman—Polychromed metal sculptures. Through Friday, Dec. 20. (Hammarskjöld Plaza Sculpture Garden, Second Ave. at 47th St. Open Mondays.)

Group Show—Traditional African art—masks, figures, and so forth—from Mozambique, Angola, and Guinea-Bissau, plus contemporary Makonde carvings and paintings from Mozambique. Through Feb. 1. (African-American Institute, 833 United Nations Plaza, at 47th St.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Robert Doisneau—A large exhibition of photographs taken in Paris between the late forties and the present by a compatriot, contemporary, and peer of Cartier-Bresson and Brassaï. Doisneau's vision is marked by benignity, wit, optimism, tolerance of people's frailties, and pleasure in life's incongruities, and his work has a shimmer of happiness that is almost a signature. Through Saturday, Dec. 14. (Witkin, 243 E. 60th St. Open Thursday evenings until 8.)

Lee Friedlander—More than fifty black-and-white prints taken during the last decade. Through Feb. 9. (Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

William Larson / Jan Groover—Color prints, collages, and other work. / Conceptual prints, done in series. Through Jan. 4. (Light, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

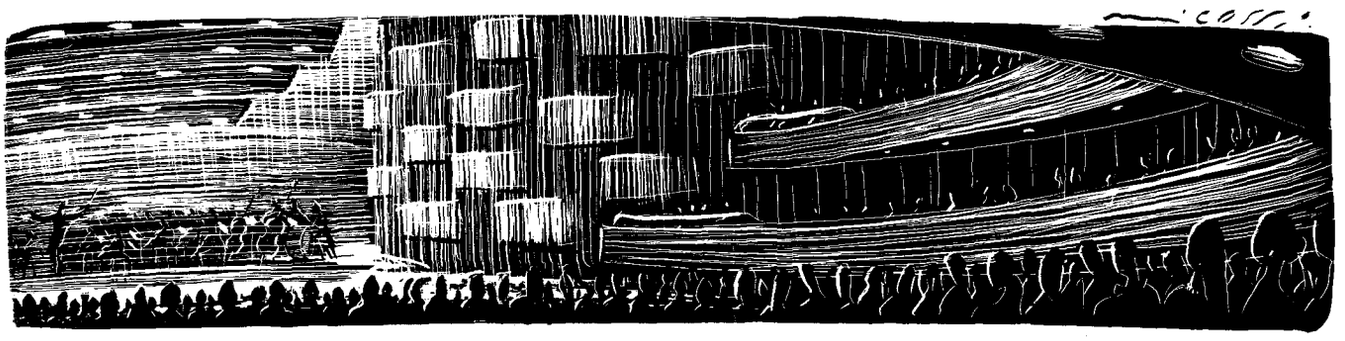
Annie Leibovitz—Studies of rock stars and other notables. Through Dec. 22. (Star, 469 West Broadway. Open Sundays.)

Eva Rubinstein / Joseph Saltzer—Photographs. Through Jan. 25. (Neikrug, 224 E. 68th St. Thursdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

John Stewart—Carbon-charcoal prints of stillifes. Through Dec. 28. (Kornblee, 58 E. 79th St.)

Minor White—Photographs done during the past thirty-five years. Through Saturday, Dec. 14. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Group Shows—At the **elliott**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Man Ray, T. H. Emerson, and Julia M. Cameron are among those represented in this show of more than fifty photographs. Through Feb. 1. (Open Mondays.) . . . **international center of photography**, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.: A hundred black-and-white photographs taken in Russia by Henri Cartier-Bresson. . . . ¶ Works by Werner Bischof, Robert Capa, David Seymour, Lewis W. Hine, Roman Vishniac, and Dan Weiner. . . . ¶ Ernst Haas, Burt Glinn, and Jay Maisel are included in a group show of color photography. All through Feb. 15. (Open Sundays.) . . . **schoelkopf**, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: Examples of gravure work by Edward Steichen, Thomas Annan, Ferdinand Ongania, and others. Through Jan. 11. . . . **soho photo**, 30 W. 13th St.: Works by, among others, Dan McCormack, Eva Shaderowfsky, Joel Sternfeld, and Tom Brosterman. Through Dec. 31. (Fridays through Sundays, 1 to 6; Tuesdays, 7:30 P.M. to 9 P.M.). . . **whitney museum**, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: A historical survey of American photog-



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

raphy from 1841 to the present, made up of over two hundred and fifty pictures by eighty-five ranking photographers. Through Jan. 12. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—An exhibition of photographs of the large apartment in Vienna where Sigmund Freud lived and worked for nearly fifty years; they were taken in May, 1938, just before Freud; his wife, Martha; and his daughter, Anna, fled to England. The pivot of the show is the Greek, Roman, Egyptian, Syrian, Etruscan, and Chinese antiquities that Freud collected throughout his life and that filled his consultation room and study in a profusion that seems almost potty but that is of a piece with the deep, rich Victorianism of the living quarters—replete with heavy, ugly cabinets and sideboards and ornate lamps and bibelots and other necessaries of nineteenth-century bourgeois comfort. Indeed, the venerated inner sanctum is simply another room of Martha's house. The famous couch reminds one of the "Turkish Corners" that were popular among the Victorians in the eighteen-eighties: it is a plump daybed covered with a Persian carpet, piled at the head with velvet cushions and linen-covered little pillows, and piled at the foot with blankets—a far cry from the austere, foam-rubber couches and nasty paper towels on which today's analysands lie and stare at reproductions from Brentano's. The idea of taking the photographs came from a lay analyst and student of Freud named August Aichhorn, who (rightly) felt that a visual record of the birthplace of psychoanalysis should exist, and who asked an amateur photographer named Edmund Engelman to take the pictures. Engelman worked under the double problem of having to photograph while Freud was out of the house (his family, worried about his health, imposed this condition), and of not attracting the attention of the Nazis, who had already put the house under surveillance. (There is a grim picture of the façade of the apartment house, with a swastika over the door. Another grim picture—of a small medical room where Freud received treatment for his cancer of the mouth—is a reminder of Freud's rueful comment about psychoanalysis as a method of "transforming hysterical misery into everyday unhappiness.") The exhibition includes a few actual pieces loaned by Anna Freud, who has the whole collection in her apartment in London, and a memorable picture of Anna herself at the age of forty-three. The excellent printed information that accompanies the photographs was written by Rita Ransohoff. Through Jan. 26. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—An exhibit jointly organized by the museum and the National Museums of France to commemorate the hundredth anniversary of the first Impressionist exhibition in Paris. It includes works from the museum and from the Louvre, as well as from public and private collections in the United States and Europe. Some, such as Renoir's "Le Moulin de la Galette," have never before been shown in this country. Starts Friday, Dec. 13. . . . ¶ "Romantic and Glamorous Hollywood Design," a show of costumes worn by such film stars as Mary Pickford, Katharine Hepburn, and Barbra Streisand. Also visible: Clark Gable's dressing gown. Through May 31. . . . ¶ Italian Renaissance drawings from the Louvre by Raphael, Correggio, Michelangelo, and others. Through Jan. 5. . . . ¶ Works lent by art dealers from twelve countries, in addition to pieces owned by the museum and purchased from the art dealers Joseph and Ernest Brummer, in a display intended to point up the importance of dealers in the formation of museums and private collections. Through Jan. 5. . . . ¶ "The Belles Heures of Jean, Duke of Berry," an exhibit of the illuminated Book of Hours, the newly published facsimile of it, and color transparencies. Through Jan. 26. (Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—American prints (1913-63), including examples by John Marin and Robert Rauschenberg. Through March 3. . . . ¶ Reproductions of chairs designed by Scottish architect Charles Rennie Mackintosh (1868-1928), along with drawings and photographs showing them in the settings for which they were intended. Through Jan. 12. . . . ¶ Eight young artists, including Jan Dibbets and Dorothea Rockburne, from Europe, America, and Australia. Through Jan. 5. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A retrospective of the work of Venezuelan artist Jesús Rafael Soto, including a new walk-through construction made of plastic filaments. Through Jan. 26. . . . ¶ Modern sculptures by, among others, Brancusi, Arp, and Boccioni, from the Lydia and Harry Lewis Winston collection and from the museum's collection. Through Feb. 2. . . . ¶ Works in many mediums by participants in the museum's arts program for inner-city children. Through Sunday, Dec. 15. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge from 6 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Paintings done during the last ten years by the first-generation Abstract Expressionist Richard Pousette-Dart. Through Jan. 5. . . . ¶ Paintings done in tempera on gesso panels from 1947 to the present by a realist, George Tooker. Through Jan. 12. . . . ¶ Drawings and paintings by Tony Robbin. Through Jan. 5. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Seventy-seven lithographs, etchings, and woodcuts from the twenties and thirties by Charles Sheeler, Rockwell Kent, Philip Evergood, and others. Through Jan. 19. . . . ¶ The nineteenth biennial exhibit of contemporary prints. Through Jan. 5. (Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Thursdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—Shadow figures and other Asian puppets arranged so that they seem to be enacting a drama. Through April 20. (Weekdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

American Academy of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St.—The annual exhibition of paintings chosen by a committee for possible purchase under a Childe Hassam bequest for distribution to museums in the United States and Canada. Among the artists this time are Nell Blaine, Grace Hartigan, Ben Kamihira, and Larry Rivers. Through Dec. 29. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 4.)

China House, 125 E. 65th St.—Hand scrolls, hanging scrolls, album leaves, and fans, done in Suchow, China, in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, from the John M. Crawford, Jr., collection. Through Jan. 26. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—A selection of drawings—from the sixteenth century to the present—of stage designs from the collection of Donald Oenslager. . . . ¶ Medieval manuscripts from the William S. Glazier collection. . . . ¶ A small display of various early editions (including a first edition of 1516) of Ludovico Ariosto's "Orlando Furioso." All through Feb. 2. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—A superb exhibition of about eighty hooked rugs. Through Jan. 19. (Daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—"Creation in Clay," a show of pottery figure-sculptures from pre-Columbian Mexico and Peru, plus Africa and New Guinea. Through Feb. 15. (Wednesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle—Fifteen bronze studies for Rodin's monument to Balzac. Through Sunday, Dec. 15. . . . ¶ Twenty-three paintings by the nineteenth-century romantic classical salon painter William-Adolphe Bouguereau (1825-1905). Starts Friday, Dec. 13. (Wednesdays through Sundays, 1 to 6.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—An exhibition marking the centennial of Owen D. Young includes some hundred and sixty items from his collection of rare books, autograph letters, original manuscripts, and sketches, which he presented to the Berg Collection of English and American Literature

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MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 799-4420, for Avery Fisher Hall at Lincoln Center TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

CHRISTMAS MUSIC

Little Orchestra Society—Thomas Scherman directing a performance of Berlioz' Christmas oratorio "L'Enfance du Christ," with Judith Forst, mezzo-soprano; Kenneth Riegel, tenor; Gérard Souzay, baritone; and John West, bass. (Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Wednesday, Dec. 18, at 7:30.)

Collegiate Chorale—Richard Westenburg directing. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Sunday, Dec. 15, at 3. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert.)

Handel's "Messiah"—Masterwork Chorus and Orchestra: David Randolph directing the second in a series of five performances, with Sandra Darling, soprano, and others. (Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Sunday, Dec. 15, at 7.)... **Oratorio Society of New York:** Lyndon Woodside directing, with Carole Bogard, soprano; Edward Brewer, harpsichord; and others. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, Dec. 16, at 8.)... **National Chorale:** Martin Josman directing, with Joan Summers, soprano; Robert Owen Jones, tenor; and others. (Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Friday, Dec. 20, at 8.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday evening, Dec. 11: "Bluebeard's Castle," with Shirley Verrett and David Ward, and "Gianni Schicchi," with Judith Blegen, Irene Dalis, Raymond Gibbs, Ezio Flagello, and Clifford Harvuot; conducted by Sixten Ehrling.... ¶ Thursday evening, Dec. 12: "Jenůfa," with Margaret Tynes, Astrid Varnay, Jon Vickers, Sándor Kónya, and John Reardon; John Nelson.... ¶ Friday evening, Dec. 13: "Turandot," with Ingrid Bjoner, Adriana Maliponte, Franco Corelli, Robert Goodloe, and James Morris; Alberto Erede.... ¶ Saturday matinée, Dec. 14: "Death in Venice," with Peter Pears, John Shirley-Quirk, and Andrea Velis; Steuart Bedford.... ¶ Saturday evening, Dec. 14: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Grace Melzia Bumbry, Marcia Baldwin, and Anselmo Colzani, and "Pagliacci," with Anna Moffo, James McCracken, Norman Mittelmann, Lenus Carlson, and Robert Schmorr; John Nelson.... ¶ Monday, Dec. 16: A new production of Moussorgsky's "Boris Godunov," with Martti Talvela, Mignon Dunn, Harry Theyard, Robert Nagy, Andrea Velis, William Dooley, Lenus Carlson, Paul Plishka, and Donald Gramm; Thomas Schippers. (A benefit performance; for tickets, call 582-7500.)... ¶ Tuesday evening, Dec. 17: "Jenůfa," with Teresa Kubiak, Astrid Varnay, Jean Kraft, Jon Vickers, William Lewis, and John Reardon; John Nelson.... ¶ Wednesday evening, Dec. 18: "Bluebeard's Castle," with Shirley Verrett and David Ward, and "Gianni Schicchi," with Judith Blegen, Irene Dalis, Ezio Flagello, Raymond Gibbs, and Clifford Harvuot; Sixten Ehrling.... ¶ Thursday evening, Dec. 19: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Grace Melzia Bumbry, Marcia Baldwin, Carlotta Ordassy, Franco Corelli, and Anselmo Colzani, and "Pagliacci," with Anna Moffo, James McCracken, Norman Mittelmann, Lenus Carlson, and Robert Schmorr; John Nelson.... ¶ Friday evening, Dec. 20: "Death in Venice," with Peter Pears, John Shirley-Quirk, and Andrea Velis; Steuart Bedford.... ¶ Saturday matinée, Dec. 21: "Jenůfa," with Teresa Kubiak, Astrid Varnay, Jean Kraft, Jon Vickers, William Lewis, and John Reardon; John Nelson.... ¶ Saturday evening, Dec. 21: "L'Italiana in Algeri," with Marilyn Horne, Christine Weidinger, Shirley Love, Enrico Di Giuseppe, Theodor Uppman, Fernando Corena, and Gene Boucher; Henry Lewis. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

Juilliard American Opera Center—Benefit performances of Puccini's "Tosca," staged by John Houseman, with the Juilliard Repertory Orchestra conducted by Peter Herman Adler. (Juilliard Theatre, 155 W. 65th St. Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 12-14, at 8, and Sunday, Dec. 15, at 3. For information about tickets, call 799-5000, Ext. 235.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center, Pierre Boulez conducting—Thursday, Dec. 12, at 8:30; Friday, Dec. 13, at 2; and Tuesday, Dec. 17, at 7:30 (all with Ruth Laredo, piano); and Thursday, Dec. 19, at 8:30; Friday, Dec. 20, at 2; and Saturday, Dec. 21, at 8:30 (all with Eliot Chapo, violin).

Chicago Symphony Orchestra—At Carnegie Hall, Georg Solti conducting—Tuesday, Dec. 17, at 8: A varied program; no soloists.... ¶ Wednesday, Dec. 18, at 8: A performance of Richard Strauss's opera "Salome" in concert form, with Birgit Nilsson, soprano; Ruth Hesse, mezzo-soprano; George Shirley and Ragnar Ulfung, tenors; and Norman Bailey, baritone.... ¶ Friday and Saturday, Dec. 20-21, at 8: Varied programs, with Julia Hamari, mezzo-soprano.

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman conducting, with Henryk Szeryng, violin. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 11, at 8:30.)

Symphony of the New World—Everett Lee conducting, with Richard Alston, piano, and Do Yeong Shin, violin. (Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Sunday, Dec. 15, at 3.)

Manhattan Orchestra—Anton Coppola conducting. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Tuesday, Dec. 17, at 8. Free tickets can be had by writing and enclosing a self-addressed stamped envelope.)

Mannes Orchestra and Chorus—Terrill Jory and Richard Westenburg conducting. (Marymount Manhattan College, 221 E. 71st St. Thursday, Dec. 19, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Orpheus Chamber Ensemble—Twenty-four wind and string players. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Dec. 19, at 8.)

New York Choral Society—Robert DeCormier directing, with soloists and an orchestra. (Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Friday, Dec. 13, at 8.)

St. Cecilia Chorus and Orchestra—David Randolph directing a performance of Handel's oratorio "Judas Maccabaeus," with soloists. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Dec. 15, at 2.)

Wells College Choir—Crawford R. Thoburn directing. (Church of the Incarnation, Madison Ave. at 35th St. Friday, Dec. 20, at 8:30. No tickets necessary.)

Sine Nomine Singers—Harry Saltzman directing the second of two programs, this one with Susan Jolles, harp. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, Dec. 21, at 8.)

RECITALS

Vermeer Quartet—Chamber music. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Wednesday, Dec. 11, at 8.)

Chamber Music at the Y—Wednesday, Dec. 11: The two sextets of Brahms performed by Alexander Schneider and Jaime Laredo, violin; Walter Trampler and Michael Tree, viola; and Leslie Parnas and Laurence Lesser, cello.... ¶ Wednesday, Dec. 18: An all-Mendelssohn program played by the Messrs. Schneider, Laredo, Trampler, and Parnas, plus the Guarneri Quartet.... ¶ Thursday, Dec. 19: The two quintets of Schubert performed by the Messrs. Schneider, Laredo, Trampler, Parnas, and Lesser, with Julius Levine, double bass, and Grant Johannesen, piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Evenings at 8.)

McHenry Boatwright—Bass-baritone. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Dec. 12, at 8.)

Eugene List—Piano, with assisting artists and a chamber orchestra conducted by Samuel Adler. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Dec. 12, at 8.)

Fernando Valenti—Harpsichord, in the last two in a series of three all-Scarlatti recitals. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, Dec. 12, and Thursday, Dec. 19, at 8.)

Guarneri Quartet—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Thursday, Dec. 12, at 8. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

Murray Perania—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth

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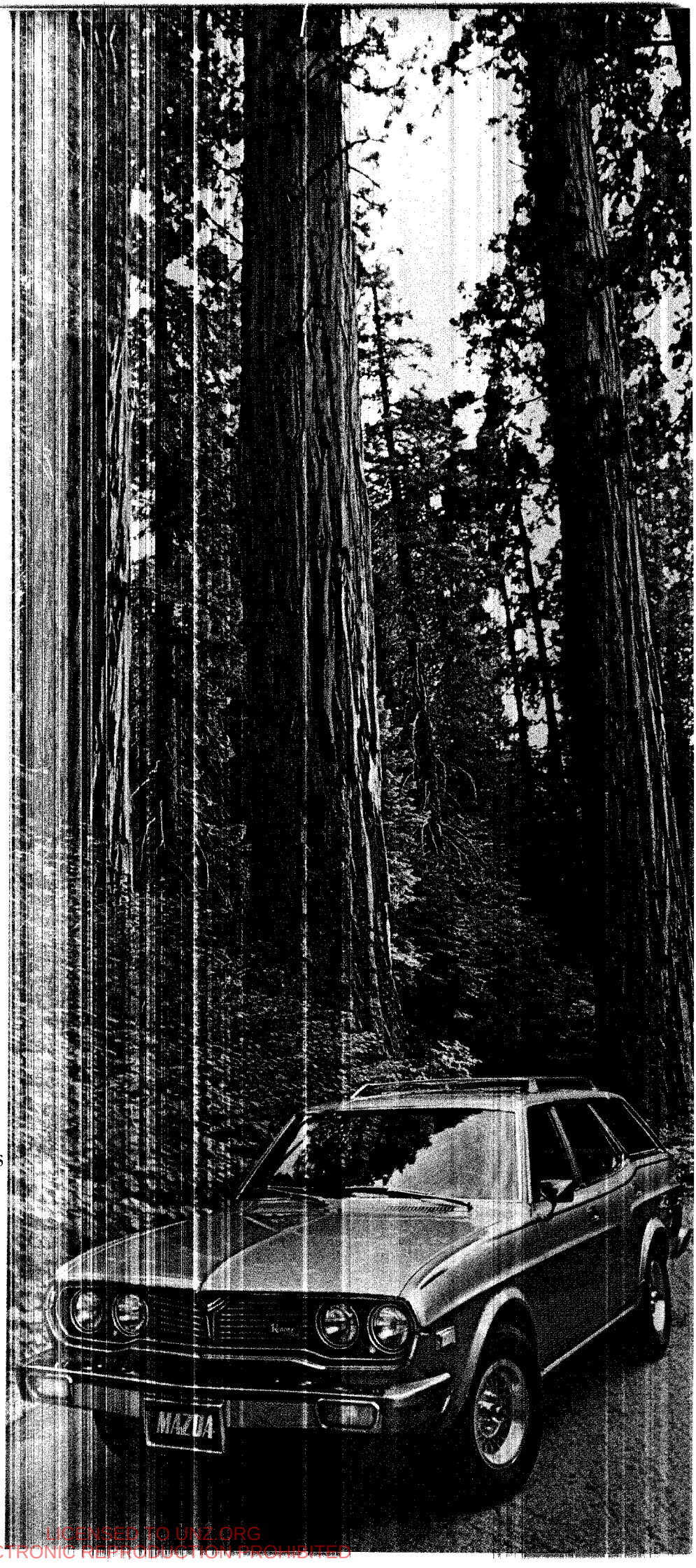

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, Dec. 13, at 8.)

Eugene Istomin, Isaac Stern, and Leonard Rose—Piano, violin, and cello. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Dec. 13, at 8.)

Judith Blegen—Soprano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, Dec. 14, at 8.)

Michael Ponti—Piano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Saturday, Dec. 14, at 8.)

Composers' Forum—The last in a series of programs, this one devoted to works by Ramon Zupko and Frank McCarty. (Donnell Library Auditorium, 20 W. 53rd St. Saturday, Dec. 14, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Bernard Greenhouse and Menahem Pressler—The second of two programs presenting the Beethoven cycle of sonatas for cello and piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Sunday, Dec. 15, at 2:15.)

Peter Serkin and Yuji Takahashi—Pianos, with John Wyre and Robin Engelman, percussion. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Sunday, Dec. 15, at 2:30.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—Jaime Laredo, violin; Walter Trampler, viola; Leslie Parnas, cello; the American Brass Quintet; and Mieczyslaw Horszowski, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Dec. 15, at 5, and Tuesday, Dec. 17, at 7:30.)

Evalyn Steinbock—Cello. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, Dec. 15, at 8:30.)

Carol Bayard—Soprano. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, Dec. 16, at 8.)

Doriot Anthony Dwyer—Flute, with Edward Flower, guitar and lute; Morris Lang, percussion; and Myron Ramano, zimbalon. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Monday, Dec. 16, at 8.)

Ani Kavafian—Violin. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Monday, Dec. 16, at 8.)

Group for Contemporary Music—A program of music by Elliott Carter and Milton Babbitt, performed by Bethany Beardslee, soprano; Ida Kavafian, viola; Robert Helps, piano; and others. (Hubbard Recital Hall, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Monday, Dec. 16, at 8. Admission by contribution.)

Rollin Smith—Organ, in a program of music by Marcel Dupré. The last in a series of recitals. (Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St. Wednesday, Dec. 18, at 5:15. No tickets necessary.)

New York Renaissance Band—A program of Franco-Flemish music. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Wednesday, Dec. 18, at 8.)

Tarack Chamber Ensemble—A Bach-Vivaldi program. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Friday, Dec. 20, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

The Music of Dana Suesse—Frederick Fennell conducting an orchestra composed of fifty members of the American Symphony Orchestra, with Miss Suesse and Cy Coleman, piano; Robert Barlow, harp; Carolyn Cubbin-Mohr, mezzo-soprano; and the All City Concert Choir. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 11, at 8.)

Puccini Gala—Alfredo Silipigni conducting an orchestra in a benefit concert in honor of the fiftieth anniversary of the composer's death. With Licia Albanese, Lucine Amara, Grace Bumbry, Joann Grillo, Eleanor Steber, John Alexander, Franco Corelli, Frank Guarrera, Jerome Hines, and John Reardon. (Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Wednesday, Dec. 11, at 8.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band on the Road—A rock musical, with music and lyrics by John Lennon and Paul McCartney. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1717. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3. Closes Saturday, Jan. 4.)

Interludes—A varied series of hour-long performances at Town Hall (JU 2-4536)—Wednesday, Dec. 11, at 5:45: **whittemore and lowe**. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Dec. 18, at 5:45: **helen gallagher**

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Scott Joplin: King of Ragtime—Piano, vocal, and theatre-orchestra rags, with dance, performed by singer Harold Cromer; Cheryl Seltzer, piano; Joel Sachs, acting as pianist and conductor; the Gail August Dancers; and a theatre orchestra. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Wednesday, Dec. 11, at 8. Tickets at the box office on the night of the concert.)

Frankie Valli and the Four Seasons, Jay Black & the Americans, and Tommy James & the Shondells—Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Friday, Dec. 13, at 8.

Gil Evans Orchestra and Rachel Faro—Town Hall. Friday, Dec. 13, at 7:30.

Tap Roots: The Art of Jazz Dance—Chuck Green and Ralph Brown, with the Larry Ridley Trio. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, Dec. 13, at 8.)

Country in New York—The third in a series of five programs, this one with Charlie Rich and Barbara Mandrell. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden. Saturday, Dec. 14, at 7 and 10.)

David Bromberg and Roger McGuinn—Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th St. Saturday, Dec. 14, at 8. For tickets, call 541-7290.

Judy Collins—Carnegie Hall. Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 14-15, at 8.

Bob Greene's World of Jelly Roll Morton—Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Dec. 14, at 8.

Don McLean—With the Persuasions. (Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Saturday, Dec. 14, at 9.)

All-Women's Jazz Band—New York Jazz Museum, 125 W. 55th St. Sunday, Dec. 15, at 3. No tickets necessary.

Highlights in Jazz—A salute to swing, with Maxine Sullivan, Zoot Sims, Joe Newman, Phil Bodner, Hank Jones, Bucky Pizzarelli, George Duvivier, and Bob Rosengarden. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. 598-3757. Monday, Dec. 16, at 8.)

Cotton Club Returns to Broadway—A benefit performance, with Cab Calloway, Mercer Ellington and the Duke Ellington Orchestra, and a number of old Cotton Club originals, among them Stump and Stumpy, the Satin Dolls, Peg Leg Bates, and the Nicholas Brothers. (Roseland, 239 W. 52nd St. Monday, Dec. 16, at 9. For tickets, call PL 2-2345.)

George Harrison—With Billy Preston, Ravi Shankar, and others. (Madison Square Garden. Thursday, Dec. 19, at 8, and Friday, Dec. 20, at 4 and 9:30.)

Raphael—Uris Theatre, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Thursday and Friday, Dec. 19-20, at 8; Saturday, Dec. 21, at 8 and 11; and Sunday, Dec. 22, at 3 and 8.

New York Jazz Repertory Company—Billy Taylor conducting a program of music by Quincy Jones. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Dec. 19, at 8.)

Foghat—Academy of Music. Saturday, Dec. 21, at 8 and 11:30.

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400, and for the Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I., 516 794-9100.)

Professional Basketball—At **madison square garden**: Knicks vs. Buffalo, Saturday, Dec. 14, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Golden State, Tuesday, Dec. 17, at 7:30. . . ¶ Knicks vs. Boston, Saturday, Dec. 21, at 8. . . **nassau coliseum** (all games at 8:05): Nets vs. St. Louis, Wednesday, Dec. 11. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Utah, Friday, Dec. 13. . . ¶ Nets vs. St. Louis, Friday, Dec. 20.

Professional Football—Sunday, Dec 15: Jets vs. Baltimore Colts, at Baltimore. . . . ¶ Giants vs. St. Louis Cardinals, at St. Louis.

Hockey—At **madison square garden**: Rangers vs Los Angeles Kings, Sunday, Dec. 15, at 7:05. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Minnesota North Stars, Wednesday, Dec. 18, at 7:35. . . . **nassau coliseum**: Islanders vs. Los Angeles Kings, Saturday, Dec. 14, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Chicago Black Hawks, Saturday, Dec. 21, at 8:05.

Racing—At **aqueduct**: Weekdays at 12:30; through Saturday, Jan. 4. The Interborough Handicap, Wednesday, Dec. 11; the Gallant Fox Handicap, Saturday, Dec. 14; and the Roamer Handicap, Saturday, Dec. 21. . . . **garden state park**, Camden, N.J.: Weekdays at noon; through Tuesday, Dec. 31. . . . **laurel**, Md.: Weekdays at 12:30; through Tuesday, Dec. 31.

Squash Racquets—New York State Singles Championship—Quarterfinals, Saturday, Dec. 21. . . . ¶ Semifinals and finals, Sunday, Dec. 22. (New York Athletic Club, Seventh Ave. at 59th St. Matches begin Saturday at 9 and Sunday at 10:30. No tickets necessary.)

Trotting—At **roosevelt raceway**, Westbury: Nightly at 8; through Saturday, Dec. 14. . . . **yonkers raceway**: Weekdays at 8, from Monday, Dec. 16, through Saturday, March 1.

FOR CHILDREN

Music—By the **new york philharmonic**: Michael Tilson Thomas conducting. (Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. TR 4-2424. Saturday, Dec. 14, at 12:10 and 2:30.). . . **light opera of manhattan**: "Iolanthe," Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 14-15, at 4. . . . ¶ "H.M.S. Pinafore," Saturday, Dec. 21, at 4. (Jan Hus Playhouse, 351 E. 74th St. 535-6310.)

Stage Shows—By the **bil baird marionettes**: "Peter and the Wolf." (Bil Baird Theatre, 59 Barrow St. YU 9-7060. Saturdays, Sundays, and also Thursday and Friday, Dec. 19-20, at 12:30 and 3:30.). . . **meri mini players**: "Dorothy and the Wizard of Oz." (Hotel Manhattan Towers, downstairs, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. Saturdays at 2:30. For tickets, call 260-4863.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (873-1300)—The current show is called "A Midnight Clear." (Mondays through Fridays at 2 and 3:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5. Children under five not admitted.)

Note—Ice skaters of fourteen and under have the Wollman Rink, in Central Park, all to themselves, and free, every Monday from 3 to 5:30.

ET ALIA

(The New York Parks Department number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 472-1003.)

Poetry Readings—Czeslaw Milocz reading from his own works. (Guggenheim Museum Auditorium, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Tuesday, Dec. 17, at 8. For tickets, call YU 8-6783.)

American Art Deco Architecture—An exhibition of black-and-white photographs depicting examples of designs from the nineteen-thirties. Included are views of Hoover Dam, the Golden Gate Bridge, Detroit's Fisher Building, and Oakland's Paramount Theatre. Through Jan. 5. (Finch College Museum of Art, 62 E. 78th St. Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

Auctions—At the Sotheby Parke Bernet, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Wednesday, Dec. 11, at 10:15 and 2: Russian works of art and icons, from several owners. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Dec. 11, at 10:15 and 2: Jewelry, from many owners. . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 12, at 2: Twentieth-century American paintings and drawings; from a number of sources. . . . ¶ Friday, Dec 13, at 10:15 and 2, and Saturday, Dec. 14, at 10:15: Pre-Columbian, American-Indian, African, and Oceanic art; from various collectors. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 14, at 10:15 and 2: Twentieth-century American literature, from the collection of the late William E Stockhausen. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Dec. 18, at 10:15 and 2, and Thursday, Dec. 19, at 2: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century prints, from many owners. Exhibition starts Friday, Dec 13

Christmas and Healthful Outdoor Living—Sundays, from noon to 4, Fifth Avenue between 34th and 57th Streets, in all its Christmas splendor, is closed to traffic and open as a pedestrian mall

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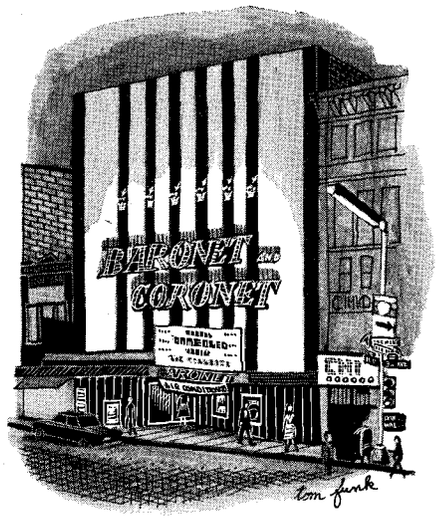
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES



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THE FILMS PLAYING THE REGULAR MOVIE HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
"Death Wish."

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Dec. 11: "Shall We Dance" and "Swing Time."
Dec. 12: "The Gay Divorcée" and "The Story of Vernon and Irene Castle."
Dec. 13: "Shall We Dance" and "The Story of Vernon and Irene Castle."
Dec. 14: "The Gay Divorcée" and "Swing Time."
Dec. 15-17: "Things to Come" and "Nosferatu."
From Dec. 18: Theatre temporarily closed.

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (777-1955)
Through Dec. 17: "Chinatown" and "Harold and Maude."
From Dec. 18: "The French Connection" and "The Seven-Ups."

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Dec. 17: "Cabaret."
From Dec. 18: "The Mad Adventures of 'Rabbi' Jacob."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
Through Dec. 12: "Flesh Gordon" and "I Could Never Have Sex with Any Man Who Has So Little Regard for My Husband."
From Dec. 13: "Animal Crackers" and "My Little Chickadee."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
Through Dec. 17: "Death Wish."
From Dec. 18: "Murder on the Orient Express."

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"The Savage Is Loose."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
Through Dec. 14: "The Three Stooges Follies." (The theatre will be closed on the evening of Wednesday, Dec. 11, and all day on Thursday, Dec. 12.)
From Dec. 15: "Young Frankenstein."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
Through Dec. 18: "Harry & Tonto."
From Dec. 19: "The Towering Inferno."

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
Through Dec. 17: "Law and Disorder."
From Dec. 18: "The Night Porter."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Amarcord."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Through Dec. 17: "The Night Porter."
From Dec. 18: "Murder on the Orient Express."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Through Dec. 17: "Murder on the Orient Express."
From Dec. 18: "The Front Page."

R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 1, 220 E. 59th. (688-1717)
Through Dec. 17: "The Trial of Billy Jack."
From Dec. 18: "The Man with the Golden Gun."

R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
Through Dec. 17: "The Trial of Billy Jack."
From Dec. 18: "The Man with the Golden Gun."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Lenny."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"The Odessa File."

First Avenue Screening Room, 1st Ave. at 61st. (753-5755)
"The Lenny Bruce Performance Film."

Columbia I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"A Woman Under the Influence."

Columbia II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
"A Woman Under the Influence."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"Scenes from a Marriage."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Lacombe, Lucien."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
Dec. 11: "The Gambler."
From Dec. 12: "The Godfather, Part II."

Juliet 1, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
"The Longest Yard."

Juliet 2, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
"Death Wish."

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"That's Entertainment!"

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"The Savage Is Loose."

Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Through the afternoon of Dec. 11: "The Odessa File."
From Dec. 12: "The Godfather, Part II."

Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
Through the afternoon of Dec. 11: "Airport 1975."
From Dec. 12: "The Godfather, Part II."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"The Taking of Pelham One Two Three."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
"The Trial of Billy Jack."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
Through Dec. 17: "Amazing Grace."
From Dec. 18: "The Man with the Golden Gun."

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-3210)
The theatre's programming schedule is of Byzantine complexity. Our best information is that the following films will be playing at one time or another in the period from Dec. 11 through Dec. 18: "Deep End," "If . . . ," "La Chinoise," "Tout Va Bien," "The Grande Bouffe," "Death in Venice," and "The Damned." Also, Mondays through Fridays, programs of independently made films, and a midnight show daily.

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Through Dec. 17: "Le Trio Infernal" and "Women in Love."
From Dec. 18: To be announced.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Dec. 17: "Magical Mystery Tour" and "Yellow Submarine."
From Dec. 18: "Last Tango in Paris."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through Dec. 17: "Journey Through the Past."
From Dec. 18: "The Man with the Golden Gun."

Quad Cinemas 1, 2, 3, and 4, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Through Dec. 17 at one or another of the theatres: "That's Entertainment!" and "Ten from Your Show of Shows"/"Harry & Tonto" and "Cinderella Liberty"/"Blazing Saddles" and "The Producers."... ¶ Through Dec. 12: "Cabaret" and "I Never Sang for My Father."....¶ From Dec. 13: "Dirtymouth."
From Dec. 18: To be announced.

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Dec. 11: "The Bride Wore Black" and "Bay of the Angels."
Dec. 12-14: "Slaughterhouse-Five" and "Brewster McCloud."
Dec. 15-16: "Woman in the Dunes" and "The Collector."
Dec. 17-18: "Live for Life" and "A Man and a Woman."
From Dec. 19: "Trash" and "200 Motels."
Note: Sunday, Dec. 15, one performance, at noon: "Marat/Sade."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Rumpelstiltskin" and "Charlotte's Web."

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)
"The Little Prince."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Earthquake."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
Dec. 11: "That's Entertainment!"
From Dec. 12: "The Gambler."

Playboy, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Dec. 11: "Cabaret."
From Dec. 12: Theatre temporarily closed.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
Through Dec. 17: "Chinatown" and "Paper Moon."
From Dec. 18: "The Front Page."

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
Dec. 11: "The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie" and "Travels with My Aunt."
Dec. 12: "The Big Sleep" and "The Long Goodbye."
Dec. 13: "Shoot the Piano Player" and "Pierrot le Fou."
Dec. 14: "Sleeper" and "Bananas."
Dec. 15: "Room Service" and "She Done Him Wrong."
Dec. 16: "Dead of Night" and "Cat People."
Dec. 17: Theatre closed.
Dec. 18: "It's a Wonderful Life" and "Christmas in July."
Dec. 19: "Orpheus" and "Testament of Orpheus."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
Through Dec. 14: "Le Fantôme de la Liberté."
From Dec. 15: "Emmanuelle."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Scenes from a Marriage." (No evening performances on Wednesday, Dec. 11, and no afternoon performances on Thursday, Dec. 12.)

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Through Dec. 17: "Journey Through the Past."
From Dec. 18: To be announced.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Through Dec. 14: "Antonia: A Portrait of the Woman" and "I. F. Stone's Weekly."
From Dec. 15: "Les Violons du Bal."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
Through Dec. 14: "Chinatown" and "Harold and Maude."
From Dec. 15: "Le Fantôme de la Liberté."

Loews 83rd St., B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
"The Klansman."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through Dec. 17: "That's Entertainment!"
From Dec. 18: "Ulysses" and "Faces."

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
"Death Wish."

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
Through Dec. 19: "The Seduction of Mimi" and "Shame."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through Dec. 17: "The Groove Tube" and "Heat."
From Dec. 18: "Blazing Saddles" and "Blume in Love."

FILM LIBRARIES

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Dec. 11 at noon: "The Jazz Age" (1956), directed by Henry Salomon for NBC, narrated by Fred Allen.... ¶ Dec. 11 at 5:30: "Union Depot" (1932), directed by Alfred E. Green, with Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Joan Blondell.... ¶ Dec. 12 at 2:

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"The Jazz Age."... ¶ Dec. 12 at 5:30: "The Death of the Flea Circus Director" (1937), in German, directed by Thomas Koerfer; English subtitles.... ¶ Dec. 12 at 8: "Adieu Philippine" (1962), in French, directed by Jacques Rozier; English subtitles.... ¶ Dec. 13 at 2: "The Promised Land" (1974), in Spanish, directed by Miguel Littin; English subtitles.... ¶ Dec. 13 at 5:30 and Dec. 14 at noon: "The Late Matthew Pascal" (1925), a French silent film, directed by Marcel L'Herbier; English inter-titles.... ¶ Dec. 14 at 3: "The Death of the Flea Circus Director."... ¶ Dec. 14 at 5:30: "The Spirit of the Beehive" (1973), in Spanish, directed by Victor Erice; English subtitles.... ¶ Dec. 15 at 12:30 and 3: "The Glass Slipper" (1955), directed by Charles Walters, with Leslie Caron and Michael Wilding.... ¶ Dec. 15 at 5:30: "La Paloma" (1974), in French and German, directed by Daniel Schmid, with Ingrid Caven and Bulle Ogier; English subtitles.... ¶ Dec. 16 at 2: "The Spirit of the Beehive."... ¶ Dec. 16 at 5:30: "The Promised Land."... ¶ Dec. 17 at 2: "Up in Mabel's Room" (1926), a silent film, directed by E. Mason Hopper, with Marie Prevost and Phyllis Haver; reel 2 missing.... ¶ Dec. 17 at 5:30: A program of films by James Herbert.... ¶ Dec. 18 at noon: "The Story of Will Rogers" (1961), directed by Donald B. Hyatt for NBC, with Will Rogers, narrated by Bob Hope.... ¶ Dec. 18 at 5:30: "Up in Mabel's Room."... ¶ Dec. 19 at 2: "The Story of Will Rogers."... ¶ Dec. 19 at 5:30: "Charles Dead or Alive" (1969), in French, directed by Alain Tanner, with François Simon; English subtitles.... ¶ Dec. 19 at 8: "The Middle of the World" (1974), in French, directed by Alain Tanner; English subtitles. (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon. Tickets for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 7:30.)

New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle. (LT 1-2311)—Dec. 11: "The Big Mouth" (1967), directed by, and with, Jerry Lewis. ... ¶ Dec. 12: "The Family Jewels" (1965), directed by, and with, Jerry Lewis.... ¶ Dec. 13: "Phantom Lady" (1944), directed by Robert Siodmak, with Franchot Tone and Ella Raines.... ¶ Dec. 14: "Modesty Blaise" (1966), directed by Joseph Losey, with Monica Vitti, Terence Stamp, and Dirk Bogarde. ... ¶ Dec. 15: "Lord Love a Duck" (1966), directed by George Axelrod, with Tuesday Weld and Roddy McDowall. (Showings Wednesdays through Sundays at 3:30 and 5:30. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the center after 1 on the day of the showing.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Through Dec. 17: "Film About a Woman Who . . . ," directed by Yvonne Rainer.... ¶ Starting Dec. 18: "Nana, Mom and Me," directed by Amalie Rothschild, and "Old Fashioned Woman," directed by Martha Coolidge. Showings at noon (except Wednesdays), 2 and 4 (plus 6 and 8 on Tuesday evenings). Call desk (861-5322) for ticket information.

Anthology Film Archives, 80 Wooster St. (226-0010)—Programs by Brakhage, Schneemann, Tambellini, Belson, Baillie, Conner, Crockwell, and Breer. Showings Dec. 11 at 5, 7, and 9; Dec. 12-13 at 6; Dec. 14 at 2:30, 6, 8, and 10; Dec. 15 at 8; Dec. 17-19 at 5, 7, and 9.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
THE DATE OF REVIEW IN THESE PAGES IS GIVEN FOR FILMS LESS THAN TWO YEARS OLD.

Airport 1975—Processed schlock. This could only have been designed as a TV movie and then blown up to cheapie-epic proportions. One can have a fairly good time laughing at it, but it doesn't sit too well as a joke, because the people on the screen are being humiliated. Jack Smight directed, fumblingly; Karen Black and Charlton Heston do the most emoting. (Reviewed in our issue of 10/28/74.) (Loews Ciné; through the afternoon of Dec. 11.)

Amarcord—Directed by Fellini, a reversion to the great days of his "8½," but even more beautiful and detailed. The film is set in small-town Italy at the beginning of Fascism, as seen through the eyes of a boy (called Titta, played by Bruno Zanin) probably very like Fellini himself. It has a powerful aptitude for the observation of pranks, family rows, the remarks of town oddities. There is a magical journey in small boats and yachts by practically the whole town to watch the passing at night of the giant liner Rex, lit as if it were a luxury hotel at the end of an era. The movie catches the sense of Italianate fun: small-town self-importance, full of braggadocio in ways that Fellini understands and loves. There is not a caricature in the whole soothing community. In Italian. (9/23/74) (Plaza.)

Amazing Grace—With Moms Mabley and Slappy White, directed by Stan Lathan. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2; through Dec. 17.)

Animal Crackers (1930)—The Marx Brothers in their pre-Hollywood period; like "The Cocoanuts" of the year before, it was filmed in Astoria, and it looks stagey. But the film is too joyous for cavilling. Groucho is the fearless African explorer Captain Spaulding, who deigns to attend a party at Rittenhouse Manor, on Long Island; Margaret Dumont is Mrs. Rittenhouse, and Lillian Roth is her daughter Arabella. Once again, the script was by George S. Kaufman and Morrie Ryskind; this time the songs ("Hooray for Captain Spaulding" and "Why Am I So Romantic") are by Bert Kalmar and Harry Ruby. (Murray Hill; starting Dec. 13.)

Antonia: A Portrait of the Woman—A documentary about a lone woman musician, Dr. Antonia Brico, who is a born teacher but also a born conductor; she would like to conduct five times a month, but can get only engagements five times a year because of her sex. The film is made with warmth and no propaganda, and it shows us that Dr. Brico has had to overcome a shyness that stood in the way of a longing for the gregarious. (9/16/74) (Regency; through Dec. 14.)

Bananas (1971)—Woody Allen directed, wrote (with Mickey Rose), and stars in this agreeable mess, which is slightly about revolution in a banana republic. The first half is often very, very funny. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 14.)

Bay of the Angels (1962)—Jacques Demy's virtuoso sense of film rhythm makes this flimsy, capricious story of a gambling lady (Jeanne Moreau, in dazzling form) a lyrical study in compulsion and luck. A magical, whirling film, photographed by Raoul Coutard, and with one of Michel Legrand's best scores. In French. (Elgin; Dec. 11.)

The Big Sleep (1946)—Humphrey Bogart is Raymond Chandler's private eye in a fast, tense, amusingly lurid thriller peopled with sophisticated monsters who talk in innuendos. Lauren Bacall and Martha Vickers are a baffling pair of rich, spoiled sisters; the latter sucks her thumb. It hardly matters that the plot gets so complicated that William Faulkner and the other writers of the screenplay had to appeal to Chandler for guidance, and that he couldn't exactly figure it out either. Howard Hawks directed, smashingly. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 12.)

Blazing Saddles—Mel Brooks's comedy of chaos, with a surfeit of chaos and a scarcity of comedy. The story is about a modern black hipster (Cleavon Little) who becomes sheriff in a Western town in the eighteen-sixties; Gene Wilder and Madeline Kahn manage to redeem some of the film, but most of the cast (including Brooks himself) mug and smirk and shout insults at each other. Brooks's celebrated spontaneous wit isn't in evidence: the old gags here never were very funny; rehashed, they just seem desperate. (2/18/74) (Quad Cinema; through Dec. 17.... ¶ Olympia; starting Dec. 18.)

Blume in Love (1973)—Susan Anspach, looking frail and beautiful, as the divorced wife of a lawyer (George Segal), in a clodhopping story of unkillable love. The film is set mostly in Los Angeles, with tourist-dream sorties to Venice, where a cure-everything baby is had, apparently in the Doges' Palace. (6/23/73) (Olympia; starting Dec. 18.)

Brewster McCloud (1971)—Robert Altman's film was shot in Houston. Gentle Brewster (Bud Cort), who is building wings for himself, is a boy Phantom of the Astrodome who is also an imperilled virgin—a sort of mad, murderous Peter Pan, or Rima the Bird Boy. Sally Kellerman is his bird-mother, who deserts him when he loses his virginity. The idea seems to be left over from a Victorian fable, but the style of the picture is parodistic and manic—like a Road Runner cartoon. The whole thing is amorphous and rather silly. (Elgin; Dec. 12-14.)

The Bride Wore Black (1968)—Truffaut's film in homage to Hitchcock, with Jeanne Moreau as the racked and elegant widow of a bridegroom shot on the steps of the church. Photographed by Raoul Coutard. The hero-worshipping of Hitchcock seems a bit wasteful, for Truffaut is the infinitely greater filmmaker, and imbues even this mechanical story with something finely detailed and lyric about love. In French. (Elgin; Dec. 11.)

Cabaret (1972)—A great movie musical, satirical and diamond-hard. With Joel Grey and Liza Minnelli, and masterly direction by Bob Fosse. (Playboy; Dec. 11.... ¶ Quad Cinema; through Dec. 12.... ¶ Gramercy; through Dec. 17.)

Cat People (1942)—Horror picture by Jacques Tourneur. Simone Simon, a bride, believes she is descended from a medieval race of Balkans who turn into panthers when their steaming passions are aroused. Pretty dumb, but all right if you could turn it off by remote control from bed. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 16.)

Charlotte's Web (1973)—A mediocre animated musical version of the E. B. White story; a betrayal, though probably more through insensitivity and lack of imagination than through deliberate vulgarization. (Guild.)

Chinatown—A thriller for grownups—more about greed than about blood-spilling—directed by Roman Polanski. John Huston plays a Biblical figure called Noah Cross; Faye Dunaway is a mysteriously widowed beauty called Mrs. Mulwray, who hires a private eye (Jack Nicholson) to solve the puzzle of her husband's death. The main topic is really the misuse of the Los Angeles water system. Who would have thought that that could provide the matter for such a good thriller? Jack Nicholson's performances get better and more lissome every time. The film, set in the thirties, from a script by Robert Towne, is wickedly skillful and funny, and socially alert. (7/1/74) (Embassy 72nd St.; through Dec. 14.... ¶ St. Marks Cinema, and Little Carnegie; through Dec. 17.)

Christmas in July (1940)—Preston Sturges wrote and directed this little slapstick romance when he was just warming up as a director. Dick Powell and Ellen Drew are the young couple whose luck turns when he thinks he's won twenty-five thousand dollars in a slogan contest. It's agreeable enough—it's rather sweet, actually—but it lacks the full-fledged Sturges lunacy. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 18.)

Cinderella Liberty (1973)—A sordid, messy affair between a Baptist sailor (James Caan) and a beat-out whore (Marsha Mason), combined with a high-minded interracial big-brother story. (Caan can't save Mason, but her little part-black son—Kirk Calloway—stirs his paternal impulses.) The Mark Rydell picture, taken from Darryl Ponicsan's novel, wants to jerk tears, but just doesn't have the knack. Some of the acting is fine, but the film is a soggy experience. (1/21/74) (Quad Cinema; through Dec. 17.)

The Collector (1965)—Terence Stamp captures Samantha Eggar and keeps her locked up in a cellar in England. Stanley Mann's banal script does no service to John Fowles' novel, but the William Wyler production has an inexorable, compulsive drive. A handsome, though too dignified, movie. (Elgin; Dec. 15-16.)

Dead of Night (1946)—Civilized five-part movie about the supernatural, with several classic episodes. The most celebrated: Michael Redgrave as a schizophrenic ventriloquist tormented by his dummy (directed by Cavalcanti); Googie Withers and Ralph Michael in the story of a mirror that reflects a crime of an earlier century (directed by Robert Hamer). Redgrave's overpowering perform-

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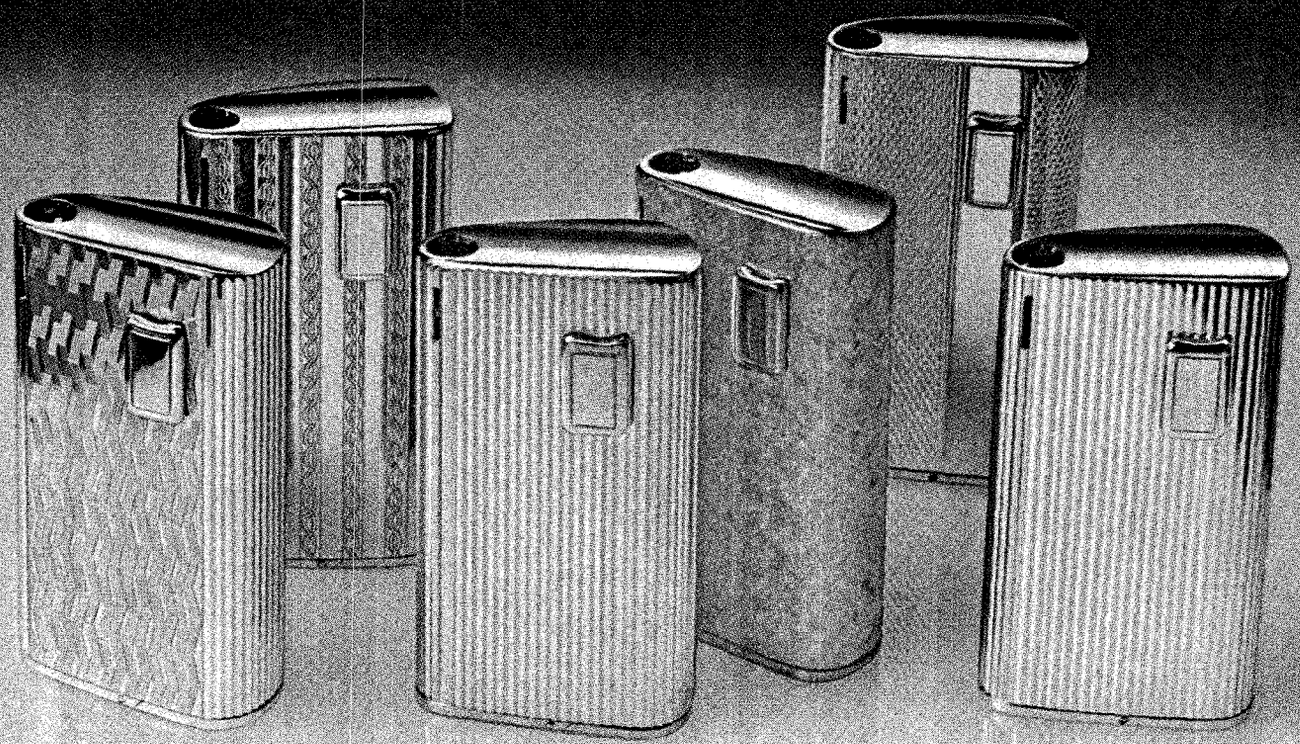

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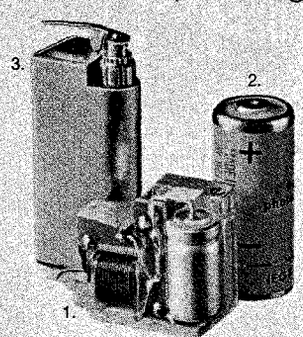

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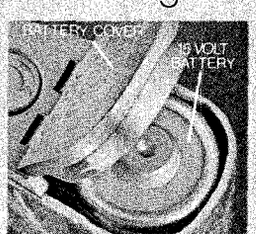

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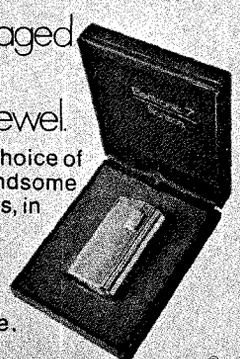

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ance—a small work of art—lifts the movie above the elegant, sophisticated entertainment it aspired to be. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 16.)

Death Wish—A death-wishing, irresponsible picture about muggings in New York, with a hammy performance by Charles Bronson. The thesis (if there is one) is that good old American-frontier individualism is represented by a vigilante who manages to kill any number of muggers because of the abominable freedom of the American gun laws. The director is that untalented youngish Englishman Michael Winner. (8/26/74) (Art, Juliet 2, and Symphony. . . . ¶ 34th St. East; through Dec. 17.)

Dirtymouth (1971)—Cashing in on Lenny Bruce, with Bernie Travis playing Lenny. Maladroit, witless, cowardly. (Quad Cinema; starting Dec. 13.)

Earthquake—L.A. gets it. The picture is swill, but it isn't a cheat, like "Airport 1975," which is cut-rate swill. This one is an entertaining marathon of Grade-A destruction effects, with B-picture stock characters spinning through it. Among them are Ava Gardner, the grimly resolute Charlton Heston, and Geneviève Bujold, whose witty style gives the picture its only touch of class. Mark Robson directed. (12/2/74) (Ziegfeld.)

Emmanuelle—With Sylvia Kristel and Alain Cuny, directed by Just Jaeckin. In French. (Paris; starting Dec. 15.)

Faces (1968)—John Cassavetes' view of the meaninglessness of life for the well-heeled middle-aged. His semi-documentary method is controversial, and what some find agonizingly true and beautiful others may find merely embarrassingly clumsy. With John Marley, Gena Rowlands, Lynn Carlin, and Seymour Cassel. (New Yorker; starting Dec. 18.)

Le Fantôme de la Liberté—The theme of Buñuel's latest turns out to be freedom in the sense of "chance": the picture is a random series of anecdotes and paradoxes, and they miss as often as they connect. Buñuel has a great tonic style, but this is a piffle. The actors come on in relays; the cast includes Monica Vitti, Jean-Claude Brialy, and Adriana Asti. In French. (10/28/74) (Paris; through Dec. 14. . . . ¶ Embassy 72nd St.; starting Dec. 15.)

Flesh Gordon—With Jason Williams, directed by Howard Ziehm and Michael Benveniste. X-rated. (Murray Hill; through Dec. 12.)

The French Connection (1971)—Tracking down a shipment of heroin in New York City. A slambang thriller that zaps the audience by noise, speed, and brutality. It's certainly exciting, but that excitement isn't necessarily a pleasure. Gene Hackman plays the low-life police detective who cracks the case; William Friedkin directed. (St. Marks Cinema; starting Dec. 18.)

The Front Page—The third film version of the Ben Hecht-Charles MacArthur play, this time with Jack Lemmon and Walter Matthau. Directed by Billy Wilder. (Coronet, and Little Carnegie; starting Dec. 18.)

The Gambler—The gambler here is a brilliant young Jewish prince, professor of literature to ghetto blacks, and potential great novelist; the conflicts in his psyche are spelled out in his discussions of will and Dostoevski with his students at City University. For what it is, the movie (written by James Toback) is extremely well done; it's what it is that won't do. It's a grandiloquent, egocentric novel written as a film, and although Karel Reisz's direction is smooth and proficient, and James Caan's performance is a commanding one, and the action is compelling, the whole thing is too airless and schematic to be convincing. It seems like an elaborate form of showing-off. (10/14/74) (Loews Tower East; Dec. 11. . . . ¶ Festival; starting Dec. 12.)

The Gay Divorcée (1934)—Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers appeared together in "Flying Down to Rio" in 1933, but this was their first co-starring film. The plot is trivial French farce, but the dances are among the wittiest and the most lyrical expressions of American romanticism on the screen. It may be accurate to say that no one who saw them do "The Continental" or watched the great, tense, seductive dance they perform to Cole Porter's "Night and Day" has ever quite forgotten "The Gay Divorcée"—even if he thinks he has. With Alice Brady, Edward Everett Horton, and Eric Blore; directed by

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Mark Sandrich. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Dec. 12 and 14.)

The Godfather, Part II—Al Pacino, Robert Duvall, and Diane Keaton repeating their original roles, and Robert De Niro as the young Don Vito. Francis Ford Coppola is the director. (Loews Tower East, Loews Orpheum, and Loews Ciné; starting Dec. 12.)

The Groove Tube—Inoffensively scatological revue, lampooning TV, Kubrick's "2001," and American culture. About half of the scattershot, manic skits are very funny; the others might have been funny, too, if their timing had been better. At the end, the talented director and star, Ken Shapiro, does a lovely, flaked-out dance through rush-hour crowds along Park Avenue. (Olympia; through Dec. 17.)

Harold and Maude (1971)—The love story of Harold (Bud Cort), almost twenty, and Maude (Ruth Gordon), almost eighty. Directed by Hal Ashby. (Embassy 72nd St.; through Dec. 14. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema; through Dec. 17.)

Harry & Tonto—Directed by Paul Mazursky and written by him with Josh Greenfeld. A vivacious and affectionate folktale. Harry (Art Carney) is a limping old man with a buoyant spirit who buys cheap food for himself and good liver for his cat, a heavyset marmalade companion called Tonto, who has a complicated temperament that inclines audiences to anthropomorphism. The old Lear has three disappointing children strung across the country, whom he visits in an image of an ancient quest after the demolition of his one-room flat. He eventually decides they represent a rope on his liberty. The narrative sounds sentimental, but the film isn't. Children may get upset about Tonto's death, which happens at the feline equivalent of seventy-seven. (8/26/74) (Quad Cinema; through Dec. 17. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux East; through Dec. 18.)

Heat (1972)—A slack, depressive Morrissey-Warhol version of "Sunset Boulevard," with Joe Dallesandro as a stud hustler and Sylvia Miles as the predatory star in the big mansion. It's meant to be a funny exploitation movie, but the comic moments are rare. (Olympia; through Dec. 17.)

I Could Never Have Sex with Any Man Who Has So Little Regard for My Husband (1973)—Chronicle of a Martha's Vineyard holiday spent by two dozily married couples who think of wife swapping but don't do it. Humorous rather than funny. Written by Dan Greenburg from his own novel "Chewsday: A Sex Novel." The rain pours, the fog swirls, the cold bites hard, the knife-edge of the dialogue slips off the bone. (7/30/73) (Murray Hill; through Dec. 12.)

I. F. Stone's Weekly (1973)—A wonderful documentary, by Jerry Bruck, Jr., about one of the great mavericks that American politics sometimes throws up. Mr. Stone's tenacity in investigative reporting and in studying open government records has been our good fortune for many years. The film is a tribute, a patiently accumulated portrait, and a record of a clear-minded man who consistently makes order from the sort of chaos that benefits the powerful, and who never fails to name rascals or traitors to the truth. Narrated by Tom Wicker. (4/22/74) (Regency; through Dec. 14.)

I Never Sang for My Father (1970)—Bargain-basement dramaturgy is used to surprisingly powerful effect in this account of a middle-aged man's unresolved relationship with his father. Gene Hackman and Melvyn Douglas perform unsentimentally and intelligently. Gil Cates directed, from Robert Anderson's script. (Quad Cinema; through Dec. 12.)

It's a Wonderful Life (1946)—Frank Capra's best-sustained piece of sentimentality after the war (though the postwar public wasn't in the Capra mood, and the picture didn't catch on). James Stewart is the man on the brink of suicide who is given a vision of what would happen to his family and town if he went ahead and did it. Donna Reed plays his wife, and the excruciatingly familiar cast includes Lionel Barrymore, Thomas Mitchell, Henry Travers, Beulah Bondi, Ward Bond, H. B. Warner, Gloria Grahame, and Samuel S. Hinds. In its own icky, bittersweet way, it's terribly effective, but does Frank Capra have an honest bone in his body? (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 18.)

Journey Through the Past—A documentary about singer-musician Neil Young, directed by Mr. Young. (Greenwich, and Cinema Studio; through Dec. 17.)

The Klansman—With Lee Marvin and Richard Burton, directed by Terence Young. (Loews 83rd St.)

Lacombe, Lucien—About a boy who has an empty space where feelings beyond the purely instinctual are expected to be. The time is 1944, and the boy—a French peasant—goes to work each day hunting down and torturing people for the Gestapo. The director, Louis Malle, casts as Lucien a teen-age country boy (Pierre Blaise) who can respond to events with his own innocence, apathy, and animal shrewdness. Malle's gamble is that the cameras will discover what the artist's imagination can't, and, steadily, startlingly, the gamble pays off. Without ever mentioning the subject of innocence and guilt, this extraordinary film, in its calm, dispassionate way, addresses it on a deeper level than any other movie. With Aurore Clément as a Parisian Jewish girl, Holger Löwenadler as her meticulously cultivated father. In French. (9/30/74) (68th St. Playhouse.)

Last Tango in Paris (1972)—A movie that people will be arguing about for as long as there are movies. Bernardo Bertolucci and Marlon Brando have altered the face of an art form. In French and English. (8th St. Playhouse; starting Dec. 18.)

Law and Disorder—While you're watching this comedy about the frustrations and foul-ups of New Yorkers Carroll O'Connor and Ernest Borgnine as they try to protect their families by organizing an auxiliary-police unit, you can tell how the scenes were meant to play and why they don't. You can see that the gifted Czech director Ivan Passer doesn't have the unconscious equipment for the look and feel of ordinary American life, and that he is trying to strike a compromise between his feelings and the demands of the American marketing system—and satisfying neither. O'Connor has some fine restrained moments, and Alan Arbus contributes an entertaining bit, but the film is a painful failure. Passer is trying to do the sort of thing that

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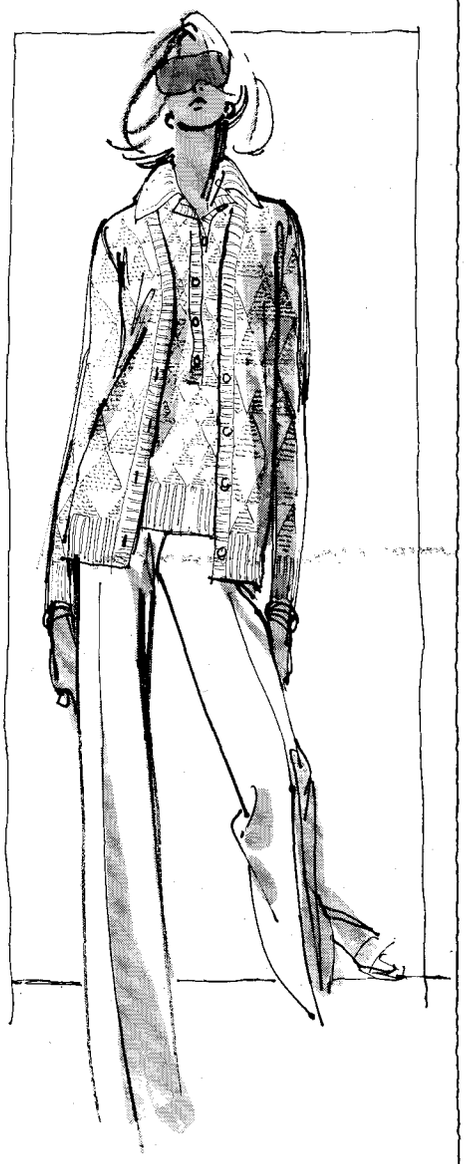

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

gets louder laughs than his own kind of comedy; it is the case of an artist trying to do what clods can do better. (10/21/74) (Fine Arts; through Dec. 17.)

Lenny—The earnest Bob Fosse film starring Dustin Hoffman is for audiences who want to believe that Lenny Bruce was a saintly gadfly who was martyred for having lived before their time. Hoffman makes a serious, honorable try, but he's the wrong kind of actor to play Bruce. Hoffman is a nice boy; Bruce was uncompromisingly not nice. The film, from a weak script by Julian Barry, accepts the facile, youth-audience-flattering view that Bruce's motivating force was to make people well, and having swallowed that, can only defuse his humor. So when you listen to Hoffman doing Bruce's shticks you don't even feel like laughing. Valerie Perrine is touching as Honey, and Gary Morton has a fine bit as the type of comic who knew how to keep his public happy. (11/18/74) (Cinema I.)

The Lenny Bruce Performance Film—An actual Lenny Bruce performance, recorded, however, at the end of his career, in August, 1965, at Basin Street West, San Francisco. (First Avenue Screening Room.)

The Little Prince—The Saint-Exupéry book, the first of the modern mystic-quest books to become a pop hit, is a distillation of melancholy, and it comes close to being self-glorifying, masochistic mush. Possibly something might have been made of the material if Alan Jay Lerner, who wrote the movie script, along with the lyrics for Frederick Loewe's music, had a more delicate feeling for spiritual yearning. The director, Stanley Donen, is handicapped by the intractably graceless writing and by the Big Broadway sound of the Lerner-Loewe score. Bob Fosse's snake-in-the-grass dance number is the film's high spot, and Gene Wilder, as a red fox, triumphs over some of his material. As the child Prince, Steven Warner holds the screen affectingly; as the author-aviator, Richard Kiley is pleasant enough but colorless. (12/2/74) (Music Hall.)

Live for Life (1967)—Directed by Claude Lelouch, with Yves Montand as a television reporter who is about to ruin his marriage by having an affair with Candice Bergen but finally goes back to Annie Girardot. Quite good pulp, though not up to "A Man and a Woman" as the enjoyable soppy goes. In French. (Elgin; Dec. 17-18.)

The Longest Yard—Burt Reynolds, as a sellout quarterback turned superstud gigolo, lands in prison; he rediscovers his manhood through helping a bunch of convicts fight for theirs. The picture is a brutal bash, but the laughter at the brutality has no meanness in it: everybody knows that the blood isn't real. Robert Aldrich directed this comic fantasy, centering on a football game between crazily ruthless convicts and crazily ruthless guards; for all its bone-crunching collisions, it's almost irresistibly good-natured and funny. With Ed Lauter, Eddie Albert, and Bernadette Peters. (10/14/74) (Juliet 1.)

The Long Goodbye (1973)—Robert Altman kisses off the private-eye form as gracefully as "Beat the Devil" finished off the cycle of the international-intrigue thriller. Less accidental than "Beat the Devil," it's just about as funny, though quicker-witted and dreamier, in soft mellow color and volatile images. Based on Raymond Chandler's book, the picture stars Elliott Gould as Marlowe; thinner and lither, he gives his best performance yet, as a wryly forlorn man, still driving a 1948 Lincoln Continental and trying to behave like Bogart. With Nina van Pallandt, Sterling Hayden, and Mark Rydell. (10/22/73) (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 12.)

The Mad Adventures of 'Rabbi' Jacob—Gérard Oury directs the great Louis de Funès, who looks as if he were perpetually quenching a sneeze. The film is a complicated gangster comedy, with de Funès disguised as a rabbi. There are also numerous French Catholic detectives and Muslim revolutionaries, and a great slide down a chute into a bath of green bubble gum. Joy for kids. In French. (7/22/74) (Gramercy; starting Dec. 18.)

Magical Mystery Tour (1969)—The Beatles. (8th St. Playhouse; through Dec. 17.)

A Man and a Woman (1966)—Claude Lelouch's popular romance about people with swinging occupations: Jean-Louis Trintignant is a racing-car driver, Anouk Aimée a script girl, Pierre Barouh a stunt man. The cinematographer-director specializes in lyrical blur and mist. In French. (Elgin; Dec. 17-18.)

The Man with the Golden Gun—The ninth in the James Bond series, with Roger Moore portraying Bond. Directed by Guy Hamilton (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 1, R.K.O. 59th St Twin 2, R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, and Greenwich; starting Dec. 18.)

Marat/Sade (1967)—A movie of a play inside a play. Directed by Peter Brook, with the original stage cast. (Elgin; Sunday, Dec. 15 one performance, at noon.)

Murder on the Orient Express—This all-star version of an Agatha Christie antiquity is utterly inoffensive, and audiences appear to be so hungry for this sort of entertainment that maybe it hardly matters that it isn't very good. Vanessa Redgrave, Rachel Roberts, and Ingrid Bergman are standouts in a cast that includes John Gielgud, Lauren Bacall, Wendy Hiller, Sean Connery, and Albert Finney as Hercule Poirot. Sidney Lumet directed. (12/9/74) (Coronet; through Dec. 17. . . . ¶ 34th St. East, and Baronet; starting Dec. 18.)

My Little Chickadee (1940)—W. C. Fields and Mae West muttering and wambling, respectively, in a most unusual Western. (Murray Hill; starting Dec. 13.)

The Night Porter—A porno gothic, set in Vienna in 1957 and veneered with redeeming social values. As Max, a former Storm Trooper, Dirk Bogarde presides over an s.-m. Grand Hotel; Charlotte Rampling, who got her sexual education from him when she was a fourteen-year-old in a concentration camp, arrives and wants more of Max's brand of love. The film's claim that it's saying something about the spiritual destruction caused by war is offensive, but the picture is too crudely trumped up to be a serious insult. Directed by a woman, Liliana Cavani—which proves no more than that women can make junk just as well as men. (10/7/74) (Baronet; through Dec. 17. . . . ¶ Fine Arts; starting Dec. 18.)

Nosferatu (1922)—F. W. Murnau's famous vampire movie—part of everyone's moviegoing subconscious of bite tactics and of disposal methods for the prone-to-be-bitten. Wonderfully photographed: Murnau gave distinction to dross. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Dec. 15-17.)

The Odessa File—With Jon Voight and Maximilian Schell, directed by Ronald Neame. (Cinema II. . . . ¶ Loews Orpheum; through the afternoon of Dec. 11.)

Orpheus (1949)—Jean Marais as the poet who needs to renew himself, in Jean Cocteau's masterpiece—the most magical of all modern films. With Maria Casarès, François Périer, Marie Déa, Edouard Dermithe, and Juliette Greco. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 19.)

Paper Moon (1973)—Peter Bogdanovich directs a wet story about a chumming-up between Ryan O'Neal, as a con man who victimizes new widows, and an eleven-year-old tomboy, played by the actor's real-life daughter, Tatum O'Neal. (5/26/73) (Little Carnegie; through Dec. 17.)

Pierrot le Fou (1965)—Jean-Luc Godard's unresolved, disturbing film. The narrative encompasses a satire of advertising, an existential stalemate, political violence, and romance, all shot—in color—in a hard-edge style. With Jean-Paul Belmondo and Anna Karina. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 13.)

The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie (1969)—Maggie Smith as Jean Brodie, Muriel Spark's witty caricature of a romantic crackpot teacher. In the movie, all too conventionally directed by Ronald Neame, Miss Brodie, with her snobbishness and her affectations and her jumble shop of a mind, becomes a bit of an Auntie Mame, but Maggie Smith is worth seeing, and so are Celia Johnson as her adversary and Robert Stephens as her lover. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 11.)

The Producers (1968)—Satire of the theatre, with Zero Mostel as a producer who sells twenty-five thousand per cent of a play, intending to produce a flop so that he won't have to pay the backers anything. Some of it is very funny, but Mel Brooks, who wrote and directed, doesn't develop the ideas. With Dick Shawn and Gene Wilder, whose whining, strangled-voice bit is almost a shtick of genius. (Quad Cinema; through Dec. 17.)

Room Service (1938)—The Marx Brothers in the Broadway farce about bankrupt theatrical producers holed up in a hotel room with their stranded players, fighting off famine and

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creditors. Unfortunately, the play fits them like a straitjacket. With Lucille Ball, Ann Miller, Frank Albertson, and Donald MacBride, grinning his great bulldog grin. Directed (lamely) by William Seiter. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 15.)

E SAVAGE IS LOOSE—George C. Scott, Trish Van Devere, and John David Carson, as their son, are shipwrecked on a jungle island, and so is the audience. Agonizing. (11/25/74) (Eastside Cinema, and U. A. East.)

ENES FROM A MARRIAGE—Bergman's picture of the intimacies and misapprehensions between Johan (Erland Josephson) and Marianne (Liv Ullmann, never more beautiful), originally made for TV as six fifty-minute sequences, here cut into a triumphantly coherent two and three-quarters hours of film, photographed by Sven Nykvist. Johan has a touch of the priggish about him, and also a touch of the weak; Marianne, apparently the victimized one, turns out to be the stronger. The movie is wonderfully literate and constantly catches at minute tugs of affection or impatience between the long-married, whose eventual divorce by consent is oddly cancelled out by their continuing comprehension of one another. The mood of their assignation on their annulled twentieth wedding anniversary is tender, farcical, and indestructible. In Swedish. (9/23/74) (Beekman. . . . ¶ Paramount. No evening performances on Wednesday, Dec. 11, and no afternoon performances on Thursday, Dec. 12.)

THE SEDUCTION OF MIMI—Written and directed by Lina Wertmuller. A very funny bedroom and church-step farce, set in Italy and Sicily, about a sexual round robin, with the Mafia intervening. The hero is dead serious, above a subterranean freneticism, about his cold wife in Sicily and his Cranach-faced mistress in Turin and Catania. His wife vengefully gets pregnant by a tax officer; the hero makes love back to the tax officer's mountainous wife, who already has five children before this sixth one by him. The Mafia plants a murder on him, and he emerges from a jail sentence to find even his mistress and their beloved growing son disappearing into the distance. In Italian. (6/24/74) (Thalia; through Dec. 19.)

THE SEVEN-UPS (1973)—With Roy Scheider, directed by Philip D'Antoni. (St. Marks Cinema; starting Dec. 18.)

SHALL WE DANCE (1937)—The script wobbles, but this seventh Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers film has some beautiful dances and a great score by the Gershwins ("Slap That Bass," "Let's Call the Whole Thing Off," "They Can't Take That Away from Me," "They All Laughed"). With Edward Everett Horton, Jerome Cowan, and Eric Blore. Directed by Mark Sandrich. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Dec. 11 and 13.)

SHAME (1968)—Ingmar Bergman's simple, masterly vision of normal war and what it does to survivors. Set a tiny step into the future, the film has the inevitability of a common dream. Liv Ullmann is superb in the demanding central role—one that calls for emotional involvements with her husband (Max von Sydow) and her lover (Gunnar Björnstrand). In Swedish. (Thalia; through Dec. 19.)

SHE DONE HIM WRONG (1933)—Mae West, the great shady-lady of the screen, wiggles and sings "Easy Rider" and seduces virtuous young Cary Grant. A classic comedy and a classic seduction. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 15.)

SHOOT THE PIANO PLAYER (1962)—A comedy about melancholia—probably the *only* comedy about melancholia. Charles Aznavour is Charlie the Piano Player, who just wants to be "out of it" in François Truffaut's poetic, nihilistic gangster picture. A modern classic. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 13.)

SLAUGHTERHOUSE-FIVE (1972)—George Roy Hill's film of the Kurt Vonnegut, Jr., college classic, with Michael Sacks as the boy assistant chaplain in Dresden in the Second World War. Filmed mostly in Prague (there being no Dresden left), and photographed by Miroslav Ondříček, the wonderful Czech photographer who has worked with Miloš Forman, Ivan Passer, and Lindsay Anderson. The flattened despair of the film sometimes seems a show-off form of cool, but the picture is beautifully cast and acted. (Elgin; Dec. 12-14.)

EEPER (1973)—A modern slapstick-comedy classic, directed by and starring Woody Allen. Set two hundred years in the future, it's the most stable and sustained of his films, with a clean visual style and an elegant de-

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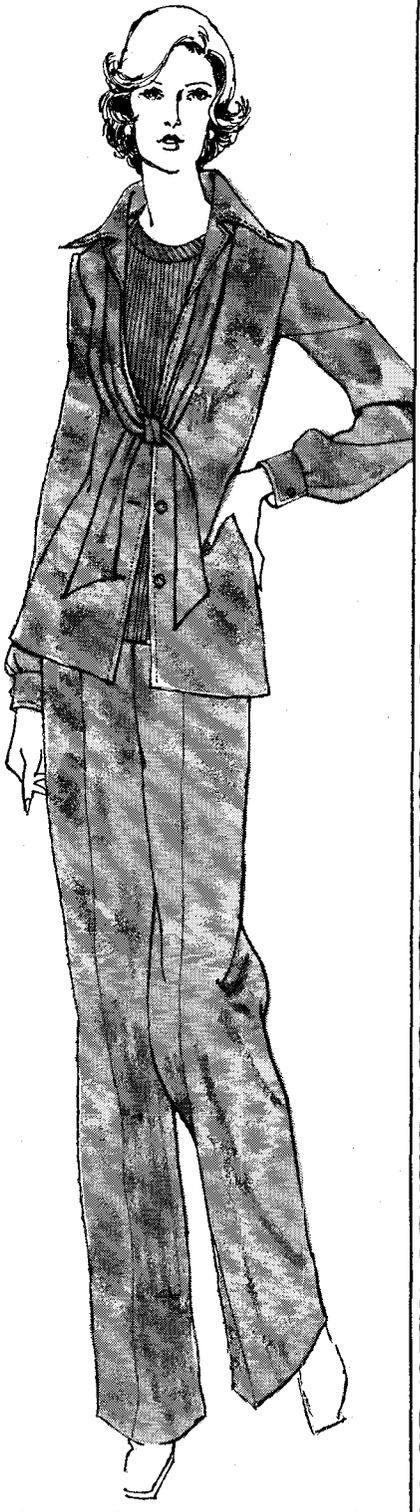

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

sign. It's a very even work, with no thudding bad lines and no low stretches, but it doesn't have the loose, magic highs of some of his other films. You laugh all the way through and come out smiling and perfectly happy, but you're not driven crazy—not really turned on the way his messier movies can turn you on. With Diane Keaton. (12/31/73) (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 14.)

The Story of Vernon and Irene Castle (1939)—This was the last (and ninth) of the Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers R.K.O. pictures. The re-creations of the Castles' dances are painstakingly authentic, but the movie is cursed with the dullness of big bios. With Edna May Oliver, Walter Brennan, and Marge Champion (in those days she was called Marjorie Bell). H. C. Potter directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Dec. 12-13.)

Swing Time (1936)—Rogers and Astaire at their peak as a team. The continuity is functional and uninspired, but the numbers are sublime ("The Way You Look Tonight," "Bojangles of Harlem," "A Fine Romance," "Pick Yourself Up," "Never Gonna Dance"). George Stevens directed; the songs are by Dorothy Fields and Jerome Kern; and the cast includes Helen Broderick, Victor Moore, and Betty Furness. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Dec. 11 and 14.)

The Taking of Pelham One Two Three—The director, Joseph Sargent, doesn't just make points—he drops weights. The picture is full of noise and squalling and "dirty" words used for giggly shock effects; the one element that keeps it going is the plot, taken from John Godey's thriller about how a New York subway train is hijacked and the passengers held for ransom. As the Transit Authority Police detective, Walter Matthau, who just coasts through, seems an oasis of sanity. With Robert Shaw and Martin Balsam. (10/28/74) (86th St. East.)

Ten from Your Show of Shows (1973)—A sampling of the hundred and sixty ninety-minute weekly shows produced and directed by Max Liebman from 1950 to 1954, starring Sid Caesar and Imogene Coca, with Carl Reiner and Howard Morris. A few of the skits are classic, and if you saw Caesar when you were young enough, maybe he'll always be the greatest clown for you. (3/3/73) (Quad Cinema; through Dec. 17.)

Testament of Orpheus (1962)—Cocteau's film, with himself as the Poet. Slightly awkward. The film is rich—too rich—in allusions to Cocteau's own earlier works and life, and the Cocteau legerdemain with disappearing and metamorphosed images seems aged and oddly spinsterish; all the same, he was a great man, good-natured and a true innovator. Worth seeing, especially if you have seen "Orpheus." In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 19.)

That's Entertainment!—An invigorating movie made up of clips from old M-G-M musicals. The linking commentary sounds a bit like an Oscar evening promoting M-G-M (the comperes include the present-day Mickey Rooney, James Stewart, Frank Sinatra, Bing Crosby, and Liza Minnelli), but the things that are linked together are terrific, especially the clips of Gene Kelly, in the incomparable Comden and Green movie "Singin' in the Rain;" the melting, featherweight Fred Astaire; Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy, that inimitable dollop of soup, ham, and classy yearning, their love-filled eyes slipping around to the camera to check what they look like; and Esther Williams, swimming in larger and larger pools, and rising from the chlorinated M-G-M water regally wet. (6/10/74) (Trans-Lux 85th St.... ¶ Festival; Dec. 11.... ¶ New Yorker, and Quad Cinema; through Dec. 17.)

Things to Come (1936)—The most elaborate science-fiction movie ever made in England until "2001." H. G. Wells wrote the tendentious screenplay, the celebrated designer William Cameron Menzies directed, Georges Périnal was the cinematographer, and Arthur Bliss wrote the score. It's a handsome movie, with great costumes and some wonderful howlers (by Raymond Massey and Ralph Richardson) in the dialogue and acting. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Dec. 15-17.)

The Three Stooges Follies—Excerpts from their films of the thirties and forties. (Sutton; through Dec. 14. The theatre will be closed on the evening of Wednesday, Dec. 11, and all day on Thursday, Dec. 12.)

The Towering Inferno—Fire on the one-hundred-and-thirty-fifth floor of a new building. With Steve McQueen, Paul Newman, William Holden, and Faye Dunaway. Directed by John Guillermin. (Trans-Lux East; starting Dec. 19.)

Trash (1970)—Absurdist porno-comedy about an impotent junkie (Joe Dallesandro) who drags himself around while various women try to arouse him. His sort-of-wife is played by a goofy female impersonator, Holly Woodlawn, who acts up a storm, but most of the time the picture is as enervated and limp as its hero. Directed by Paul Morrissey. (Elgin; starting Dec. 19.)

Travels with My Aunt (1972)—Maggie Smith gives a desperate, flustered performance as the disreputable Augusta, a woman in her seventies who induces her stuffy nephew (Alec McCowen) to accompany her on her travels. Whatever private joke Graham Greene was working out in the novel, the message here is "Live, live, live!" But the movie itself has no real zing; it seems to run down before it gets started, and just about everyone in it looks miscast. George Cukor directed. (1/13/73) (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 11.)

The Trial of Billy Jack—A maudlin sequel to the 1971 "Billy Jack" which for two hours and fifty minutes expands on the most melodramatic elements of the earlier film. This big Pentecostal tub-thumping show, a manifestation of the square, simplistic, reactionary left, brings together the worst of mass culture and the worst of the counterculture. (11/25/74) (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1.... ¶ R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 1, and R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2; through Dec. 17.)

Le Trio Infernal—With Romy Schneider and Michel Piccoli, directed by Francis Girod. In French. (Waverly; through Dec. 17.)

200 Motels (1971)—With Frank Zappa and the Mothers of Invention. (Elgin; starting Dec. 19.)

Ulysses (1967)—An act of homage to Joyce's novel that is reasonably successful in providing a surface map of the comings and goings in town and "Nighttown" but that lacks the sensuality of the novel's prose. Joyce gives us the drama within Stephen's consciousness; the Joseph Strick film stays on the outside, and so Leopold Bloom, who is easier to represent, takes over. With Maurice Roeves as Stephen, Milo O'Shea as Bloom, and Barbara Jefford as Molly. (New Yorker; starting Dec. 18.)

Les Violons du Bal—With Marie-Jose Nat and Jean-Louis Trintignant, directed by Michel Drach. In French. (Regency; starting Dec. 15.)

Woman in the Dunes (1964)—A very fine Japanese film by Hiroshi Teshigahara, if one can assume that your sympathies will not be shaken by a taxing concentration on sand, sand, sand, sand-covered bodies, and an alien cast of mind about erotic parables. In Japanese. (Elgin; Dec. 15-16.)

A Woman Under the Influence—The writer-director John Cassavetes is under the influence of R. D. Laing, and he presents an illustration of Laing's scapegoat theory of schizophrenia, with Gena Rowlands as the helpless victim of a bullying husband (Peter Falk) and a repressive society. Cassavetes swathes the Laingian romanticism in wet blankets; the scenes are often unshaped, and so rudderless that the meanings don't emerge. Rowlands externalizes schizophrenic dissolution: she fragments before our eyes. But her prodigious performance is enough for half a dozen tours de force, a whole row of Oscars—it's exhausting. Nothing she does is memorable because she does so much. (12/9/74) (Columbia I, and Columbia II.)

Women in Love (1970)—Ken Russell's purple pastiche—a gothic sex fantasy on themes from D. H. Lawrence. It's frequently impressive, but if you want to know what the characters are about, you'd do well to read the book first. With Glenda Jackson, Alan Bates, and Oliver Reed. (Waverly; through Dec. 17.)

Yellow Submarine (1968)—Pop heroes (cartoon versions of the Beatles) in a lighthearted, inventive Pop Art animated feature. (8th St. Playhouse; through Dec. 17.)

Young Frankenstein—A comedy takeoff on Mary Shelley's novel, with Gene Wilder and Peter Boyle. Directed by Mel Brooks. (Sutton; starting Dec. 15.)

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"When is he coming?" he asked sleepily.

The Green Giant went straight up the chimney for a look around. Unfortunately, as the Giant was on his way up, Santa was on his way down. With greenery blocking his favorite path, Santa chose a more conventional entrance. He landed at the back door and was inside in a twinkling.

The Sprout did a quick double take.

Which was all the time it took for the jolly man in the bright red suit to be in and out, leaving his gifts and a trail of laughter.

That familiar laugh brought the Green Giant down to earth. Fast.

"He's gone," said the Little Green Sprout.

The Giant's face dropped.

"It only took him a fleeting moment."

The Giant smiled.

Seemed he and Santa shared more than a Ho-Ho-Ho.

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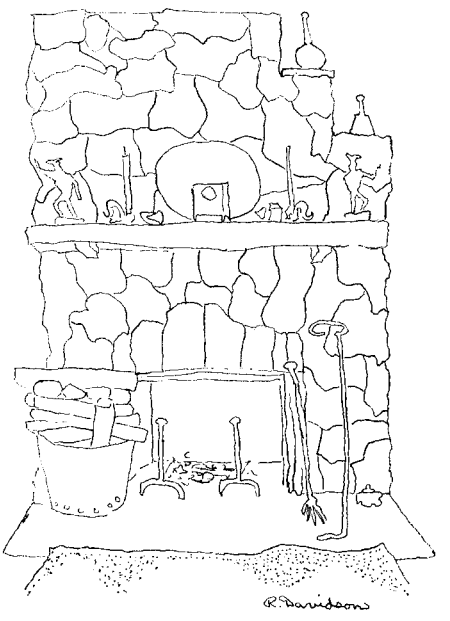
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

ABOUT two months ago, President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing of France announced, "The world is unhappy." He then said, "It is unhappy because it does not know where it is going, and senses that if it did know, it would be to discover that it was heading toward catastrophe. . . . The crisis of the world today is a lasting crisis. . . . The great curves that describe the future in our times all lead to catastrophe." His role, he said later, was to try to "manage the unforeseeable." Giscard d'Estaing, of course, is only one of thousands of men around the world who have spoken recently of a global crisis of tremendous proportions. A precise date can be fixed for the beginning of the crisis—October 17, 1973, when the Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries imposed its partial oil embargo—but almost everything else about the crisis remains unclear. Some observers see the crisis as a turning point in the history of mankind. This school tends to believe that man has run up against the limits of the natural resources of the earth, and it tends to foresee a catastrophic and perhaps permanent worldwide decline in economic growth, as though man were now about to be punished for his proud and wasteful ways. Other observers see the crisis as the conjunction of a series of accidents, such as bad harvests around the world and unfortunate political developments in the Middle East, and they believe that for every technical obstacle to production a technical solution can be found. Still other observers interpret the crisis as a conspiracy by some nations (among them the United States) to establish, or regain, their hegemony over the world economy. There is even a school that sees the nearly universal gloom of the last year as pure fashion and believes that when people tire of their pessimism the world crisis will go the way of "nostalgia" and other fads. When the United Nations was holding its food conference in Rome, we went to Italy to find out how the crisis looked from that vantage point. Recently, we decided to go to France. We were far from being prepared to draw any conclusions ourself about the nature of the crisis, and hoped only to see how it looked from one more vantage point and to find out something about how one more country was responding to the great curves.

ONE of these responses was a one-day national strike. It was called by the nation's largest labor unions in protest against the economic policies of the government, and was expected to cripple most public services. We arrived in France on the eve of the strike—Monday, the eighteenth of November. As soon as we awoke on the morning of the nineteenth, we made our first test of the success of the strike by flipping the switch on our lamp. The lamp went on. We picked up the telephone. The familiar dial tone was there. We left our hotel, and as we went out the concierge—not without a trace of suppressed pleasure and excitement, we thought—volunteered the opinion that there would be a blackout before the day was over. Outside, a fine, cloudless, cold day was dawning. We walked down the Rue de Grenelle past the Place des Invalides and toward the Ministry of National Education. We heard the sound of cheerful voices in the courtyard of the Ministry. Inside the courtyard we saw a small band of postal workers carrying furled banners and posters; they had been on strike for about a month. In the Place des Invalides, we came upon a taxi stand. Six taxis were lined up waiting for customers. There was a subway station nearby, and the ticket booths stood empty, but people were going into the subway. We stopped at a subway newsstand and asked for a morning paper, which was instantly produced. The woman who kept the stand informed us that all but two of the morning papers had been delivered. Those two, she said, were right-wing publications that had refused a union demand that they carry the full text of a statement by the unions, and had been shut down by their unionized workers. The other papers had acceded to the demand. We went on into the subway. People were walking the wrong way down passages that said "One Way," and were walking into places that said "Forbidden." People were walking into exits and out of entranceways. Shortly after we reached the subway platform, a train pulled in, and took on ticketless passengers. As we started walking back to the street, we encountered the workers from the Ministry, who were heading down to the platform. We began to think that this was a comfortable sort of national strike: a national strike served by every convenience—and the subway free. We proceeded in the direction of the Place de la Bastille, where a demonstration by the striking workers was scheduled to gather. It was midmorning now, and virtually all the shops on the streets we walked along were open. On the sidewalks,



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huge mounds of garbage had piled up. These, however, were a result not of the national strike but of a sanitation workers' strike that had been in progress for about a week. Still, it was the sanitation strike, together with the month-long mail strike, that had precipitated the national strike, one of whose aims was to make a show of solidarity with the postal and sanitation workers. Behind the piles of garbage, Paris looked as well-off and as beautiful as we had ever seen it. In fact, as we watched the people passing on the street and looked in the windows of the shops and cafés, it occurred to us that we had never, anywhere, seen a city that looked as prosperous and glittering as Paris did right then. As we drew nearer to the Place de la Bastille, we found ourself part of a general flow of humanity in that direction, and several blocks before we got to the Place itself the street was so jammed with people that we could move ahead only with difficulty. Many people in the crowd carried transistor radios, and we could hear reports coming in that placed the number of people at the demonstration at anywhere from sixty thousand to four hundred thousand. The crowd was not only "peaceful and orderly," as the radio was reporting, but positively placid. Here and there, singing and rhythmic chanting broke out and then died down. One of the chants went, "*Giscard s'est foutu; Les démons sont dans la rue*" ("Giscard has screwed things up; The demons are in the street"). The word "demons," according to the morning paper, had been introduced into the general debate by Premier Jacques Chirac in a television interview the night before. He had said, in part, "When throughout the day for fifteen days or two weeks I hear a team of demolitionists explaining to us on the radio and on television that we won't emerge from our difficulties unless we go on strike, or systematically dispute everything, I say to myself that, truly, the old demons are not dead. Well, for my part, I have no intention—now or later—of letting myself be influenced by these demons." He had gone on to say that "the economic policy of the government" was "not negotiable." The demonstrators—who were now calling themselves demons but who to our eye looked like the kind of cheerful, well-dressed crowd one might find at a soccer match—seemed to consist mostly of working people, many of them young, but there was a fair-sized representation of students.

We stopped to talk with a young man wearing a bright-colored lumberjacket and standing with a group of sanitation workers. We asked him what the demonstration was all about.

"Well, there's a lot of unemployment and very high inflation now," he answered.

"But can a demonstration help create jobs and bring down prices?" we asked.

"The government creates inflation in order to help the private interests," he said, speaking in an authoritative tone. "Inflation is also created by the multinational corporations, which are making money out of the oil crisis."

"But can the demonstration help bring down the price of oil and help solve the energy crisis?"

"There isn't any oil crisis. It's a crisis of capitalism. Capitalism has created the crisis, and now it doesn't have the means to resolve it."

"Then don't you need a whole new system and a whole new government, and not just the satisfaction of salary demands which the unions are striking for now?"

The young man hesitated, and we could see that he was weighing his next words carefully. We remembered reading that the government had accused the strikers of striking for "political" reasons and that the leadership had denied the charge. "No," he said. "The role of the strike is only to obtain satisfaction of the specific demands. The role of the unions is not to change the government."

"Are you by any chance a member of the Communist Party?" we asked.

"Let's just say I'm a democrat," the young man answered.

A banner nearby proclaiming "TOWARD A POLITICS OF TOURISM" caught our eye, and we asked a man who was holding one end of the banner what his group wanted.

"Our chief demand is that all workers be guaranteed the right to a vacation. We are workers in the tourist industry who want to serve the poor, and not only the rich."

"But in a time of economic crisis like the present don't you think that a demand for universal vacations might be considered too luxurious?" we asked.

"A vacation is no luxury," he answered. "We consider it to be a social, psychological, and physiological need of man. As for who's to pay, the bosses have plenty of money to pay with. After all, they're the ones who are benefitting from the oil crisis. And then the government can extend credit for this purpose."

As we passed through the crowds, we had gathered a large handful of literature that was being passed out by scores of groups demanding different things. We found that we had a copy of *Avant Garde*, a monthly publication of Communist Youth of France. (The Communist Party receives about twenty per cent of the vote in national elections in France.) We had been surprised when some of the demonstrators we talked with scoffed at the idea that the world was suffering from an oil shortage. Now we read in the lead editorial in *Avant Garde*, "Today, to the phony crisis of oil—the fatal crisis, the world crisis, the crisis of abundance and waste—we say: lies. A crisis there is, but it has to do with the old, obsolete system that is responsible for unemployment, austerity ["austerity" being the word used by President Giscard d'Estaing to describe his economic policy of cutting the government budget], and inflation: the crisis of capitalism." Another editorial in *Avant Garde* derided the advice of Françoise Giroud, Giscard d'Estaing's Secretary of State for the Condition of Women, "who calls for sacrifices: to eat less meat, to stop 'decorating women,' to dress in 'mini, mini, mini' in order to economize." One of the main articles in our copy of *Avant Garde* was called "Notes from a Trip to the U.S.S.R." and signed Evelyne Pouget. The author had found that for Soviet students "exploitation is ancient history." By way of contrast, she mentioned the case of a French student named Michel, who said he had trouble paying for his school supplies and thought he would probably end up in the unemployment lines after graduating. The conversation had set her to thinking. "Michel left to pursue his courses, and I left to pursue the course of my thoughts," she wrote. "The crisis? Yes, there is a crisis. But a world crisis? An international crisis, as our leaders—our Giscards, our Chirac and company—like

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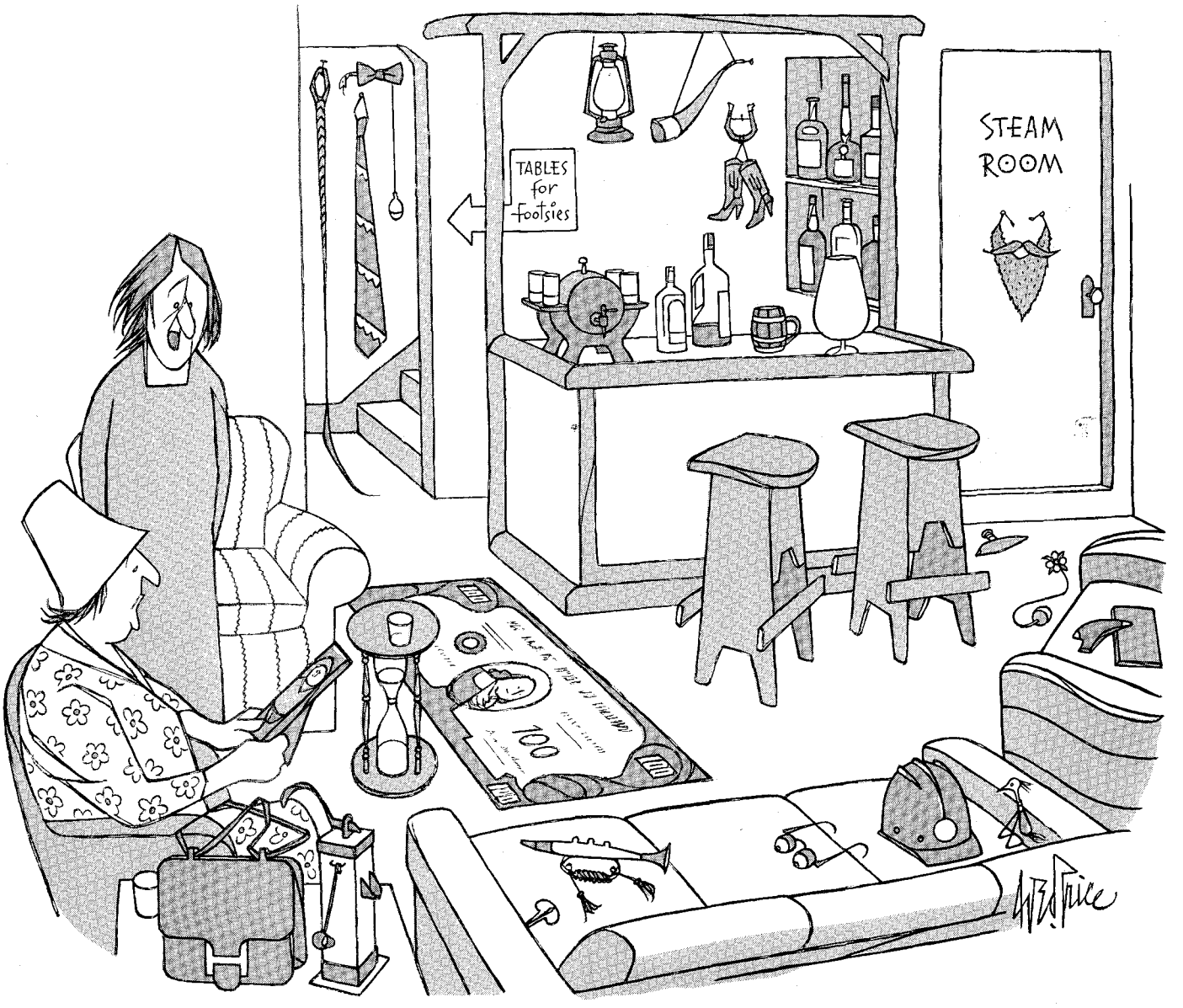

"On the afternoon of September fourth, nineteen sixty-nine, he had one for the road, and that was the last I ever saw of him."

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to tell us? No. The U.S.S.R., Hungary, Bulgaria, East Germany—in short, of all the Socialist countries, none know this famous world 'crisis,' because they don't have any capitalists who try to fatten themselves on the backs of the workers and the young." The left, then, was the champion of the high-consumption society. And the Communists, at least, not only rejected the idea that sacrifices must be made but rejected the whole idea of a world crisis which went with it.

SEVERAL days later, we started buying stacks of newspapers and magazines, and doing a lot of reading. From the outset, we found ourself in the midst of a thick gloom that bordered on despair. The mood was blackest in publications with a conservative bent, and probably the depths of pessimism were reached in *Le Figaro*—a newspaper that generally supports the government. On November 22nd, three days after the strike, the *Figaro* columnist Jean Fourastié addressed himself to the subject of "the crisis." Few people in France now specify which crisis they are talking about, and the word can cover anything from a decline of morals to nuclear war. Fourastié mentioned the economic troubles of England and Italy, the oil crisis, the food crisis, and the population crisis. But in his view this was just the beginning. "The crisis of 1929 was difficult, but it was only an economic crisis," he went on. "Today, the reach is deeper. It is a crisis of civilization, which means a rupture of the deep strengths of life: ideologies fragment, religions decline, philosophy dies. The arts, letters, the movies present only noise, uproar, ruins. The young are disturbed or unstable. The old are anxious or paralyzed. The adults seek forgetfulness of their disarray in agitation and frenzy. The same frenzy takes possession of government. Everywhere strife; everywhere demands; everywhere pride, intolerance, fear, violence. The sound of armies, the dictatorships of the military." In these circumstances, he added, derisively, "the unions propose a minimum wage of seventeen hundred francs." (This is about three hundred and forty dollars, per month.)

Three days later, *Le Figaro* published a poll showing that seventy-seven per cent of the French believed that "the situation" would "get worse," and that only ten per cent thought that it would "improve." The poll also showed that sixty-three per cent of

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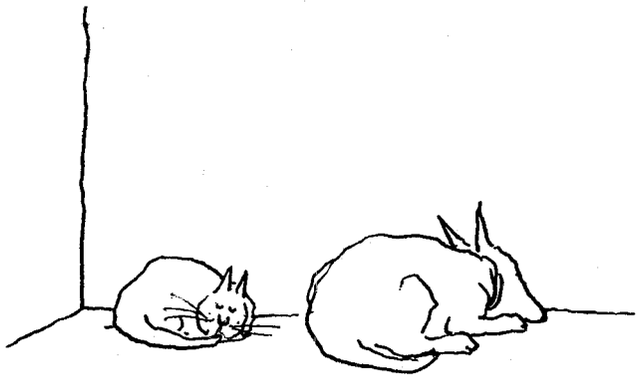

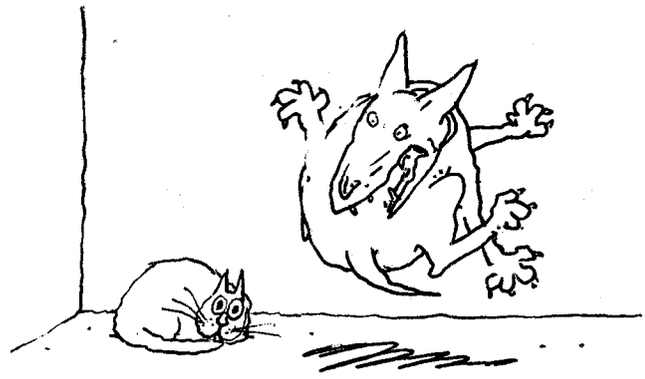

those interviewed foresaw a crisis like the one that shook France in May of 1968, and that only forty-two per cent believed that President Giscard d'Estaing would be able to face up to the challenge. "AN ABSOLUTE RECORD OF PESSIMISM," the headline read, and the story began by commenting, "This time, it's not just pessimism; it's defeatism." Now to the long list of causes of pessimism one more cause was added: pessimism itself. As the days passed, the advantages and disadvantages of pessimism became a subject of lively national debate, almost as though pessimism were a person—a candidate for office, perhaps. Raymond Aron, a political columnist for *Le Figaro*, wrote that he didn't know what the phrase "a crisis of civilization" really meant, and suggested, "Let's forget philosophy and look at reality through the eyes of the economist." What Aron offered after looking at reality thus coldly was hardly optimism, however. "No one—not anyone in America and not anyone in Europe—sees any solution to the [economic] problem as it is posed now, because none exists," he wrote.

The next week, *L'Express*, France's largest newsweekly, abandoned coverage of the news altogether to devote its entire issue to a general discussion of the future, called "To Live Tomorrow . . ." The main article was a lengthy excerpt from the latest report of the Club of Rome. The decision of a news magazine to give the future precedence over the present—a decision implying that whatever unknown things were about to happen were going to be more important than the known things that were happening—underscored one of the peculiarities of the crisis; namely, that it hadn't actually occurred yet. Pierre Viansson-Ponté, a columnist for *Le Monde*, which is perhaps France's most highly respected newspaper, took note of this peculiarity in a column that came out shortly before the special issue of *L'Express*. Having just returned from a tour of several other European countries, he reported that he was struck by the contrast between "the misery, or, at any rate, the shabbiness, encountered more or less everywhere, except perhaps in certain areas of Germany and Switzerland, and the prosperity, the well-being, the *bien-vivre* so apparent in France." He granted the existence of pockets of misery in France but noted, "The accumulation of products and goods here, whether useful or useless, makes one giddy." Then he asked, "Are these privileged Frenchmen happy? Certainly not! To listen to most of them, they are the most unfortunate people on earth. . . . The most formal exchange—'How are you?'—unleashes a litany of catastrophes and a chorus of moans: 'Oh, not well at all. Things are bad. They're getting worse. We're heading into a sinister future.'" And he concluded by saying, "The seers and the futurologists are divided: some announce a lovely future for one country or another, while others see a slide into ruin in the space of ten years. But what does it matter? They are so often mistaken! All the same, how is one to avoid feeling dizzy before the gulf in every realm which separates reality, with its shadows and its lights, from the vision of the apocalypse that is so firmly rooted in so many spirits?"

We were surprised that in France the presentiments of doom were stronger on the right than on the left, for we were used to the fact that in the United States the left had in the past few years been the pessimistic faction—so much so that the right made political capital out of denouncing "the doomsayers." But in the atmosphere of extreme dejection that had developed in the French right the idea put forward by the leftist demonstrators that what France faced was a mere crisis of capitalism was positively cheerful news. A crisis of capitalism might be no laughing matter, but at least it was nothing new: the left had been talking about a crisis of capitalism for more than a hundred years. And if nothing bewilderingly unforeseen was happening, no unforeseen remedies would be required. In particular, no one would have to eat less meat or stop decorating himself. It occurred to us that what we had seen in the Place de la Bastille on the day of the full-service national strike was a crowd that was more eager to hold on to what it had than to throw over the existing order for something new. In France, it seemed, the conservatives in power were full of alarm, and the revolutionaries in the streets were confident of a bright and prosperous future.

THE national strike had not been a success for the left. It had seriously interfered with only a few public services, and the private sector had been all but untouched. *Le Monde* titled its article summing up the results "AFTER THE DEFEAT." But if the government had thus won a victory of sorts, it had also suffered damage. Just last spring, Giscard had been elected as a "liberal" on a platform of "change without risk," and in the first months of his administration he had won considerable respect from the French public for a string of reforms, which included a ban on most wiretapping and the passage of a bill that guaranteed the maintenance of wages to the unemployed for a year after they were laid off. He had also made a number of popular atmospheric changes, including the appointment of the Secretary of State for the Condition of Women and the appointment of a Minister for the Quality of Life. Then, during the strikes, his government revealed a tougher—some said a "brutal"—face, and questions were raised about the depth of Giscard d'Estaing's commitment to liberal policies. Premier Chirac, even before he attacked the opposition as a "team of demolitionists," had criticized French television and radio, which are mostly state-

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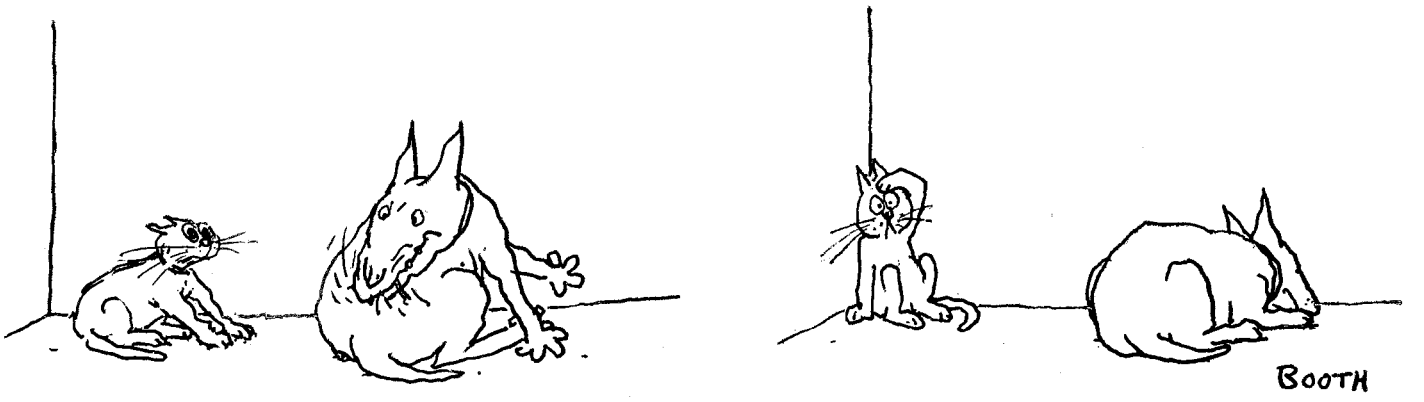

owned, for their "biting" coverage of the government, and an abrupt shake-up of broadcasting personnel had followed. As for the government's handling of the strikes, an article in *Le Monde* described the process in the following terms: "Faced with a conflict they were unable to foresee, to control in time, or to pacify, the men in power raised their voices, proclaimed that they were going to defend liberty and law, and sent in the police."

The government and the opposition had each claimed to be the force better able to understand and to manage "the crisis." Somewhere near the heart of this debate was the question of social justice. The Socialist Party (which, together with the Communists, made up the greater part of the left opposition) argued that only the left could govern France effectively in hard times, on the ground that most people would be willing to make sacrifices for the common good only when they saw that the government was taking measures to distribute the national wealth justly. We visited one prominent Socialist, and he said to us, "A majority of the active members of society voted for François Mitterrand in the last election, and they would be more likely to follow his leadership in a program of austerity than Giscard's."

"But who are 'the active members of society'?" we asked.

"I mean the producers—the people who make things run. The workers."

"And who are the inactive members of society?"

"Oh, retired people, shopkeepers, people who don't work."

We remarked that with a very slight shift of emphasis his position could be taken as a threat: Put the left in power, or the "active" members of society—which is to say the trade unions—would make life impossible for the government.

"Oh, no," he answered. "We would be willing to come to power only by legitimate democratic means. Let me put it this way: I believe that if, by some absurd chance, the right and the left were to propose exactly the same economic measures, then the left would have better success, because it would have the *trust* of the people."

We could only wonder why, if the people trusted the left coalition, they hadn't voted it into power. Whatever the calculations of the political parties, though, it seemed that, in the first round of the political struggle born out of the crisis, both sides, in scoring points off each other, had lost ground with the public.

A FEW days later, we arranged to see Viansson-Ponté, at *Le Monde*. When we arrived, we found a heavyset man with sandy hair sitting behind a desk ringed with cigarette smoke. We started by asking him about President Giscard d'Estaing's performance in office.

"Giscard is intelligent, frivolous, and weak," he said. "He's a man of some imagination who doesn't work at all."

We said we were surprised to hear him call the President frivolous and weak.

"There's a story you should know about him," Viansson-Ponté said. "When he was twelve years old, he was a virtuoso piano player. One day, his piano teacher came to his father and told him that the boy must continue to play the piano—that he was made for music. The father, who had other ambitions for his son, locked the piano and put the key in his pocket, and Giscard never played the piano again." Viansson-Ponté went on to ask if we had read a recent article in *Le Monde* called "A Certain 'Solitary Exercise of Power,'" by Thomas Ferenczi, and we said we had. The article described Giscard d'Estaing as a President who had detached himself to a considerable extent from his closest aides. He was given to walking out alone from the Élysée Palace, leaving behind him a sealed envelope telling where he could be reached in case of an emergency, the article said. The article spoke of Giscard d'Estaing's "isolation" from his staff, some of whom were described as "irritated" by his failure to follow their advice. An anonymous aide said, "The President has the feeling of having been right to run in the Presidential campaign, in spite of contrary advice from everyone else, and today he has a tendency to feel that he alone possesses the truth." Since *Le Monde* had had very few kind words for those same aides in recent weeks, we found ourself wondering why it would be disturbed by his isolation from them. But Ferenczi saw a deeper meaning in the President's new style of action—a meaning that had to do with "the crisis." "The 'lasting' crisis that has hit 'the world,'" Ferenczi wrote, making reference to the words the President had used at his gloomy press conference, "is explained, according to him, by four factors that are, in a way, natural, or at least are uncontrollable: demographic growth, the scarcity of natural resources, the prospect of food shortages, and the rise in the price of oil—all exterior factors, whose invocation permits Mr. Giscard d'Estaing to avoid imputing any responsibility to the functioning of the system. Logically, the President of the Republic is tempted to await the moment when in the natural course of things the unbalanced equilibrium of the day rights itself as a result of other 'events' that are largely unforeseeable." Ferenczi was making a reference to the President's remark about managing the unforeseeable. "If the head of state seems passive in the face of the evolution of the situation, it is because his philosophy counsels him against intervening in the unfolding of the process. . . . In such areas where a change in the structure might be necessary, Mr. Giscard d'Estaing contents himself with financial techniques whose social tenor, however, cannot be considered neutral. . . . What is in question, there-

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"Hey! That one's for me!"

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fore, is not the coldness of the technocrat who is unable to grasp the human dimension of the issues, although this impression, which has been gathered by many, is not just the product of chance. Beyond this psychological aspect, what the chief of state is reproached for—and not without reason—is that he simply refuses to face the political dimension of the problem."

Ferenczi, in speaking of "financial techniques whose social tenor . . . cannot be considered neutral," and in implying the need for "a change in the structure," seemed to be hinting that some of the drastic changes in the capitalist system which were recommended by the left might be a better idea than anything the President was likely to try in his present frame of mind. Recalling the argument made by some people on the left that the crisis could be surmounted only by a left-wing government, which could win the trust of the people by equalizing the sacrifices, we asked Viansson-Ponté what he thought of that idea.

"I don't believe in it," he said. "People would be less willing to accept measures of austerity under a government of the left than under any other sort of government. The left has promised them just the opposite—to *protect* the level of consumption. I have a cleaning woman working for me, and she receives ten francs an hour. Her family has a car and a little place in the country. Not as nice a car as mine, and not as nice a place in the country as mine, I know. But what she looks forward to now is a better car, and a better place in the country, and, above all, better opportunities for her children. Look at the Communist paper *L'Humanité* on Sunday. It is absolutely crammed with advertisements for cars and country houses."

We asked him where he thought all the pessimism he had written about in his article came from.

"People are worried, of course, about inflation and unemployment, and there's a great tradition of pessimism in France—especially about politics—but today there is a new feeling of helplessness and frustration," he said. "In part, people are worried about economic decomposition *à l'italienne*. A few months ago, people made fun of the Italians; now they're not so smug. Also, the President told the people that all the curves lead to disaster, and they believed him. Part of his reason for saying that, though, may have been political. He mustn't seem optimistic, in case things go badly, and if things do go well he can say it was because of him. Also, people are disgusted with politics and have become concerned mainly with their personal happiness. In years past, there were great events in the political world which occupied people's attention—the withdrawal from Algeria, even the Cold War. De Gaulle was a man who evoked passionate feeling in both his supporters and his detractors. In May of 1968, people were fired with a different sort of political passion. Today, the French no longer recognize themselves in the politics of the moment. Even nationalism has gone sour. There is an unhealthy admiration for foreign things, coupled with a feeling of self-degradation. Underneath it all, people think that something big is going to happen, but they don't know what. They feel that the past has died but that the future hasn't yet been born."

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THE WHORE OF MENSA

ONE thing about being a private investigator, you've got to learn to go with your hunches. That's why when a quivering pat of butter named Word Babcock walked into my office and laid his cards on the table, I should have trusted the cold chill that shot up my spine.

"Kaiser?" he said. "Kaiser Lupowitz?"

"That's what it says on my license," I owned up.

"You've got to help me. I'm being blackmailed. Please!"

He was shaking like the lead singer in a rumba band. I pushed a glass across the desk top and a bottle of rye I keep handy for nonmedicinal purposes. "Suppose you relax and tell me all about it."

"You . . . you won't tell my wife?"

"Level with me, Word. I can't make any promises."

He tried pouring a drink, but you could hear the clicking sound across the street, and most of the stuff wound up in his shoes.

"I'm a working guy," he said. "Mechanical maintenance. I build and service joy buzzers. You know—those little fun gimmicks that give people a shock when they shake hands?"

"So?"

"A lot of your executives like 'em. Particularly down on Wall Street."

"Get to the point."

"I'm on the road a lot. You know how it is—lonely. Oh, not what you're thinking. See, Kaiser, I'm basically an intellectual. Sure, a guy can meet all the bimbos he wants. But the really brainy women—they're not so easy to find on short notice."

"Keep talking."

"Well, I heard of this young girl. Eighteen years old. A Vassar student. For a price, she'll come over and discuss any subject—Proust, Yeats, anthropology. Exchange of ideas. You see what I'm driving at?"

"Not exactly."

"I mean, my wife is great, don't get me wrong. But she won't discuss Pound with me. Or Eliot. I didn't know that when I married her. See, I need a woman who's mentally stimulating, Kaiser. And I'm willing to pay for it. I don't want an involvement—I want a quick intellectual experience, then I want the girl to leave. Christ, Kaiser, I'm a happily married man."

"How long has this been going on?"

"Six months. Whenever I have that craving, I call Flossie. She's a madam, with a master's in Comparative Lit. She sends me over an intellectual, see?"

So he was one of those guys whose weakness was really bright women. I felt sorry for the poor sap. I figured there must be a lot of jokers in his position, who were starved for a little intellectual communication with the opposite sex and would pay through the nose for it.

"Now she's threatening to tell my wife," he said.

"Who is?"

"Flossie. They bugged the motel room. They got tapes of me discussing 'The Waste Land' and 'Styles of Radical Will,' and, well, really getting into some issues. They want ten grand or they go to Carla. Kaiser, you've got to help me! Carla would die if she knew she didn't turn me on up here."

The old call-girl racket. I had heard rumors that the boys at headquarters were on to something involving a group of educated women, but so far they were stymied.

"Get Flossie on the phone for me."

"What?"

"I'll take your case, Word. But I get fifty dollars a day, plus expenses. You'll have to repair a lot of joy buzzers."

"It won't be ten Gs' worth, I'm sure of that," he said with a grin, and picked up the phone and dialled a number. I took it from him and winked. I was beginning to like him.

Seconds later, a silky voice answered, and I told her what was on my mind. "I understand you can help me set up an hour of good chat," I said.

"Sure, honey. What do you have in mind?"

"I'd like to discuss Melville."

" 'Moby Dick' or the shorter novels?"

"What's the difference?"

"The price. That's all. Symbolism's extra."

"What'll it run me?"

"Fifty, maybe a hundred for 'Moby Dick.' You want a comparative discussion—Melville and Hawthorne? That could be arranged for a hundred."

"The dough's fine," I told her and gave her the number of a room at the Plaza.

"You want a blonde or a brunette?"

"Surprise me," I said, and hung up.

I SHAVED and grabbed some black coffee while I checked over the Monarch College Outline series. Hardly an hour had passed before there was a knock on my door. I opened it, and standing there was a young redhead who was packed into her slacks like two big scoops of vanilla ice cream.

"Hi, I'm Sherry."

They really knew how to appeal to your fantasies. Long straight hair, leather bag, silver earrings, no makeup.

"I'm surprised you weren't stopped, walking into the hotel dressed like that," I said. "The house dick can usually spot an intellectual."

"A five-spot cools him."

"Shall we begin?" I said, motioning her to the couch.

She lit a cigarette and got right to it. "I think we could start by approaching 'Billy Budd' as Melville's justification of the ways of God to man, *n'est-ce pas?*"

"Interestingly, though, not in a Miltonian sense." I was bluffing. I wanted to see if she'd go for it.

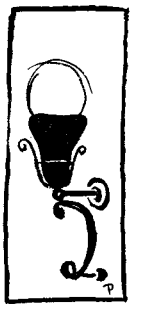
"No. 'Paradise Lost' lacked the substructure of pessimism." She did.

"Right, right. God, you're right," I murmured.

"I think Melville reaffirmed the virtues of innocence in a naïve yet sophisticated sense—don't you agree?"

I let her go on. She was barely nineteen years old, but already she had developed the hardened facility of the pseudo-intellectual. She rattled off her ideas glibly, but it was all mechanical. Whenever I offered an insight, she faked a response: "Oh, yes, Kaiser. Yes, baby, that's deep. A platonic comprehension of Christianity—why didn't I see it before?"

We talked for about an hour and then she said she had to go. She stood up and I laid a C-note on her.



"Thanks, honey."

"There's plenty more where that came from."

"What are you trying to say?"

I had piqued her curiosity. She sat down again.

"Suppose I wanted to—have a party?" I said.

"Like, what kind of party?"

"Suppose I wanted Noam Chomsky explained to me by two girls?"

"Oh, wow."

"If you'd rather forget it . . ."

"You'd have to speak with Flossie," she said. "It'd cost you."

Now was the time to tighten the screws. I flashed my private-investigator's badge and informed her it was a bust.

"What!"

"I'm fuzz, sugar, and discussing Melville for money is an 802. You can do time."

"You louse!"

"Better come clean, baby. Unless

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"We can only hope, Guy, that when this economic thing is finally over, it will have made better admen of us all."

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you want to tell your story down at Alfred Kazin's office, and I don't think he'd be too happy to hear it."

She began to cry. "Don't turn me in, Kaiser," she said. "I needed the money to complete my master's. I've been turned down for a grant. *Twice*. Oh, Christ . . ."

It all poured out—the whole story. Central Park West upbringing, Socialist summer camps, Brandeis. She was every dame you saw waiting in line at the Elgin or the Thalia, or pencilling the words "Yes, very true" into the margin of some book on Kant. Only somewhere along the line she had made a wrong turn.

"I needed cash. A girl friend said she knew a married guy whose wife wasn't very profound. He was into Blake. She couldn't hack it. I said sure, for a price I'd talk Blake with him. I was nervous at first. I faked a lot of it. He didn't care. My friend said there were others. Oh, I've been busted before. I got caught reading *Commentary* in a parked car, and I was once stopped and frisked at Tanglewood. Once more and I'm a three-time loser."

"Then take me to Flossie."

She bit her lip and said, "The Hunter College Book Store is a front."

"Yes?"

"Like those bookie joints that have barbershops outside for show. You'll see."

I made a quick call to headquarters and then said to her, "O.K., sugar. You're off the hook. But don't leave town."

She tilted her face up toward mine gratefully. "I can get you photographs of Dwight Macdonald reading," she said.

"Some other time."

I WALKED into the Hunter College Book Store. The salesman, a young man with sensitive eyes, came up to me. "Can I help you?" he said.

"I'm looking for a special edition of 'Advertisements for Myself.' I understand the author had several thousand gold-leaf copies printed up for friends."

"I'll have to check," he said. "We have a WATS line to Mailer's house."

I fixed him with a look. "Sherry sent me," I said.

"Oh, in that case, go on back," he said. He pressed a button. A wall of books opened, and I walked like a lamb into that bustling pleasure palace known as Flossie's.

Red flocked wallpaper and a Victorian décor set the tone. Pale, nervous girls with black-rimmed glasses and blunt-cut hair lolled around on sofas, riffling Penguin Classics provocatively. A blonde with a big smile winked at me, nodded toward a room upstairs, and said, "Wallace Stevens, eh?" But it wasn't just intellectual experiences—they were peddling emotional ones, too. For fifty bucks, I learned, you could "relate without getting close." For a hundred, a girl would lend you her Bartók records, have dinner, and then let you watch while she had an anxiety attack. For one-fifty, you could listen to FM radio with twins. For three bills, you got the works: A thin Jewish brunette would pretend to pick you up at the Museum of Modern Art, let you read her master's, get you involved in a screaming quarrel at Elaine's over Freud's conception of women, and then fake a suicide of your choosing—the perfect evening, for some guys. Nice racket. Great town, New York.

"Like what you see?" a voice said behind me. I turned and suddenly found myself standing face to face with the business end of a .38. I'm a guy with a strong stomach, but this time it did a back flip. It was Flossie, all right. The voice was the same, but Flossie was a man. His face was hidden by a mask.

"You'll never believe this," he said, "but I don't even have a college degree. I was thrown out for low grades."

"Is that why you wear that mask?"

"I devised a complicated scheme to take over *The New York Review of Books*, but it meant I had to pass for Lionel Trilling. I went to Mexico for an operation. There's a doctor in Juarez who gives people Trilling's features—for a price. Something went wrong. I came out looking like Auden, with Mary McCarthy's voice. That's when I started working the other side of the law."

Quickly, before he could tighten his finger on the trigger, I went into action. Heaving forward, I snapped my elbow across his jaw and grabbed the gun as he fell back. He hit the ground like a ton of bricks. He was still whimpering when the police showed up.

"Nice work, Kaiser," Sergeant Holmes said. "When we're through with this guy, the F.B.I. wants to have a talk with him. A little matter involving some gamblers and an annotated copy of Dante's 'Inferno.' Take him away, boys."

Later that night, I looked up an old account of mine named Gloria. She was blond. She had graduated *cum laude*. The difference was she majored in physical education. It felt good.

—WOODY ALLEN

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ELPHENOR AND WEASEL

THE ship had sailed barely three leagues from IJmuiden when the wind backed into the east and rose to gale force. If the captain had been an older man he would have returned to port. But he had a mistress in Lowestoft and was impatient to get to her; the following wind, the waves thwacking the stern of the boat as though it were the rump of a donkey and tearing on ahead, abetted his desires. By nightfall, the ship was wallowing broken-backed at the mercy of the storm. Her decks were awash and cluttered with shifting debris. As she lurched lower, Elphenor thrust the confidential letter inside his shirt, the wallet of mortal money deeper in his pocket, and gave his mind to keeping his wings undamaged by blows from ripped sails and the clutches of his fellow-passengers. Judging his moment, he took off just before the ship went down, and was alone with the wind.

His wings were insignificant: he flew by the force of the gale. If for a moment it slackened, he dropped within earshot of the hissing waves, then was scooped up and hurled onward. In one of these descents, he felt the letter, heavy with seals, fall out of his breast. It would be forever private now, and the world of Elfin unchanged by its contents. On a later descent, the wallet followed it. His clothes were torn to shreds, he was benumbed with cold, he was wet to the skin. If the wind had let him drown he would have drowned willingly, folded his useless wings and heard the waves hiss over his head. The force of the gale enclosed him, he could hardly draw breath. There was no effort of flight; the effort lay in being powerlessly and violently and almost senselessly conveyed—a fragment of existence in the current of the storm. Once or twice he was asleep till a slackening of the wind jolted him awake with the salt smell of the sea beneath him. On one of these descents he saw a vague glimmer on the face of the water and supposed it might be the light of dawn; but he could not turn his head. He saw the staggering flight of a gull, and thought there must be land not far off.

The growing light showed a tumult of breakers ahead, close on each other's heels, devouring each other's bulk. They roared, and a pebble beach screamed back at them, but the wind carried him over, and on over a dusky flat landscape that might be anywhere. So far, he had not been afraid. But when a billow of darkness reared up in front of him, and the noise of tossing trees swooped on his hearing, he was suddenly in panic, and clung to a bough like a drowning man. He had landed in a thick grove of ilex trees, planted as a windbreak. He squirmed into the shelter of their midst, and heard the wind go on without him.

Somehow, he must have fallen out of the tree without noticing. When he woke, a man with mustachios was looking down on him.

"I know what you are. You're a fairy. There were fairies all round my father's place in Suffolk. Thieving pests, they were, bad as gypsies. But I half liked them. They were company for me, being an only child. How did you get here?"

Elphenor realized that he was still wearing the visibility he had put on during the voyage as a measure against being jostled. It was too late to discard it—though the shift between visible and invisible is a press-button affair. He repressed his indignation at being classed with gypsies and explained how the ship from IJmuiden had sunk and the wind carried him on.

"From IJmuiden, you say? What happened to the rest of them?"

"They were drowned."

"Drowned? And my new assistant was on that ship! It's one calamity after another. Sim's hanged, and Jacob Kats gets drowned. Seems as though my stars meant me to have you."

It seemed as though Elphenor's stars were of the same mind. To tease public opinion he had studied English as his second language; he was penniless, purposeless, breakfastless, and the wind had blown his shoes off. "If I could get you out of any difficulties—" he said.

"But I can't take you to Walsham Borealis looking like that. We'll go to old Bella, and she'll fit you out."

Dressed in secondhand clothes too large for him and filled with pork pie, Elphenor entered Walsham Borealis riding pillion behind Master Elisha Blackbone. By then he knew he was to be assistant to a quack in several arts, including medicine, necromancy, divination, and procuring.

Hitherto, Elphenor, nephew to the Master of Ceremonies at the Elfin Court of Zuy, had spent his days in making himself polite and, as far as in his tailor lay, ornamental. Now he had to make himself useful. After the cautious pleasures of Zuy everything in this new life, from observing the planets to analyzing specimens of urine, entertained him. It was all so agreeably terminal: one finished one thing and went on to another. When Master Blackbone's clients overlapped, Elphenor placated those kept waiting by building card houses, playing the mandora, and sympathetic conversation—by which he learned a great deal that was valuable to Master Blackbone in casting horoscopes.

For his part, Master Blackbone was delighted with an assistant who was so quick to learn, so free from prejudice, and, above all, a fairy. To employ a fairy was a step up in the world. In London practice every reputable necromancer kept a spiritual appurtenance—fairy, familiar, talking toad, airy consultant. When he had accumulated the money, he would set up in London, where there is always room for another marvel. For the present, he did not mention his assistant's origin, merely stating that he was the seventh son of a seventh son, on whom any gratuities would be well bestowed. Elphenor was on the footing of an apprentice; his keep and training were sufficient wages. A less generous master would have demanded the gratuities, but Master Blackbone had his eye on a golden future, and did not care to imperil it by more than a modest scriptural tithe.

With a fairy as an assistant, he branched out into larger developments of necromancy and took to raising the Devil as a favor. The midnight hour was essential and holy ground desirable—especially disused holy ground: ruined churches, disinhabited religious foundations. The necromancer and the favored clients would ride under cover of night to Bromholm or St. Benet's in the marshes. Elphenor, flying invisibly and dressed for the part, accompanied them. At the Word of Power he became visible, pranced, menaced, and lashed his tail till the necromancer

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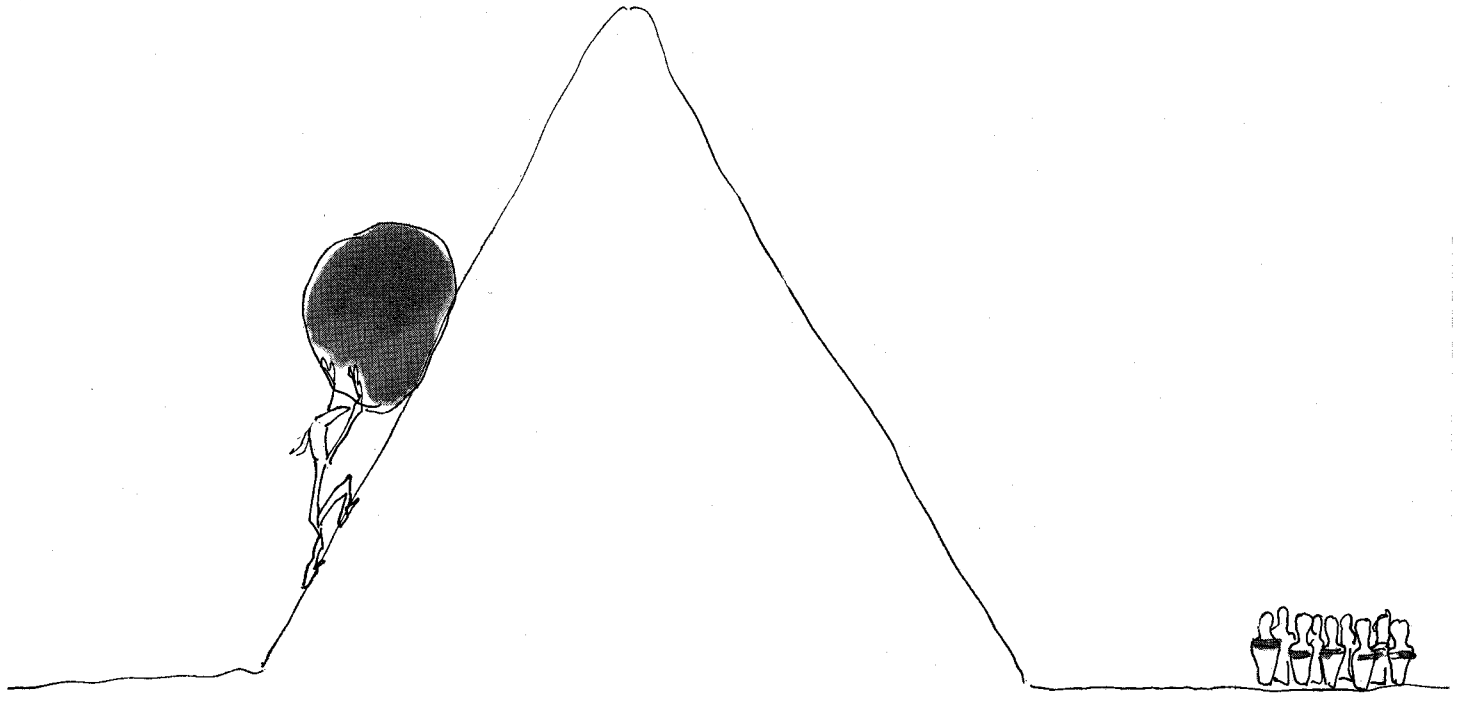

ordered him back to the pit. This was for moonlight nights. When there was no moon, he hovered invisibly, whispering blasphemies and guilty secrets. His blasphemies lacked unction; being a fairy he did not believe in God. But the guilty secrets curdled many a good man's blood. A conscience-stricken clothier from a neighboring parish spread such scandals about the iniquities done in Walsham Borealis that Master Blackbone thought it wisest to make off before he and Elphenor were thrown into jail.

They packed his equipment—alembics, chart of the heavens, book of spells, skull, etc.—and were off before the first calm light of an April morning. As they travelled southward Elphenor counted windmills and church towers and found windmills slightly predominating. Church towers were more profitable, observed Master Blackbone. Millers were rogues and cheats, but wherever there was a church you could be sure of fools; if Elphenor were not a fairy and ignorant of Holy Writ he would know that fools are the portion appointed for the wise. But for the present they would lie a little low, shun the Devil, and keep to love philtres and salves for the itch, for which there is always a demand in spring. He talked on about the herbs they would need, and the henbane that grew round Needham in Suffolk, where he was born and played with fairies, and whither they were bound. "What were they like?" Elphenor asked. He did not suppose Master Blackbone's fairies were anything resplendent. Master Blackbone replied that they came out of a hill and were green. Searching his memory, he added that they smelled like elderflowers. At Zuy, elderflowers were used to flavor gooseberry jam—an inelegant conserve.

At Zuy, by now, the gardeners would be bringing the tubs of myrtle out of the conservatories, his uncle would be conducting ladies along the sanded walks to admire the hyacinths, and he would be forgotten; for in good society failures are smoothly forgotten, and as nothing had resulted from the confidential letter it would be assumed he had failed to deliver it. He would never be able to go back. He did not want to. There was better entertainment in the mortal world. Mortals packed more variety into their brief lives—perhaps because they knew them to be brief. There was always something going on and being taken seriously: love, hate, ambition, plotting, fear, and all the rest of it. He had more power as a quack's assistant than ever he would have attained to in Zuy. To have a great deal of power and no concern was the life for him.

Hog's grease was a regrettable interpolation in his career. Master Blackbone based his salves and ointments on hog's grease, which he bought in a crude state from pork butchers. It was Elphenor's task to clarify it before it was tinctured with juices expressed from herbs. Wash as he might, his hands remained greasy and the smell of grease hung in his nostrils. Even the rankest-smelling herbs were a welcome change, and a bundle of water peppermint threw him into a rapture. Fortunately, Master Blackbone disliked stooping, so most of the gathering fell to him.

It is a fallacy that henbane must be gathered at midnight. Sunlight raises its virtues (notably efficacious against toothache, insomnia, and lice), and to be at its best it should be gathered in the afternoon of a hot day. Elphenor was gathering it in a sloping meadow that faced south. He was working invisibly—Master Blackbone did not wish every Tom, Dick, and Harry to know what went into his preparations. Consequently, a lamb at play collided with him and knocked the basket out of his hand. As it stood astonished at this sudden shower of henbane, Elphenor seized it by the ear and cuffed it. Hearing her lamb bleat so piteously, its mother came charging to the rescue. She also collided with Elphenor and, being heavy with her winter fleece, sent him sprawling. He was still flat on his back when a girl appeared from nowhere, stooped over him, and slapped his face, hard and accurately. To assert his manly dignity he pulled her down on top of him—and saw that she was green.

She was a very pretty shade of green—a pure delicate tint, such as might have been cast on a white eggshell by the sun shining through the young foliage of a beech tree. Her hair, brows, and lashes were a darker shade; her lashes lay on her green cheek like a miniature fern frond. Her teeth were perfectly white. Her skin

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was so nearly transparent that the blue veins on her wrists and breasts showed through like some exquisitely marbled cheese.

As they lay in an interval of repose, she stroked the bruise beginning to show on his cheek with triumphant moans of compassion. Love did not heighten or diminish her color. She remained precisely the same shade of green. The smell, of course, was that smell of elderflowers. It was strange to think that exactly like this she may have been one of the fairies who played with Elisha Blackbone in his bragged-of boyhood, forty, fifty years back. He pushed the speculation away, and began kissing her behind the ear, and behind the other ear, to make sure which was the more sensitive. But from that hour love struck root in him.

Eventually he asked her name. She told him it was Weasel. "I shall call you Mustela," he said, complying with the lover's imperative to rename the loved one; but in the main he called her Weasel. They sat up, and saw that time had gone on as usual, that dusk had fallen and the henbane begun to wilt.

When they parted, the sheep were circling gravely to the top of the hill, the small grassy hill of her tribe. He flew leisurely back, swinging the unfilled basket. The paucity of henbane would be a pretext for going off on the morrow to a place where it grew more abundantly; he would have found such a place, but by then it was growing too dark for picking, and looking one way while flying another he had bruised his cheek against a low-growing bough. At Zuy this artless tale would not have supported a moment's scrutiny; but it would pass with a mortal, though it might be wise to buttress it with a request for the woundwort salve. For a mortal, Master Blackbone was capable of unexpected intuitions.

The intuitions had not extended to the reverence for age and learning which induced Elphenor to sleep on a pallet to the windward. Toward morning, he dreamed that he was at the foot of the ilex; but it was Weasel who was looking down at him, and if he did not move she would slap his face. He moved, and woke. Weasel lay asleep beside him. But at the same time they were under the ilex, for the waves crashed on the screaming pebble beach and were Master Blackbone's snores.

At Zuy the English Elfindom was spoken of with admiring reprehension: its magnificence, wastefulness, and misrule, its bravado and eccentricity. The eccentricity of being green and living under a hill was not included. A hill, yes. Antiquarians talked of hill dwellings, and found evidence of them in potsherds and beads. But never, at any time, green. The beauties of Zuy, all of them white as bolsters, would have swooned at the hypothesis. Repudiating the memory of his particular bolsters, he looked at Weasel, curled against him like a caterpillar in a rose leaf, green as spring, fresh as spring, and completely contemporary.

She stirred, opened her eyes, and laughed.

"Shush!"

Though invisible, she might not be inaudible, and her voice was ringing and assertive as a wren's. She had come so trustingly it would be the act of an ingrate to send her away. Not being an ingrate he went with her, leaving Master Blackbone to make what he would of an early-rising assistant. They breakfasted on wild strawberries and a hunk of bread he had had the presence of mind to take from the bread crock. It was not enough for Weasel, and when they came to a brook she twitched up a handful of minnows and ate them raw. Love is a hungry emotion, and by midday he wished he had not been so conventional about the minnows. As a tactful approach, he began questioning her about life in the hill, its amenities, its daily routine. She suddenly became evasive: he would not like it; it was dull, old-fashioned, unsociable.

"All the same, I should like to visit it. I have never been inside a hill."

"No! You can't come. It's impossible. They'd set on you, you'd be driven out. *You're not green.*"

Etiquette.

"Don't you understand?"

"I was wondering what they would do to you if they found out where you woke this morning."

"Oh, that! They'd have to put up with it. Green folk don't draw green blood. But they'd tear *you* in pieces."

"It's the same where I come from. If I took you to Zuy, they might be rather politer, but they'd never forgive you for being green. But I won't take you, Weasel. We'll stay in Suffolk. And if it rains and rains and rains—"

"I don't mind rain—"

"We'll find a warm dry badger sett."

They escaped into childishness and were happy again, with a sharpened happiness because for a moment they had so nearly touched despair.

"Dear Lord, bless our young people. Bless them morally, mentally, financially. Bless them every which way, O Lord!"

As summer became midsummer, and the elder blossom outlasted the wild roses and faded in its turn till the only true elderflower scent came from her, and the next full moon had a broader face and shone on cocks of hay in silvery fields, they settled into an unhurried love and strolled from

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day to day as through a familiar landscape. By now they were seldom hungry, for there was a large crop of mushrooms, and Elphenor put more system into his attendances on Master Blackbone, breakfasting soundly and visibly while conveying mouthfuls to the invisible Weasel (it was for the breakfasts that they slept there). Being young and perfectly happy and pledged to love each other till the remote end of their days, they naturally talked of death and discussed how to contrive that neither should survive the other. Elphenor favored being struck by lightning as they lay in each other's arms, but Weasel was terrified by thunder—she winced and covered her ears at the slightest distant rumble—and though he talked soothingly of the electric fluid and told her of recent experiments with amber and a couple of silk stockings, one black, one white, she refused to die by lightning stroke.

And Master Blackbone, scarcely able to believe his ears, madly casting horoscopes and invoking the goddess Fortuna, increasingly tolerant of Elphenor's inattention, patiently compounding his salves unassisted, smiling on the disappearances from his larder, was day after day, night after night, more sure of his surmise—till convinced of his amazing good fortune he fell into the melancholy of not knowing what best to do about it, whether to grasp fame single-handed or call in the help of an expert and self-effacingly retire on the profits. He wrote a letter to an old friend. Elphenor was not entrusted with this letter, but he knew it had been written and was directed to London. Weasel was sure Master Blackbone was up to no good—she had detested him at first sight. They decided to keep a watch on him. But their watch was desultory, and the stranger was already sitting in Master Blackbone's lodging and conversing with him when they flew in and perched on a beam.

The stranger was a stout man with a careworn expression. Master Blackbone was talking in his best procuring voice.

"It's a Golconda, an absolute Golconda! A pair of them, young, in perfect condition. Any manager would snap at them. But I have kept it dark till now. I wanted you to have the first option."

"Thanks, I'm sure," said the stranger. "But it's taking a considerable chance."

"Oh no, it isn't. People would flock to see them. You could double the charges—in fact you should, for it's something unique—and there wouldn't be an empty seat in the house. Besides, it's a scientific rarity. You'd have all the illuminati. Nobs from the colleges. Ladies of fashion. Royal patronage."

The stranger said he didn't like buying pigs in pokes.

"But I give you my word. A brace of fairies—lovely, young, amorous fairies. Your fortune would be made."

"How much do you want?"

"Two-thirds of the takings. You can't say that's exorbitant. Not two-thirds of the profits, mind. Two-thirds of the takings and a written agreement."

The stranger repeated that he didn't like buying pigs in pokes, the more so when he had no warrant the pigs were within.

"Wait till tonight! They come every night and cuddle on that pallet there. They trust me like a father. Wait till they're asleep and throw a net over them, and they're yours."

"But when I've got them to London, suppose they are awkward, and won't perform? People aren't going to pay for what they can't see. How can I be sure they'll be visible?"

Master Blackbone said there were ways and means, as with performing animals.

"Come, Weasel. We'll be off."

The voice was right overhead, loud and clear. Some cobwebs drifted down.

Elphenor and Weasel were too pleased with themselves to think beyond the moment. They had turned habitually toward their usual haunts and were dabbling their feet in the brook before it occurred to Elphenor that they had no reason to stay in the neighborhood and good reason to go elsewhere. Weasel's relations would murder him because he was not green, Master Blackbone designed to sell them because they were fairies. Master Blackbone might have further designs: he was a necromancer, though a poor one; it would be prudent to get beyond his magic circle. Elphenor had congratulated himself on leaving prudence behind at Zuy. Now it reasserted itself and had its charm. Prudence had no charm whatever for Weasel; it was only by representing the move as reckless that he persuaded her to make it.

With the world before them, he flew up for a survey and caught sight of the sea, looking as if ships would not melt in its mouth—which rather weakened the effect of his previous narrative of the journey from IJmuiden to the

HEADING FOR NANDI

Out of Honolulu
heading for Nandi
I ask them, "Where's Nandi?"
The man tells me, "Fiji."

The airport is open,
the night sky black panels
between cement pillars.
I wish I had a woman.

Around me Australians
are holding hands softly
as back in Waikiki
the honeymooners strolled.

By daylight bikinis
strolled bare on the pavement
the honeymoon brides
with waists white as milk,

and the Japanese couples
posed each for the other
the women as dainty
as self-painted dolls

and the watching Polynesians
laughed quick as Fayaway
dark as cooking chocolate
that always tasted bitter

and the haunted Americans
with flatland accents
in plastic leis wandered
the blue streets of love.

From the taxi I saw
two men embracing
embracing and crying.
I assumed they were sailors.

Nandi? I'll see it
or die in these hours
that face me like panels
in a chapel by Rothko.

I wish I had a woman
to keep me awake or tell me
she is frightened to go there
or would be, but for me.

—John Updike

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"What do you mean, you're tired and you want to go home? This is our party. You are home!"

• •

ilexes. Following the coastline they came to Great Yarmouth, where they spent several weeks. It was ideal for their vagrant purposes, full of vigorous, cheerful people, with food to be had for the taking—hot pies and winkles in the marketplace, herring on the quayside where the fishing boats unloaded. The air was rough and cold, and he stole a pair of shipboy's trousers and a knitted muffler for Weasel from a marine store near the Custom House. He was sorry to leave this kind place. But Weasel showed such a strong inclination to go to sea, and found it so amusing to flaunt her trousers on the quayside and startle her admirers with her green face, that she was becoming notorious and he was afraid Master Blackbone might hear of her. From Yarmouth they flew inland, steering their course by church towers. Where there is a church tower you can be sure of fools, Master Blackbone had said. True enough; but Elphenor tired of thieving—though it called for more skill in villages—and he thought he would try turning an honest penny, for a change. By now he was so coarsened and brown-handed that he could pass as a laboring man. In one place he sacked potatoes, in another baled reeds for thatching. At a village called Scottow, where the sexton had rheumatism, he dug a grave. Honest-pennying was no pleasure to Weasel, who had to hang about invisibly, passing the time with shrivelled blackberries. In these rustic places which had never seen a circus or an Indian peddler, her lovely green face would have brought stones rattling on their heels.

Winter came late that year and stealthily, but the nights were cold. Nights were never cold in Suffolk, she said. He knew this was due to the steady temperature under the hill, but hoping all the same she might be right he turned southward. He had earned more than enough to pay for a night at an inn. At Bury St. Edmunds he bought her a cloak with a deep hood, and telling her to pull the hood well forward and keep close to his heels he went at dusk to a respectable inn and hired the best bedroom they had. All went well, except that they seemed to look at him doubtfully. In his anxiety to control the situation he had reverted to his upper-class manner, which his clothes did not match with. The four-poster bed was so comfortable that he hired the room for a second night, telling the chambermaid his wife had a headache and must not be disturbed. It was certainly an elopement, she reported; even before she had left the room, the little gentleman had parted the bed curtains and climbed in beside the lady. After the second night there was no more money.

They left on foot, and continued to walk, for there was a shifting, drizzling fog which made it difficult to keep each other in sight if they flew. Once again they stole a dinner, but it was so inadequate that Elphenor decided to try begging. He was rehearsing a beggar's whine when they saw a ruddy glow through the fog and heard a hammer ring on an anvil. Weasel as usual clapped her hands to her ears; but when they came to a wayside forge the warmth persuaded her to follow Elphenor, who went in shivering ostentatiously and asked if he and his wife could stand near the blaze: they

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would not get in the way, they would not stay long. The blacksmith was shaping horseshoes. He nodded, and went on with his work. Elphenor was preparing another whine when the blacksmith remarked it was no day to be out, and encouraged Weasel, who stood in the doorway, to come nearer the fire.

"Poor soul, she could do with a little kindness," said Elphenor. "And we haven't met with much of it today. We passed an inn, farther back"—it was there they had stolen the heel of a Suffolk cheese—"but they said they had no room for us."

Weasel interrupted. "What's that black thing ahead, that keeps on coming and going?"

The blacksmith pulled his forelock. "Madam. That's the church."

They thanked him and went away, Elphenor thinking he must learn to beg more feelingly. The blacksmith stood looking after them. At this very time of year, too. He wished he had not let slip an opportunity of a Hail Mary not likely to come his way again.

The brief December day was closing when they came to the church. The south porch, large as a room, was sheltered from the wind, and they sat there, huddled in Weasel's cloak. "We can't sleep here," Elphenor said. For all that, he got up and tried the church door. It was locked. He immediately determined to get in by a window. They flew round the church, fingering the cold panes of glass, and had almost completed their round and seen the great bulk of the tower threatening down on them, when Weasel heard a clatter overhead. It came from one of the clerestory windows, where a missing pane had been replaced by a shutter. They wrenched the shutter open, and flew in, and circled downward through darkness, and stood on a flagstone pavement. Outlined against a window was a tall structure with a peak. Fingering it, they found it was wood, carved, and swelling out of a stem like a goblet. A railed flight of steps half encircled the stem. They mounted the steps and found themselves in the goblet. It was like an octagonal cupboard, minus a top but carpeted. By curling round each other, there would be room to lie down. The smell of wood gave them a sense of security, and they spent the night in the pulpit.

He woke to the sound of Weasel laughing. Daylight was streaming in, and Weasel was flitting about the roof, laughing at the wooden figures that supported the crossbeams—carved imitations of fairies, eight foot tall, with outstretched turkey wings and gaunt faces, each uglier than the last. "So that's what they think we're like," she said. "And look at *her!*" She pointed to the fairy above the pulpit, struggling with a trumpet.

Exploring at floor level, Elphenor read the Ten Commandments, and found half a bottle of wine and some gingerbread. It would pass for a breakfast; later, he would stroll into the village and see what could be got from there. While he was being raised as the Devil at Walsham Borealis, he had learned some facts about the Church of England, one of them that the reigning monarch, symbolically represented as a lion and a unicorn, is worshipped noisily on one day of the week and that for the rest of the week churches are unmolested. There was much to be said for spending the winter here. The building was windproof and weatherproof, Weasel was delighted with it, and, for himself, he found its loftiness and spaciousness congenial, as though he were back in Zuy—a Zuy improved by a total removal of its inhabitants. He had opened a little door and discovered a winding stone stairway behind it when his confidence in Church of England weekdays was shaken by the entrance of two women with brooms and buckets. He beckoned to Weasel, snatched her cloak from the pulpit, and preceded her up the winding stairs, holding the bottle and the gingerbread. The steps were worn; there was a dead crow on one of them. They groped their way up into darkness, then into light; a window showed a landing and a door open on a small room where some ropes dangled from the ceiling. Weasel seized a rope and gave it a tug, and would have tugged at it more energetically if Elphenor had not intervened, promising that when the women had gone away she could tug to her heart's content. Looking out of the cobwebbed win-

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dow, he saw the churchyard far below and realized they must be a long way up the tower. But the steps wound on into another darkness and a dimmer lightness, and to another landing and another door open on another room. This room had louvred windows high up in the wall, and most of its floor space was taken up by a frame supporting eight bells, four of them upside down with their clappers lolling in their iron mouths. This was the bell chamber, he explained. The ropes went from the bells into the room below, which was the ringing chamber. There was a similar tower near Zuy; mortals thought highly of it, and his tutor had taken him to see it.

"There's something I've been meaning to discuss with you, Miriam. Roy Gillis asked me what our scene was, and I didn't know what to answer."

Weasel began to stroke one of the bells. As though she were caressing some savage sleeping animal, it presently responded with a noise between a soft growl and a purr. Elphenor stroked another. It answered at a different pitch, deeper and harsher, as though it were a more savage animal. But they were hungry. The bells could wait. The light from the louvred windows flickered between bright and sombre as the wind tossed the clouds. It was blowing up for a storm.

They would be out of the wind tonight and for many nights to come. January is a dying season, there would be graves to dig, and with luck and management, thought Elphenor, he might earn his pennies and be a friend to sextons here and around. Weasel would spare crumbs from the bread he earned, scatter them for birds, catch the birds, pluck and eat them: she still preferred raw food, with the life still lively in it. On Sundays, she said, they would get their week's provisions; with everybody making a noise in church, stealing would be child's play. The pulpit would be the better for a pillow, and she could soon collect enough feathers for a pillow, for a feather mattress even: one can always twitch a pillowcase from the washing line. The wine had gone to their heads; they outbid each other with grand plans of how they would live in the church, and laughed them down, and imagined more. They would polish the wooden fairies' noses till they shone like drunkards' noses; they would hold a regatta in the font; Elphenor would tell the complete story of his life before they met. Let him begin now! Was he born with a hook nose and red hair? He began, obediently and prosily. Weasel clamped her eyes open, and suppressed yawns. He lost the thread of his narrative. Drowsy with wine, they fell asleep.

He woke to two appalling sounds: Weasel screaming with terror, a clash of metal. The bell ringers had come to practice their Christmas peal, and prefaced it by sounding all the bells at once. The echo was heavy on the air as they began to ring a full set of changes, first the scale descending evenly to the whack of the tenor bell, then in patterned steps to the same battle-axe blow. The pattern altered; the tenor bell sounded midway, jolting an arbitrary finality into the regular measure of eight. With each change of position the tenor bell accumulated a more threatening insistency, and the other bells shifted round it like a baaing flock of sheep.

Weasel cowered in Elphenor's arms. She had no strength left to scream with; she could only tremble before the impact of the next flailing blow. He felt his senses coming adrift. The booming echo was a darkness on his sight through which he saw the bells in their frame heaving and evading, evading and heaving, under a dark sky. The implacable assault of the changing changes pursued him as the waves had pursued the boat from IJmuiden. But here there was no escape, for it was he who wallowed broken-backed at the mercy of the storm. Weasel lay in his arms like something at a distance. He felt his protectiveness, his compassion, ebbing away; he watched her with a bloodless, skeleton love. She still trembled, but in a disjointed way, as though she were falling to pieces.

He saw the lovely green fade out of her face. "My darling," he said, "death by lightning would have been easier." He could not hear himself speak.

THE frost lasted on into mid-March. No one went to the bell chamber till the carpenter came to mend the louvres in April. The two bodies, one bowed over the other, were falling into decay. No one could account for them, or for the curious weightless fragments of a substance rather like sheet gelatine which the wind had scattered over the floor. They were buried in the same grave. Because of their small stature and light bones they were entered in the Register of Burials as *Two Stranger Children.*

—SYLVIA TOWNSEND WARNER

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Please specify any information or news you do *not* wish to appear in the Chat. This news will be used in the fall issue of the Chat. There will be no Class News in the spring issue.—*Document received by an alumna of Chatham Hall.*

In fact, there may *be* no Chat, come spring.

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A REPORTER AT LARGE

SUCCESSORS

Shimon and Yael

NOW we are in the family room. One whole wall is covered with books—angular Hebrew characters on their spines. The hero sits with his back to the books—sits bolt upright in front of the printed record—in a straight, wide wooden chair. He is, like the chair, solid; his big arms lie on the chair's arms. His feet are planted wide apart on an Oriental rug, which takes the chill off part of the gray terrazzo floor. His wife sits on a daybed against the wall across from him. The guest is to his left, in front of an open window, through which comes a wild whistling of birds declaring their territories. There are few other sounds from outdoors. The kibbutz is at rest. It is Saturday, the Sabbath.

"Something to drink?" the hero asks the guest. "Coffee? Tea? Whiskey?"

It is ten-thirty in the morning. The guest laughs at the idea of whiskey at ten-thirty in the morning.

But the hero's face is serious—broad, bold, slightly puffy around the eyes; it is said that he has had several heart attacks.

The guest asks for tea. The hero's wife—herself a legendary leader of the ghetto fighters in the remembered time—gets up (her back is slightly bent, her eyelids hang in sleep-loosened folds over eyes that seem to be dark wells into which all the family's valuables have been lowered for safekeeping until the danger—what *is* the danger?—has passed), and she goes to the small cookstove in the work space of the next room to set water to boil. Water drums from a faucet on the kettle bottom. The kettle clatters on the frame of the burners.

The door slams, and the son, Shimon, a twenty-six-year-old reservist, shuffles in on sandals. He makes it obvious that he has just got up, makes it obvious that he has been told to come here at this time. He is handsome—a more delicate face than his father's. He is wearing a T-shirt and particolored denim slacks, brown and tan, flared out from the knees downward. He is clean-shaven, his hair is neatly combed, his expression is sullen. He sits down on the end of the daybed. His mother speaks to him; he murmurs something offhand.

"The Jewish home in Poland before the war was at the end of a straight line," the hero is saying. "The furniture was static, it was heavy. You see," he says, "there was a certain stability. No one had a wristwatch then; there wasn't an alarm clock at each person's bedside. The whole family told time by a huge wooden chime clock, which no living member of the family had gone out to buy; it had been handed down from generation to generation."

The mother returns with a tray, on which are cups of coffee and tea, already poured, and a pint of Black and White, and glasses. She passes a cup of tea to the guest. At the same time, the hero leans forward and puts a glass beside the teacup and splashes into it a dollop of Scotch. The guest raises an arresting hand. The hero pours himself a man-sized slug.

"To life!"

"To life!"

"It has been so long," the hero says, with what must be a stinging throat. "The idea of this country," he says, "for a Jewish boy in Europe then, was based on the Bible; he knew it only through the Bible—its history, geography." He sets fire to a cigarette with a lighter made in the shape of a hand grenade, and smoke rides out on the casual words he speaks about his generation of rebels. "The old straight line was broken. . . ."

Slam. It is Yael, the daughter, a student of psychology and sociology at Hebrew University. She is twenty-four, shorter than the rest of the family, with cropped straight blond hair and a wise, serious face and a stocky frame. She, too, sits down on the daybed. Murmurs to the mother.

The hero, speaking of the stages of his growth into Zionism, says, "When I was sixteen, I kissed girls in Yiddish; when I was eighteen, I kissed them in Hebrew." He says that he and his comrades studied everything: pogroms in 1881, 1907; the location of every single factory in Palestine; the literature of the dream of the return to Eretz Yisrael.

Somebody bangs hard and repeatedly on the glass of the louvred windows; alarmed, the guest turns around to see who is intruding on the family's privacy so rudely and with such bad temper. But no one is there, and gradually it sinks in that there has been a quick series of sonic booms. We are in the far north, near the sea. The uncertain Golan Heights—supersonic seconds away. The guest thinks of that wooden clock in Poland. . . .

"Hallelujah! I'm a bum!"

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"What we had to learn emotionally," the hero says, "*they*"—his eyes, which, embedded in their bruiselike settings, seem the eyes less of a fighter than of a poet, flicker toward the downturned faces of Shimon and Yael—"*they* take for granted. They didn't need any ideological training to arrive where they arrived. They were just born. They only had to live life here to know everything. They speak eloquent prose without even knowing they do."

The hand grenade goes off again; the cardiac case draws, inhales, and enjoys; smoke comes out through his nose. "Before the Yom Kippur War," he says, "everything seemed natural to my son and daughter—natural and organic. But *after* the war they came to realize that they are links in a chain. My generation moved from theory to life, and they now have had to move from life to theory. But it's an illusion," he says, "to think that the Messiah will come in my lifetime—or in theirs. A mistake people make is to believe that history turns on a single day, in a single hour. Everything is a process. . . ."

"Quincy doesn't condone anything."

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The guest has known about this hero and heroine for more than a quarter of a century. Pictures still sear in his imagination of this man and woman crawling through the Warsaw sewers, escaping the ghetto after the doomed uprising. He first saw Shimon and Yael twenty-three years ago, right here, when they were three and one, golden-haired babies coming from the children's house for the evening time in the family room—the kibbutz then just a cluster of huts around a dusty patch of grass. The hero has devoted his lifetime to building on the kibbutz grounds an imposing museum, to which schoolchildren and soldiers come in busloads from all over the country to learn about the Holocaust. The museum has a model of the whole Warsaw ghetto, street by street, house by house, with little lights showing where the Judenrat was, where the Pawiak Prison, the bridge, the bunkers, the sewer manholes, the Umschlagplatz and the fateful selections; and glass cases enclosing unspeakable artifacts—brassards with the Star of David, insignia of the S.S., tools of torture and genocide, a cake of Jew soap—and rooms full of photographs, scenes from the ghetto, glimpses of the process, many of the pictures slightly blurred, as if to look at the faces and faces and faces of those who were lost caused the camera itself to quake and tear its lens away before the shutter was even closed.

"But let him speak for himself," the hero suddenly says, waving a hand toward his son. And to show that he means it he gets up out of his chair and moves back into a shadowy corner of the room, and Shimon, with graceful arrogance, crosses the room and takes his father's chair.

He says, "Five months."

"In the south," he says. "The Egyptian front."

From the shadows, the hero, unable to restrain himself, says, "Shimon was the first male child born in the kibbutz."

Shimon is a sometime third-year student at the Technion, in Haifa—the country's foremost technological college. Sometime because there are interruptions. "I've been called up again," he says.

He says, "Northern front."

He says, "I've been out just six weeks this time."

Shimon does not make the mass in the wooden chair that his father did, but he is every bit as impressive in it as the hero was—coiled energy, chary words in a tight voice, a disdainful and condescending expression.

He says, "Armored reconnaissance."

The hero intervenes again. "They had so many losses in the Yom Kippur War that the Army had to change

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their tactics," he says. "They pressed forward too boldly."

Shimon says, "I have one more year at the Technion."

He says, "I'll work in our factory here at the kibbutz."

"Electronic equipment," he says. "Condensers."

"We have one engineer," he says. "*An older person.*"

He says, "Basketball. Chess."

The hero breaks in once more, saying, "He's trying to learn to drink, but he's not very good at it yet."

Shimon's face shows nothing. "Kibbutz parents," he says, perhaps picking up the image of the links, "had a choice—to come here or not to come. But we were faced with being born here." He shrugs. "This is my home," he says.

He says, "Their generation had to build a society. Now that it's built, we're thinking about other problems."

He leans forward and holds his head in his hands and is silent for quite a while. Then he says, "I don't think I have any goal in life. I live here. There are problems that need to be solved, but I can't see myself going into politics. I don't know what I want in the long run. . . . Of course, peace."

Then Shimon is abruptly as voluble as his father was a few minutes ago. He says, "What I think is that we should believe the Arabs when they say they want to destroy us. They said it in '56, '67, '73. I took a trip to Spain last year, and I met a young Arab boy there. He told me his parents used to live in Zichron Ya'akov, down the coast here. He thinks the solution should be a simple one: his return and my departure. He doesn't believe in compensation. If you ask me, young Arabs are more extreme than their parents. Sure, my parents wanted to return to where their ancestors had lived; and now *he* wants to return, and he wants *me* to leave. Since I also have a case, I don't agree to that. Both sides are right. But he won't meet me halfway."

He says, "Nothing. There's nothing I can do about it."

Then he says, "Defend myself."

He says, "I just live from reserves to reserves." He does not use the natural phrase: from day to day.

He says, "Peace seems very far away. I expect another war in a few years, maybe months. I don't know if I'm more pessimistic than my parents; I do know that I'm more realistic. To them, everything is ideological—whether to have a new storage room in the kibbutz. To me a storage room is just a fact of life."

"The Yom Kippur War started people talking about political change," he says. "What change?" Shimon's voice is edged with scorn. "We have the oldest government in the world. They haven't let a younger generation develop."

The hero mildly says, "There is no empty space in nature. When Moses died, Joshua took over."

Yael speaks for the first time, uttering for the guest's benefit, with a glint of mischief in her eye, the question that has been hanging in the air all along: "How does it feel, Shimon, to be the son of heroes?"

Shimon's expression does not change at all. He says, "Wonderful. Every morning when I get up I feel full of pride."

The mother says, "That sarcasm—*that's* the difference between our generations."

The father says, "When first he holds his son's hand in his, the sarcasm will disappear."

Perhaps to appease or dispel the image of the links, now startlingly reinvoked, Shimon says, in an abrupt, terse dismissal of all the talk of generations, "We are sexually freer than our parents, but"—his voice is slightly grudging—"the basic concepts haven't changed."

After a while, the family takes the guest to lunch in the kibbutz dining hall. As the group moves to one of the many tables, a round-faced, fair-haired girl sitting at the next table beyond sees Shimon, and her face turns on like a light bulb. Her skin glows, she laughs loudly. Shimon reacts but plays it cool. While Yael and the guest discuss Israeli novelists over lunch, there is much byplay between Shimon, who eats very little, and the girl behind him. Does she have a cigarette? She doesn't, but she gets up and goes somewhere to find one for him. She tosses it to him. He needs a match. Once again she goes and fetches, and tosses. Soon, the cigarette half smoked, Shimon moves away from the family and joins her, standing in the aisle between the rows of tables. But when the family leave the dining hall he walks out with them. Outside in the sunlight, he turns his back on them, says something over his shoulder about a chess match he wants to watch, and starts away. He has not looked at the guest. As he walks, and without turning his head, he gives a casual backhanded wave to no one in particular.

His mother asks if he will come back to the room before the guest leaves. He says he will.

But he doesn't.

NOW we are in Yael's room at the Hebrew University, in Jerusalem. Rows and rows of long, one-story student dorm-huts cling to the western hip of the hill on the crest of which soar the gross white monumentalities of the Givat Ram campus. Yael lives in Row 3, Building 8, Room 5: a humble box-within-box, with a room-wide shelf for a desk at the window end, some bookcases, two beds. One bed has a bare mattress; Yael lives alone for the time being. She is in a sweater, slacks, sandals. Her skin is shiny. She speaks in a very low voice, not about her studies but about being a soldier.

"I was in the tank corps," she says. "The last year of my tour I enjoyed.

THE ESTUARY

By day we pace the many decks
of the stone boat
and at night we are turned out in its high windows
like stars of another side
taste our mouths we are the salt of the earth
salt is memory
in storm and cloud
we sleep in fine rigging like riding birds
taste our fingers
each with its own commandment
day or night it is harder to know than we know
but longer
we are asleep over charts at running windows
we are asleep with compasses in our hands
and at the bow of the stone boat
the wave from the ends of the earth keeps breaking

—W. S. MERWIN

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By then I was a second lieutenant, and I had to take care of fifty girls. In the Yom Kippur War, I was called up again, like everyone else; my job was to get wounded men's families in touch with them."

Soon she is explaining what must seem to her the natural superiority of kibbutzniks, who crowd the élite defense forces—as tankists, parachutists, commandos, armored scouts—and who, though comprising less than a twenty-fifth of the population, have numbered, in the country's wars, more than a quarter of the casualties, and in hazardous units a far higher proportion. "It is easy for kibbutzniks to adjust to the Army, because conditions there aren't too different from those in the kibbutz. Kibbutzniks have had a harder life than city people; they're used to communal living. The kibbutz expects you to be an officer, to volunteer, be in a dangerous place; if you're just a clerk, they don't like it. There's something else, too: In a kibbutz competition isn't stressed at all—the group is what is important—and in the Army you have your first chance to show that you may be better than anyone else.

"In the country in general," she says, "and in the kibbutz, the importance of the Army has diminished a bit. Dayan said it will be dangerous when our youth will not want to volunteer and will not want to fight. It's a shock to me to read in the papers criticism of our Army higher-ups. Up till now, I've had complete faith in all these people, but apparently even at very high levels they can make mistakes. If they can make mistakes at the top, that's dangerous, too. I still believe in the Army. I believe it's a good Army. People come and people go, but the Army remains. It may be one of the last things you can believe in. It is less corrupt than the government and the other public services. And it is strange—it's not militaristic.

"In the Palmach, in the generation of those who fought in the War of Independence, they had an ideal of a new Jew: a tough guy. Father talked about links in a chain. We don't like such big words; they're too pompous. And we don't have big ideas, either. Of course, peace, and a strong economy. But we don't think the way to handle things is through the tough-guy manner. You saw Shimon—cynicism and assumed indifference.

"When I was young," Yael says, "there were fewer cynical jokes than there are now about volunteering and about the possibility of being killed. The younger people are even more cynical than we, but they still wind up in the same units. In the seventh or eighth grade, I was a little girl; now they're little women and little men down there. Things come at these young people much faster than they used to come at us. We had a hard time tracking down a radio for our class in school. Now everyone has a transistor. Who ever used to dream about owning a record-player?"

Auritte and Moshe

THE philosopher is short in stature, tall in talk. His favorite pastime, it seems, is to dazzle. He indulges it now in the living room of his modest apartment at the edge of Rehavia, one of the more desirable residential quarters of Jerusalem. The little room teems with his ideas. His listeners: two foreign guests, man and wife; an assistant professor of literature from the Hebrew University and her shy husband, who has lost a hand in one of the country's wars; and the philosopher's own wife, who by no means lacks opinions but defers, for the moment, to his. And also, from time to time, drifting in and out, his daughter Auritte, who is fourteen; his son Moshe, who is twelve; the guests' daughter; two neighbor girls who have dropped in to play; the literature professor's adorable, though whiny, baby girl; and a small white dog with a slangy American name, something like Slats or Dopey.

The philosopher's features, which seem to have been improvisationally

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"I can't come tomorrow. Irving Wallace is stuck."

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crowded together behind a pair of glasses, are swarthy; he is Ashkenazic but, rather, looks Sephardic. From the next room, his study, comes a sweet odor of book learning. In another time and place—in the world re-created by the Hebrew novelist S. Y. Agnon, for instance (the philosopher has touched briefly on Agnon's work, not failing to mention the Nobel Prize in 1966)—he would surely have been a rabbi steeped in Mishnah, Gemara, Cabala; at the rate he is talking now, perhaps a Gaon, perhaps even a Wonder Rabbi. As it is, in this country of wars and sorrows, he is an agnostic and a philosopher, conversant with all branches: moral philosophy, theory of knowledge, symbolic logic, linguistics, and so on, not to mention garden-variety secular wisdom. Having behind him not only the Europe of his young manhood but also post-doctoral work at Yale and a year of teaching at St. Andrews, in Scotland, he is a man of the wide world. On a coffee table is a glistening golden globe of the earth, about six inches in diameter. The philosopher's wife reaches forward. Apparently in answer to a small trigger, the northern hemisphere rises with an alarming clang away from the southern, and up from the hollow interior, quickly opening out, like a chrysanthemum blooming in stop-action photography, comes an elaborate flower whose petals are cigarettes, ready to be picked, one by one, by smokers—of which there are several in this room. Soon mantled in pale smoke, the listeners are given a brief disquisition on a certain heaviness in kibbutz life. Disapproval of the mode of *clinging to* the Holocaust. Bad, for example, to live in a kibbutz the very name of which, translated, is Ghetto Fighters. "It is so gloomy," the philosopher gloomily says. In his own life, he has made every outward effort to mute the memories of that time. Undeniable that in the forests of the imagination partisans forever lurk. He was one. Was born in Warsaw; grew up in the left Zionist movement Hashomer Hatza'ir—the great Mordekhai Anilewitz, later commander of the Warsaw uprising, a childhood friend. When the Germans entered Poland, analysis of conditions dictated removal to Lithuania, where one could more or less disappear into a Jewish community in a very small town. After the Germans invaded Russia, partly by way of Lithuania, analysis of conditions dictated removal to a large city; the Kovno ghetto was convenient. In 1944, at twenty-four, he escaped to the woods and swamps and fought there as a Jewish partisan until the end of the war. But those forest memories are deep and distant, and he has neither thrust them upon his children nor shielded his children from them. Imagine his surprise, last year, on finding Moshe, then only eleven, reading about those days in the book of which he himself, the father, is co-author, "The Story of an Underground"!

THE scene has not changed, but the characters have. Auritte and Moshe are now chatting in the living room with the foreign man. The other adults have gone to the kitchen; the other children are playing a variant of jacks in Auritte's room. Auritte and Moshe are small and tall, in the same sense in which their father is. Like him, they are Ashkenazic in being, Sephardic in seeming. Like him, English-speaking. Diction: crisp. Fluency: excellent. Grammar: very good to excellent. Pronunciation: Scottish-American. Unlike the father, they are beautiful—immaculate in knitted clothing, yellows and browns, not quite matching. They are indeed the little woman and little man of Yael's description. Auritte, delicate-looking, with plastic-rimmed glasses, sits up more demurely than her mother. Moshe leans back, slouches more than his father; a cowlick droops over his olive-skinned forehead toward his huge, burning eyes.

AURITTE: We're very different with our parents than they were with theirs. Things there were then and aren't now. The games they played and how they studied. My father made his studies on a little table surrounded by beds in a crowded room—very poor. He was a Jew surrounded by goyim. Here I am in my own country—and you see how we live.

MOSHE (*pointing at the large television set in the corner behind Auritte*): We can watch any evening, Saturday mornings.

AURITTE: During the Yom Kippur War, they started showing films on Saturday mornings, because the fathers that were in the Army didn't want their kids running around in the streets—and after the war they didn't

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A Hiram Walker C
stay gift-wrapped fo
most popular holida
After all, more
than any other bra
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stop the programs. Last Saturday, let's see, we watched an Israeli picture—

MOSHE: It was Gary Cooper.

AURITTE: Not last Saturday.

MOSHE: Gary Cooper. It was.

AURITTE (*embarrassed, going back to the earlier subject*): My parents' parents had a very strict attitude. Now we're much freer. My parents respected their parents more than we do. Now we can have arguments. We have the courage to say what we think. When our parents talk about cleaning up our rooms, or practicing—I play the piano, Moshe plays the violin—

MOSHE: I don't practice even an hour a day.

AURITTE: —we feel we can talk back. Or, for example, we say we don't like the food. It starts with mumbling and comes to shouting. So Mother finally says, "What's right for me to do is not right for you to say."

MOSHE (*evidently thinking of his father amongst the goyim*): Even when we were in Scotland, we weren't dirty Jews.

AURITTE: The first day there, one of the children called Moshe a Pakistani! It was because his skin is a little dark. It was the first impact of racism—the first time we even thought about anti-Semitism.

MOSHE (*beginning to speak as if reciting something he has memorized*): In the other war—Father's war—the Jewish people couldn't defend themselves, they had no country, they didn't have any hope at all. Now we have our country and our Army and our people, and we can defend ourselves.

AURITTE: The Arabs are fighting us because they think we are in their country, not because we are Jews and only because we are Jews.

MOSHE (*himself again*): I heard there are some Nazis that came and are helping the Egyptians.

AURITTE (*embarrassed for him again*): We have a stronger sense of the past since the Yom Kippur War. We felt our country and the need to defend it and how valuable it is. If you speak of losing a war, you don't know how the Arabs would treat us, and you might have to go back to the Galuth—the Diaspora.

MOSHE: We know more about the Holocaust than the other students. Their parents are younger than ours and were born here.

AURITTE: I don't see why we have to have all these wars. The Arabs and the Israelis—we're both people. We have inherited this problem. The parents give it to the sons, and the sons to theirs. Like in Ireland—the people don't even know what they're fighting for. The Arabs say this is their home. I can't say whether we lived here before them or they first. We didn't really talk together or sit together to try to understand each other—how can we know each other?

MOSHE: I am more pessimistic than she is. Look, all the youngsters have to go in the Army, and they fight the Arabs, and when they see the Arabs try to kill them and see them kill their friends—

AURITTE (*arguing with him*): But you saw the program from the southern front, after the pullback, when our soldiers were talking with the Arab boys, and they were exchanging gifts, and laughing. They were *people*.

MOSHE (*curtly*): Those were Egyptian boys, not *Arabs*.

ORA AND YITZHAK

THIS apartment, on Cheshin Street, in the northern reaches of Tel Aviv, is tiny, and its well-worn furnishings suggest years of scrimping for the sake of children. On a shelf, reminding of a brave past, is a brass-trimmed toy cannon, which has lost one of its wheels. The administrator's wife serves coffee, tea, cake. The children are not here. We will drive out later, the administrator explains, to Ramat Hasharon, a suburb north of the city, to call on Ora and her husband at their apartment; it is only fifteen minutes away. Yitzhak, "my little boy," is out of town, on a Passover vacation trip to Eilat with friends.

Memory of the Holocaust is a large part of what the administrator administers, and he begins at once talking of the shadow of the great tragedy which lies over the country. The month of May, 1967, just before the Six-Day War, he says, was the period when every citizen was obliged, for the first and worst time, to face his feelings about another possible round of genocide—Arab destruction, this time, of Jewry.

What a wiry bantam he is! He has doubtless been too busy to trim his odd little mustache, which twinkles as he talks. Its gray hairs droop straight downward, forming a ragged fringe over his lower lip and seeming to filter the meaning of all that he says, so that what must have been profound in his larynx sounds rather thin by the time it gets out into the open air.

He has, to be sure, plenty to keep him busy. He is chairman of the Organization of Partisans and Ghetto Fighters; president of the World Federation of Jewish Fighters, Partisans, and Camp Inmates; chairman of the Federation of Polish Jews; member of

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"What is there about Florida in winter?"

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the executive committee of Yad Vashem, the national monument and museum of the Holocaust. He is, besides, full-time director of the Health Insurance Institution of Histadrut, the national labor organization. He seems always to have been in charge of whatever he worked at: in Poland, after the war, he headed the organization for the emigration of Jews to Palestine and, later, to Israel; he himself was one of the last to leave before the Polish door was slammed, in 1949.

He speaks with an executive deliberation that seems to make his big, strong wife fidget. Into the large spaces between his sentences she drops ideas. "Before the Six-Day War," she says in a low, modest murmur, "the fear was greater even than the fear in Europe, because this time we had the children. Ora was in the Army then."

As they go on to speak about the two children, the administrator's wife gradually makes it evident that she is one entity of which her husband has not taken full command: her voice grows louder and more distinct, and before long she is doing much of the talking.

The first difference that Ora and Yitzhak noticed between themselves, as children of the Holocaust, and most of their Israeli friends was that a valuable generation was lacking. The father says, "They would ask us, 'Why don't we have grandfathers and grandmothers like the others?' " There is, besides, a marked difference between the two children themselves. Almost a decade separates them. Ora is twenty-five now, and Yitzhak sixteen; it is as if *they* came from two generations. While Ora was growing up, the parents told her a lot about the past, and she, deeply influenced, would never go to a German film or buy anything made in Germany; whereas Yitzhak has been resistant—asks why German children should be held to account for what their parents did. When the principal of Yitzhak's school asked the administrator to come and speak about the Holocaust, Yitzhak objected, and the father had to go to another school. "Yitzhak," the father says, "has had some kind of reaction." "He says he has had enough of the subject," the mother says. "It is hard for us to understand why."

Now it is time to leave. It is agreed that the parents and the guest will go in separate cars; the guest will follow the administrator. The latter's leadership qualities assert themselves when he gets behind the wheel of his automobile. He sits up very straight, and his car shoots away into the trafficky night. In a nation of mad, headlong drivers, he is indeed one to show the way—to anyone who can keep up with him. He knows where he is going, and *whoosh*—he goes. Twelve minutes of chase (he had said it would take fifteen) to the suburb of Ramat Hasharon.

The guest feels pale as he enters Ora's apartment. Ora, it turns out, *is* pale. She is just settling her eight-month-old daughter, Yael, down in a little reclining box on the floor. Her husband is introduced—an economist for a large business firm; he has the handsome, knowledgeable look of a comer. The administrator asks if he may pick up his grandchild. What answer can there be? Ora, her husband, and the guest sit down in the living room; Ora's mother and father—he jiggling Yael on his shoulder—go to the kitchen.

The living room is large, bright, and stylish; it has a look of potential affluence. A record-player on a shelf; several feet of L.P. albums. Contemporary prints on the walls. A tall white paper-lantern lamp.

Ora sits near the record-player. She looks as if she could be easily hurt. Her dark, shoulder-length hair has a slight wave, and whenever she stops to think she bows her head, and her hair falls forward and partly hides her pale face.

She says, "But I felt strong during the war. I didn't want to go to the shelter. Mother was afraid, but I had no fear. I felt no fear. And yet when I think of what my parents went through I'm not sure I could have stood it. I'm not used to suffering. My generation was born without troubles. We just live. My parents gave me everything I wanted. I never needed *anything*."

In the kitchen, the inevitable has happened: the baby has been jiggled too much and begins to bawl. Ora looks up but doesn't move. Her mother comes into the living room and gets

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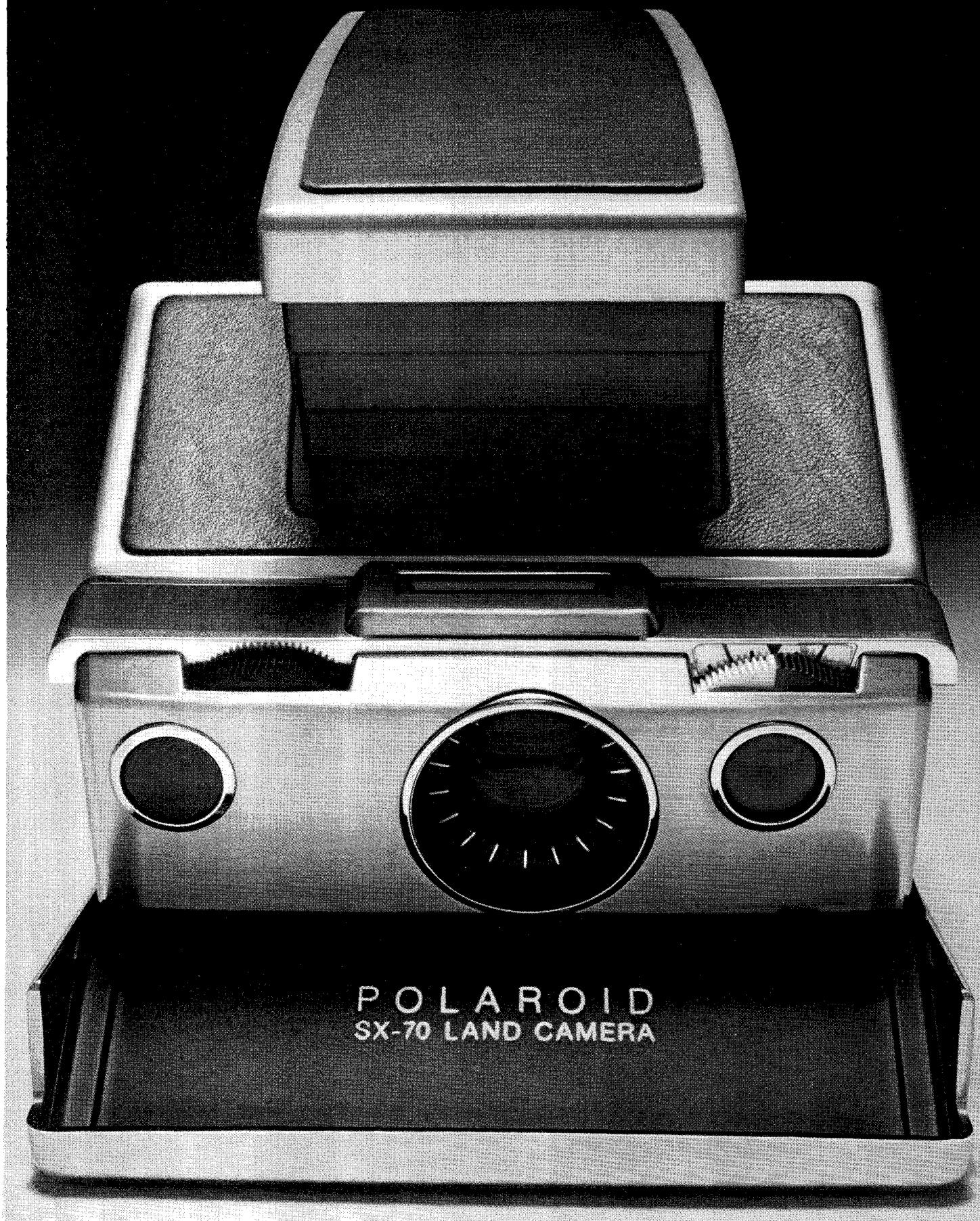

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the reclining box and goes back, and presently the crying tapers off into caught breaths.

"A woman was captured in Egypt who'd been spying for us," Ora says, "and I thought how lucky it was she didn't have a baby. . . ."

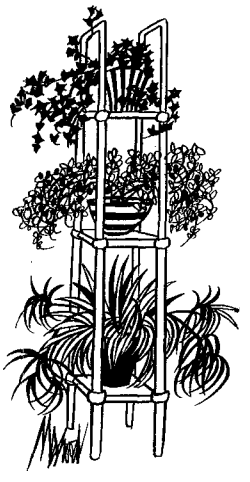
Ora says, "Father forgets. I wouldn't let him go to *my* school, either. He always asked me to take him to my school, and I never would let him go. A young person doesn't want to feel different. I did feel different, because Father was famous, and his name was in the papers. Because he had *done* things. I was lucky, in a way, because I was a girl—I didn't feel a pressure to do things. It's different for men."

And she says, "I don't like to hear stories about the Holocaust. Father is a rather closed person, but Mother always wanted to tell those stories. But I'd say, 'Yes, yes, we know, we know, we know.' "

She says, "They took me to Warsaw when I was twelve. They showed me where the ghetto had been, and where they got out of the sewers. I tried to picture all the things I'd heard, the stories I'd read. . . ."

Ora's mother brings some snacks in from the kitchen—chicken and pickle on thin slices of bread. Ora eats nothing.

"I think we could have avoided the last war," she says. "Why were we so proud after the Six-Day War? We should have been more giving. We should have drawn back. Our biggest problem is how to survive. I know that we have to have our country, but I also know we're doing a misdeed to others. Others who have lost their homes. I feel for the Arab, who wants his home back. People need to have room. I don't want the Arabs to suffer. I've felt this all along—since even before the Six-Day War."



Now Ora's white face looks quite desperate and seems to swell, and the facial veins stand out, as if some inner solvent had begun liquefying all her dissatisfaction and doubts, pressing them up into her face, toward her eyes.

"I do nothing! Nothing! I've just read a collection of stories by Amos Oz. I didn't *choose* the book. It was just lying around. I'd read it before. I came on it, and I read it. I picked it up because it was lying there, and read it. Time is passing, and I want to do things. I want to live. For eight months, ever since the baby came, I've just been sitting and doing nothing. I'm getting older. My time has gone by very fast. Until now, I've felt that the whole history of the Jewish people started just twenty-five years ago, when I was born. Everything was set for me in that history: six years of childhood, twelve years of school, two years of Army, four years of university. Then? Then the child, and then—just sitting and thinking, 'What will happen? What will happen?' We're under pressure. We have no time. You can only make your way—maybe only a few degrees—when there's a catastrophe. And then you do it badly, because you're so rushed. I used to have daydreams. I saw myself in them. I was afraid. I kept telling myself, 'This is going to turn out all right. This is going to have a happy ending.' I was always helpless. I knew that someone would come to help me. . . ."

YITZHAK is back from Eilat. He is a sixteen-year-old weed. He can't keep his long, thin hands off his long, narrow face. It is evening, but he looks as if he had just waked up. He also looks as if he were about to burst into laughter. His face is red.

"Yes," he says, "I got a bit burned. We slept in tents on the beach. There was a bit of wind, but it was O.K. There were thirteen of us. I've been with these boys since first grade; we've always gone to shows together, you know—played soccer, watched basketball games. My favorite team is Hapoel Tel Aviv. There's this one guy—two metres seventeen centimetres tall. Over two metres, they're mostly Americans. My favorite Israeli player is this Barry Lebovitz, only he's gone to study in Holland. But he'll be back. Anyway, on this trip, you see, the point was we didn't have any teacher or anyone supervising us. Just on our own. One of my friends"—suddenly Yitzhak does break into laughter, and he cannot stop for a long time—"he couldn't go with us because his parents wouldn't let him go. He had to go with his *family*"—he laughs some more—"for this tour in the Sinai! With a whole group of adults! In a bus! They just left today! Anyway, we slept on the sand. We bought canned food in a supermarket, heated it up, fixed eggs and coffee—you know. Most of the time, we just hung around and talked. About anything, you know—the chief of staff resigned. Girls. Alistair Maclean, Ian Fleming. James Bond movies. 'Ironside'—that's my favorite TV series. Singers—Cat Stevens, Leonard Cohen. And, you know, the things we want. Me, peace and a motorcycle—only I know my father won't let me have a motorcycle. You know, and about going in the Army, getting away from the house at last, having some independence. And jokes. If a member of the Cabinet comes to your house, don't ask him to sit down—he might stick to the chair. And then the one about the three important people who go back to this Tel Aviv hotel. They live on the sixtieth floor, and the elevator's just broken down. The clerk suggests they sleep on the lobby floor, but they decide to walk up, and they make a deal—that for the first twenty floors, one will entertain the others by singing songs; the second twenty floors, another one will tell jokes; and the final twenty, the third man will tell sad stories. So the first twenty—singing, fine. The second twenty—jokes, fine. Then, between the fortieth and forty-first floors, it's the third fellow's turn, and he says, 'Now I'll tell you the first sad story: I left the key to the room on the desk down in the lobby.' "

ESTHER

THE psychoanalyst speaks East European-flavored English. "Here there has been a certain mythologization of the role of the hero," he says. The doctor's voice has a nasal resonance, and is soothing.

We are at dinner. The doctor's wife, a slim woman wearing metal-rimmed glasses, brings dishes in from the kitchen and puts them on the low table. The doctor married her in Sweden after the war; now she is a teacher at the Hadassah Medical and Dental School, here in Jerusalem.

"There are two images," the analyst is saying. "To be a fighter—this is idealized. The leaders of the country give us also this ideal—to be tough, not sentimental. The state of the mere survivor, on the other hand, has had a negative image. It was weak—how to go without resistance. It carried a symbol, what we call *sabon*—soap. You know which soap. This is bad. This is not an identity of one who could hate, or take revenge. It was passive."

The host is seated on a love seat next to the guest and talks warmly to him. The three young people at the table are somewhat restless. The analyst's son-in-law—the soldier Sraya, in

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uniform, at the guest's left—smokes a great deal. He has an astonishing way of putting a cigarette into his mouth: He taps an end up from the pack, pulls the cigarette out with thumb and forefinger, and then, holding it out in front of him at waist level for a second, tosses it up into the air in an arching curve toward his mouth, end over end, and miraculously it comes to rest between his lips, with the filter tip rightly in place, all ready to be lit. He will do this, as if it were the most natural act in the world, in mid-sentence, during conversation. His wife, Esther, the doctor's daughter, has begun talking about their dog. "He snores," she says, "and wants to be near Yaya"—that is Sraya's nickname—"so all three of us have to sleep together. And he stinks." Esther, who was in the States as a teen-ager for two years while her father did post-doctoral work at Yale, speaks fluent American-student English.

"Hi. Hildy Huffaker here with another Happy Hint for the Harried Housewife—'A stitch in time saves nine.' Well, that's it. Bye till next time."

• •

Yaya, who understands English but is unwilling to speak it, tells a story in Hebrew, and everyone but the guest laughs.

Esther translates for the guest. "Yaya says his colonel has this dog, and the other night the colonel got up and went outside to take a peepee, and while he was out there the dog climbed into his warm bed. And the men in the unit said the next morning, 'So now we have a *real* dog for a colonel.' "

The host's manner of a healer does not flag. "Many people who came through the Holocaust did not wish to transmit to their children their value scale," he says to the guest. "They gave double-bind messages. They said, certainly with pride, 'We do not wish to speak of it.' But on the nonverbal level, another message—a matter of shame. It was a *shameful* secret."

The guest is aware of a certain authority the doctor brings to his comments, for he has told the guest that his own psychoanalysis, undertaken in the course of his training, was "a working-through of the issues of my survival" in Europe: first in a series of labor camps; then for six months underground, passing as a Gentile; then in the Kraków ghetto; then in the concentration camp at Theresienstadt. Over the years, he has made numerous psychological studies of Holocaust survivors and their families.

Esther gets up to help her mother bring on the main course. She is twenty years old, and she is five months pregnant. She is wearing a short, expandable print blouse, and though she had some difficulty early in her term, she is a picture of health now. She has a round face, a full neck; her glowing skin seems crammed to bursting with potentiality and energy.

The analyst leans toward the guest and says in a confidential, though to all quite audible, voice, "Yaya's brother was killed in the Yom Kippur War, and he and Esther felt a great need at once to have a child—rebirth, the continuation of life."

Another daughter, a schoolgirl of sixteen, Micki, is sitting next to Yaya and cannot tear her eyes away from him. He is a big-chested man of twenty-three. On his shoulder straps are looped a pair of the three-banded cloth insignia of a captain. He sits with arms akimbo, hands on knees. His shirt is open at his throat, showing a T-shirt and, above it, matted hair. Occasionally he reaches inside and vigorously scratches. He has the beginnings of jowls. His eyes are dark, and he frowns even when joking. He does not like being cut out of the conversation, and it seems to the guest that he does not much like what his father-in-law is saying, and that he likes even less whatever the foreign guest says.

"During the Eichmann trial, the attitude began to change," the host says. "People became more aware of the role of those who stayed alive—what difficulties there had been, that it was not so easy to resist. But then, during the last war, we identified much more with the problem of survival. We saw that it can have many positive values that we can identify with."

Yaya flips a cigarette into his mouth. Esther calls down the table to him that he is smoking too much. Belligerently—though obviously in good humor—he counts the butts in his ashtray in Hebrew. He reaches the number eight. He lights the one between his lips.

"The older officers," the psychiatrist says, "were saddened by the young soldiers in the Yom Kippur War—the first war in which eighteen- and twenty-year-olds were exposed—because these young men modelled themselves on the Palmach ideal and on the ghetto-fighter ideal, as they saw it. They rushed into battle—too far. Now we are mourning. Not just for the two thousand five hundred who were lost. We feel sadness, distrust, and somehow also there is hopelessness. A feeling of massive mourning—a delayed mourning for the six million. The rage at Dayan—he was a symbol of the harsh, strong, active man without sentiment. A false prophet! He didn't allow us to feel our losses—that death is something possible. We have to stress the positive values of survival: to live to fight another day, to get food, to learn, to memorize a poem."

Then the doctor points out that this

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apartment, perched on a steep hillside in southwest Jerusalem, is on a street that is named for a poet, Saul Tchernichowsky—after Bialik the most important poet of the Hebrew Renaissance at the turn of the century. From the love seat the doctor and the guest can see a breathtaking view of lights flung in random necklaces on the shoulders of the opposite hills.

Yaya speaks. Esther has appointed herself his translator. With sparkling eyes, she renders not only his words but also his sullen manner into something exuberant, aggressive, and her own: "He says that the criticism of military men has been very demoralizing to the soldiers in the field. All these demonstrations—people like Moti Ashkenazi and other former officers standing outside the Knesset and shouting about mistakes up the line. If soldiers criticize soldiers in Jerusalem, pretty soon they'll be doing it in the field, and you can't run an army that way."

Micki and Esther help their mother clear the dishes. Micki retires to do her homework. Esther, moving to the chair next to Yaya, takes out some knitting. She stands up and shows everyone a yellow sleep suit she has finished except for joining the seams—hangs it down her front and laughs, as if she were measuring it against the fetus within. Then she sits and goes to work on what seems to be a sweater, also yellow. Between cigarettes, Yaya reaches out his left hand and fingers her hair or strokes her shoulder or, when she rests, holds her hand. They kiss once. She knits and translates, her eyes lifted from the work and flashing at the guest and at her father.

Yaya and the doctor have a few brief exchanges, and then Yaya lets loose.

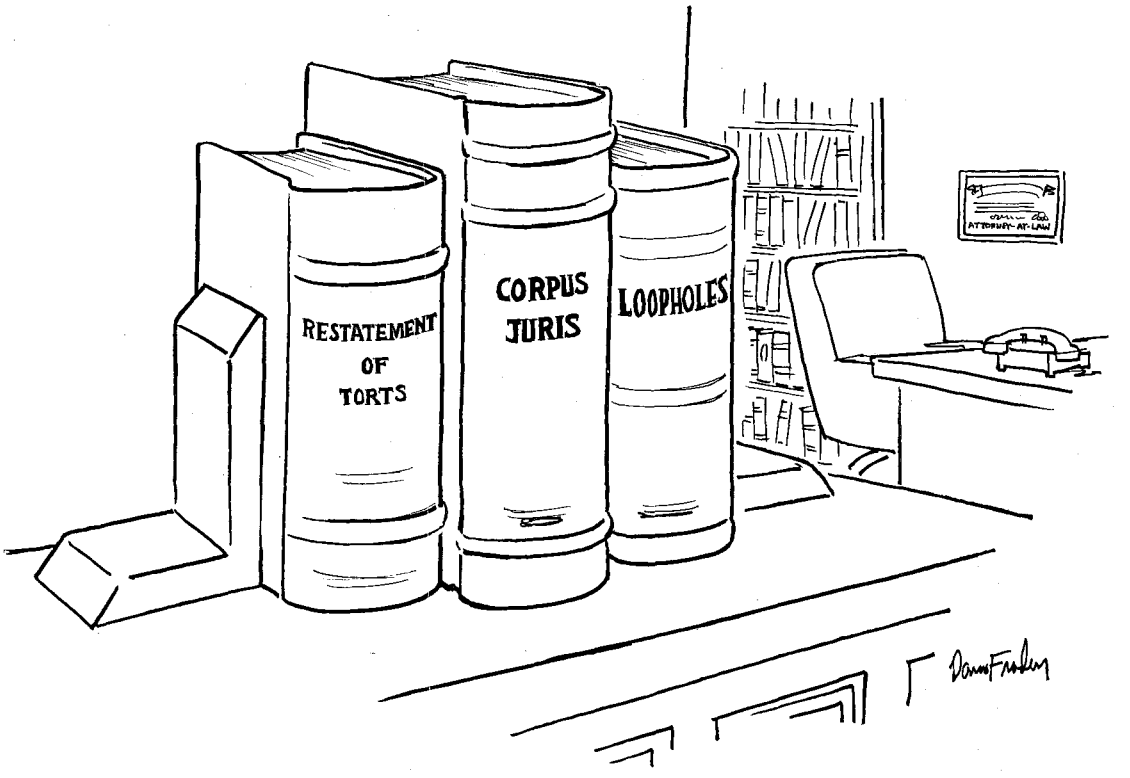
Esther puts her knitting down on her knees. Her head is canted back, her face is radiant. She lets him speak a long time, and then she says, in English, "He says that they ought to stop calling the Yom Kippur War *Michdal*—the Failure. He says that the men in the field don't like to hear civilians criticize the Army. He says there was this colonel who got up in public and said that his children were ashamed of his being in uniform. And another officer went home after the war, and he was going into his apartment, and he met this neighbor of his—a male, he wasn't even a reservist—who had sat the whole thing out, and he said to the officer, 'You fellows certainly screwed it up for all of us in *this* war.' "

While Esther talks, Yaya loudly cracks the shells of pistachios between his teeth, picks out the meats, and eats them. Esther is more and more carried away as she speaks. She leans forward, her face still tilted upward, and she is in a rapture. She goes very fast, not seeming to have to recall what Yaya has said, and the guest soon gets the impression that she is adding things—indeed, that she has begun saying in her own way things she has heard Yaya repeat often. She no longer attributes the speeches to him, and she seems to be aiming her passion both at the guest and at her father.

"This was a victory," she says. "Even greater than the Six-Day War. We were taken by surprise because of some errors of intelligence, O.K., but once we got going we won greater victories than in the other war. There were mistakes made in the Six-Day War, too, you better believe it. There was the battle, right here near Jerusalem, for what they called Munition Hill; there were blunders, and terrible casualties. But this time—in Syria there were tank battles like none in human history. Greater than El Alamein or Stalingrad or— Father, what was that battle in Europe?"

"The Bulge."

"The Bulge. Afterward, there were six hundred wrecked Syrian tanks. And in the south they were running away so fast that one tank would climb up on another, and sometimes you would have three layers of wrecked tanks. And our fliers—Yaya's older brother was killed, he was a Skyhawk pilot—I mean, this is what *I* am saying, Yaya doesn't talk about this—but he wasn't *shot down*. None of our fliers was shot down by enemy pilots. They had Russian missiles—a new type. Our pilots could see the missiles coming up at them—ten, twelve, many at a time, like rain coming upward from the ground. Look, there have never been better pilots than ours. Not English, not American, not German, not Russian, not Japanese, not Chinese—none! The Russians sold pilots to the Egyptians; our pilots shot them down. Every man in our Army was a hero. There was one tankist who ran out of ammunition, so he took grenades and jumped out of his tank, and he climbed up on the Syrian tanks, opened the lids, and dropped hand grenades in, and destroyed seventeen tanks. You know what stopped us? The major powers stopped us. It was political. We could easily have taken Damascus, but the politicians listened to the two big powers, and it was the politicians who said no, and we actually had to retreat. If the major powers hadn't stopped us, we would have had total victory—for all time."



The doorbell rings. Two new guests arrive. When they are settled, Yaya says in perfect English, "To summarize our conversation, we were saying that if the Russians and the Americans would just stop med-

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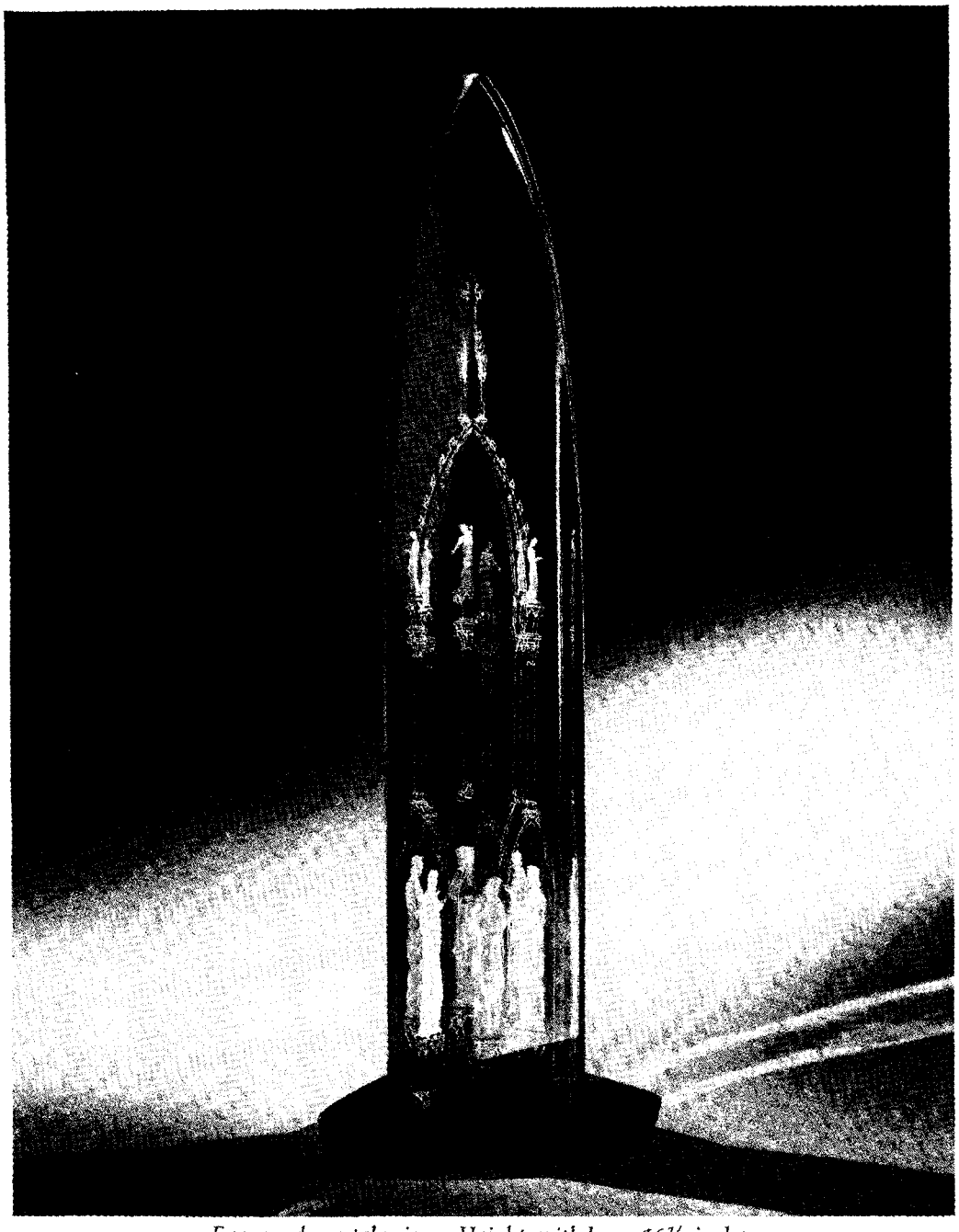

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dling in the Middle East, we could take care of the Arabs."

He puts a pistachio between his teeth. His lips curl. Is that a smile? *Crack!*

Dita and Tamar

WHEN the guest first enters the apartment, in the relatively new quarter of Jerusalem known as Ramat Denya, the researcher says that Dita, his fifteen-year-old daughter, has to go out in a few minutes to babysit. Dita comes in and squeezes between her mother and father on the sofa. She is painfully shy. She is wearing a blouse, jeans, and sandals. The right lens of her glasses is cracked. No, on a closer look it can be seen that she has yanked her hair back into an unruly ponytail, and in doing so has inadvertently stretched a strand of several hairs slantwise across the outside of the lens, and has just left it there. This blemish on the lens gives her eyes a strange, tilted look.

Dita says, "Yes, I like to babysit."

She says, "You can read."

She says, "You put the baby down, then you can read."

She says, "No."

She says, "Eighth grade."

She says, "No."

She says, "I read."

Her mother whispers, "Handicrafts."

Dita impatiently says, aside to her mother, "No, that's not a hobby." Then, to the guest, "I read."

Tamar, who is six, comes in from the next room, very tired, sucking her thumb, whimpering. The researcher gently picks her up and settles with her on his lap in a chair by the dining table. Tamar concentrates on her thumb, burrowing her forehead against her father's neck and working the back of her hand against his neck as she sucks.

Dita says, "No. No scouting."

She says, "Nothing else."

Her toes curl tensely in her sandals.

She says, "No."

She says, "No particular authors. Everything."

She says, "Not especially. Mysteries. Good literature."

She says, "No."

She says, "Yes, I do have a secret life, but because it is secret I have no intention of telling you about it."

She says, "Sometimes."

She says, "No. Just reading, really."

It is time for her to leave, and she does. Tamar climbs astraddle her mother's knees and begs to be put to bed. The mother eases her to the floor, takes her by the hand, and leads her to the next room.

The researcher has gray hair; his eyes bulge slightly behind dark plastic-rimmed glasses. His studies are on the Holocaust; he is author of "Revolt of the Besieged" (Warsaw) and "Men and Ashes" (Auschwitz). While his wife is out of the room, he talks of his findings: Almost one-third of the Jewish population of the country is made up of survivors of persecution. Twenty per cent of all kibbutzniks are from the Holocaust. Those who resisted have learned Hebrew better than others, have entered more deeply into the life of the country. The children of Holocaust people are not proud of what their parents did back there, no matter whether they resisted or merely survived. . . .

The mother returns and sits quietly by her husband. She has a thin, haunted face—cheekbones that show, a fine nose, a mouth that reaches forward in a permanent triangular pursing; the fluting of the upper lip under the nose is delicate, fragile.

"Dita daydreams," she says. "She will lie for hours on her bed or the sofa and drift."

"Yes," the father says. "Her older brother's death—yes, in the Army, two years ago, yes—affected her deeply." Both parents take a deep breath. "After his death," the father says, "the family moved from the kibbutz to Jerusalem. From Lehavot Habashan."

The mother says that Dita found the city children very different from her close friends in the children's house at Lehavot Habashan.

"They were cold to her," the father says.

"She has suffered," the mother says, then holds her small mouth tight against the trembling that has begun.

Alisa

BRILLIANT light-blue eyes in a shrewd face; a black suit; a much older man than the others—first impressions of the accountant as he approaches with his daughter. By telephone, he has said that his wife is sick, and has asked to meet in the downstairs coffee lounge of the Dan Hotel, on the shore at Tel Aviv. He sits in one of four enormous rectangular armchairs clustered around a low table and starts right in talking, in a voice that is firm enough to be heard over the loud-mouthing of tourists and the clatter of chinaware and spoons. He is seventy-three years old. Survived, he says, because he had the luck to look like a Pole. Here: an article in the magazine of the Association of Nazi Prisoners. Here, please: the most important document—"genuine" false papers of an Aryan. An identity card left behind by a Pole who, after the German invasion, escaped through Rumania and went to England. The son of a village organist. False (yet real) name: Kaniowski, Tadeusz. False (yet true) native place: Wysoka village, near Strzyżów, near Kraków. There "he" is, the accountant, clear-eyed and self-assured, with the same trimmed mustache, the same big, straight nose, the same foxy gleam, but thirty-odd years younger, looking tanned and strong, in a snapshot on a green cardboard form.

The old man talks and talks. ". . . I was supposed to enter the ghetto—it was 19 April, 1943. I was a 'good Pole.' I was then agent of a factory that was permitted to employ Jews. Some Poles followed me. They suspected I was a Jew, they jumped on me, they took my money, they stole my clothes. . . ."

As tactfully as possible, twenty minutes along, the guest interrupts the torrent to say that he would be interested in getting to know the daughter, too. The old man holds up a hand, as if to take an oath, and falls silent.

Alisa will be thirty-five years old in a month; she was born in Warsaw three months before the Nazis invaded Poland. She is in a pants suit; the colors of a scarf at her throat are reflected upward onto her very white cheek. She has a squarish face, a small, sharp chin, a mole on her upper lip, a straight, hard cut of a mouth. Her short-fingered hands grip each other tightly. At first, she talks as if she had prepared a speech. "In that war, people were able to survive thanks to God and thanks to false papers. Officially, it is said, about twenty-five thousand Jews . . ."

But then isolated vivid pictures tumble out of her mind from her childhood in the zone of danger:

In the ghetto, two rooms, grandmother on a bed, dying of cancer . . .

Being taken by hand into a place where there were many children, a memory of screaming . . . (Explanation offered by the father, who may already have had enough silence: A seventeen-year-old "nanny" from the famous Korczak orphanage assured Alisa's parents, then still in the ghetto, that, whatever the Germans did, they would never harm the inmates of the orphanage, and the parents decided to give Alisa over to Janusz Korczak. But when they took her there she screamed for two straight hours, and they reluctantly led her away again. Not long afterward, the entire orphanage was

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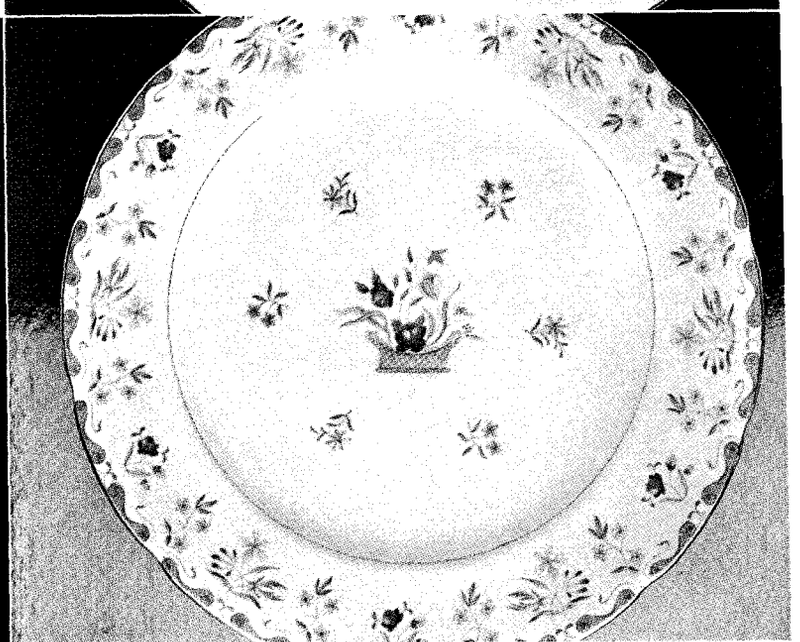
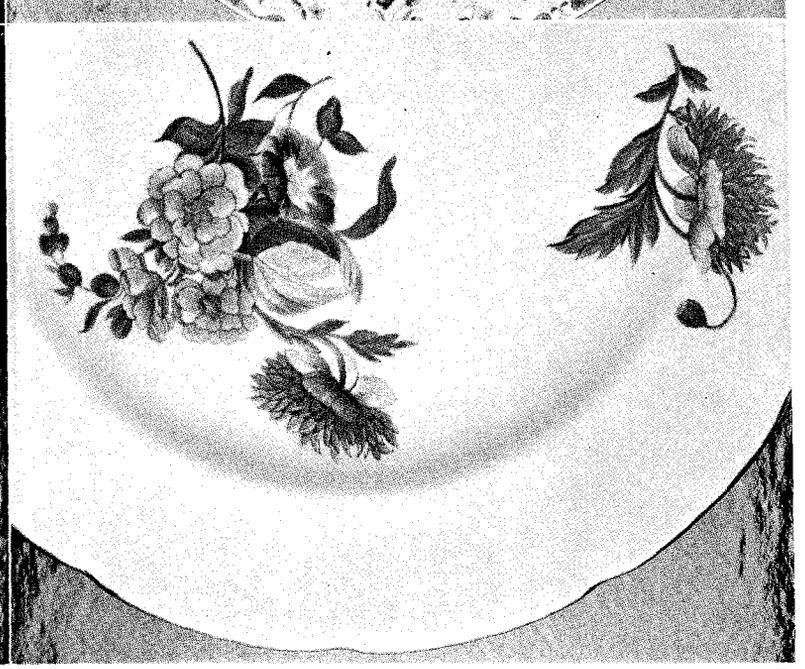
The eye must eat, too.





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marched off, with Dr. Korczak at the head of the column, leading the children in songs, to the Umschlagplatz and the trains.)

Living "on the other side," with her mother's sister. Being taught to pray in the Catholic style. Her aunt saying she looked like a little angel on her knees that way. Hating hearing that. Being spanked for refusing to pray . . .

Air-raid shelter. Terror of airplanes . . .

A red glow in the sky . . . (Father: "It was the ghetto revolt.")

Running off a country road into fields, pulling up onions, eating them raw . . .

Railroad freight cars full of Poles and "Poles" on the way to resettlement. A coal car, open to the sky. Three days . . .

A Carpathian village. A festival—was it All Hallows' Day? An unfamiliar Catholic ritual. Her mother being handed a lighted candle, not knowing what to do. A son of the host family quickly showing her she must cross herself with the flame . . .

Russian planes. Terror of planes . . .

Alisa was ten years old when the family arrived in Israel. They arrived in February. She had had visions of a dry, sun-drenched landscape; it was snowing. They were put in tents near Hadera. But, she says, the family had Vitamin P. P is for *protektsia*—protection. A cousin of her father's pulled strings, and they wound up in the nicest immigrant camp in the country, on the heights at Haifa—exactly, as it happens, in the area where she now lives.

And now, nearly a quarter of a century later, life is not at all easy. "But after this last war I feel involved," she says. "I feel that I'm getting old; life in this country is hard. But now I feel that I belong to it. I read the papers, now, right through. I used to just skim the headlines. I don't know if that is really being involved. I don't do anything about anything. What can *I* do?"

Coffee arrives. Sugar and cream go around.

Alisa is married to an associate professor at the Technion, who teaches something called operations research; she met him while working as a secretary, when he was a graduate assistant. He is a Sabra. "I have a good marriage," she says, with a tiny rocking back and forth of her head—a movement that seems to say "Luck can't be all bad." She has three children: a daughter, ten; a son, six; a baby boy, two and a half. It will be twelve years before the older boy goes into the Army, but she is already frightened for him. (For years, when planes flew overhead, she says, she fell to the floor with her hands over her ears. And in the October War, she says, the sirens did something terrible to her; she mastered her fear enough not to have to go to the shelters, but the sirens, while they were actually wailing . . .)

"You used to be the same age as Joan Crawford."

• •

What she wants more than anything else, she says, is to give her children what she did not have—a normal childhood. Even in this country, her growing up was hard. She was placed for two years in the children's house of a kibbutz, Kfar Masaryk, but the kibbutzniks were cruel to her—she spoke little Hebrew, she was different, an outsider. . . .

As Alisa sips her sweetened coffee and licks her lips, it turns out that her mouth, which seemed at first so hard, is thickish and mobile; her face is suffused now with pink, and has softened, and a somehow imploring look has come into her eyes. "We have money troubles," she says. "We started with nothing. Step by step we have come to where we are. My husband gets twenty-five hundred Israeli pounds"—about six hundred dollars—"a month. We have debts. Taxes are high. Prices—since the cost of the last war! We were able to save some money during two trips abroad, which were paid for by the Technion: My husband took his postdoctoral work at the University of Kansas—did you know there is a Manhattan in Kansas?—and last year we had a sabbatical in Brazil. We bought our furniture in Brazil; we were lucky enough to strike some low prices there. And I had a maid there—it was really a sabbatical for *me!* We have managed to scrape enough together to buy a new Peugeot, just recently. Two of our children are in the Re'ali, the only private elementary school in the whole country; *that* costs a fortune. Now we have to furnish another room, get a new desk. Where will we find the money?"

Nohi

Nohi, the teacher's son, seems to live in a delicately balanced universe of opposites. His father died when he was six; he is now twenty-one, a lieutenant in the Army. His mother, the teacher, has a disconcerting habit: she looks directly into one's eyes with an expression of absolute candor, as if about to spill everything—and then she *waits*. The guest, bathed two or three times in that blazing confessional look and that long, expectant silence, has quickly grown cautious, and he already empathizes with the extreme wariness of the son.

This lady is a powerful force. As a very young girl and woman, in War-

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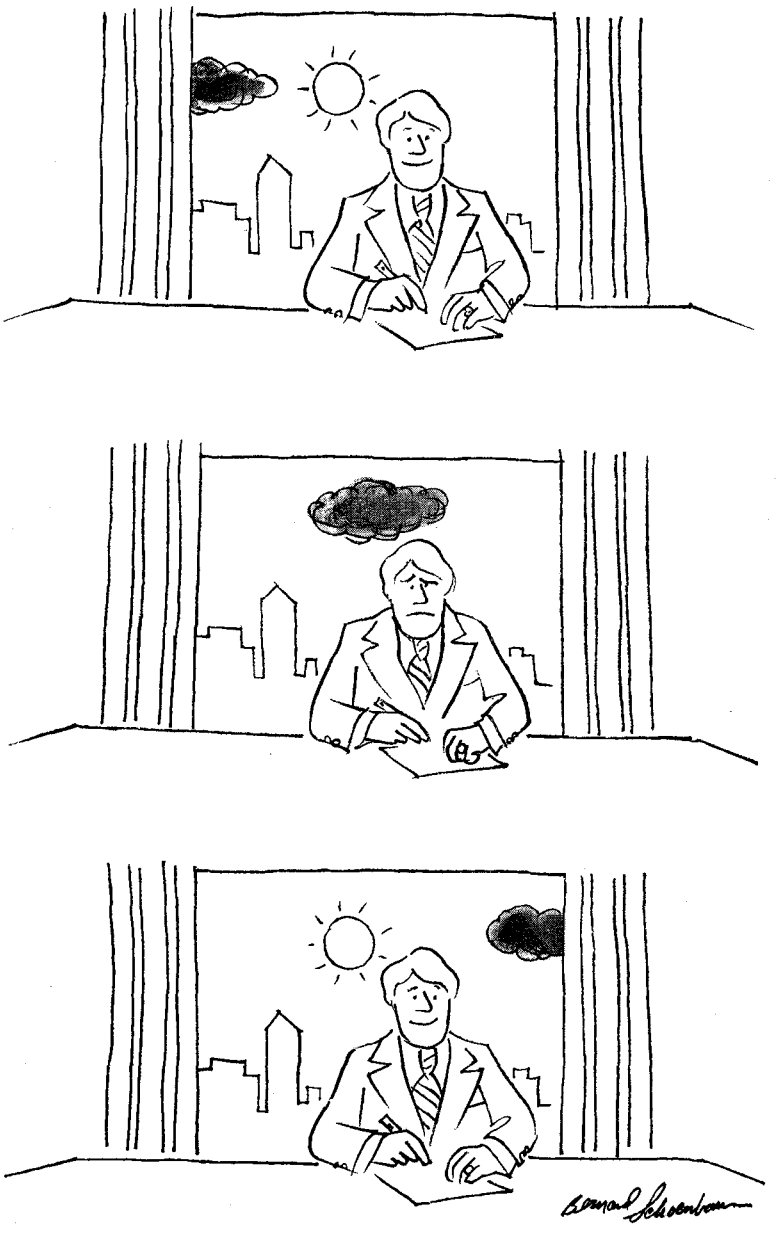
saw, she risked her life, month after month, on what was called "the Aryan side," caring for Jews who were living in hiding outside the ghetto. Her husband died here fifteen years ago. She has managed very well—has worked as a teacher in Givat Hashalom, a Tel Aviv intermediate public school, giving instruction in everything but shop, gym, and art; keeps a tidy, small apartment with a pretty garden in a quiet suburb; and has given Nohi everything in her power, doubtless including, many times every day, that look.

Nohi, on a weekend pass and out of uniform, fresh from a shower after playing some early-afternoon basketball with friends, pours out one contradiction after another. When he entered the school where his mother teaches, he hid from the other teachers the fact that he was his mother's son. She did not teach him herself, but on the other hand, he says—a phrase that seems to be stored close to his tongue—although he doesn't want to pay her too many compliments, he has to say that he got a very good education from her. He grew up in an atmosphere in which the Holocaust was present—he turns his eyes toward a photograph on the wall of his mother's sister and colleague in Poalei-Zion Left in Warsaw, who did not survive, alas—and this probably strengthened his character. However, probably other things—his father's early death, for example—had more influence on his character.

While Nohi sits offering his thoughts and taking them back, the teacher brings from the kitchen copious dishes of gigantic native strawberries, upon which towers of whipped cream have been erected, and she sits down and begins shelling pecans and standing their meats up in the firm white shapes.

On first thought, Nohi is saying, the Arab guerrillas' massacre of men, women, and children in Qiryat Shemona the other day brings to mind the assassination of the Olympic athletes, but on second thought, if you take time to think about it more closely, it is more like the Holocaust—murder without mercy. However, this is a lot closer to home for him, a lot more vividly conceptualized in his mind, than things that happened in the past. . . .

He wavers from topic to topic, and within each: the pros and cons of various political figures—Yitzhak Rabin, Pinhas Sapir, and Golda (she should have retired sooner; on the other hand, she was the only real man in the party). The pros and cons of various careers—whether, after the Army, to get a job as a security man for El Al or study aeronautics at the Technion or think about the whole question some more and decide whether there are more interesting possibilities. He gets a laugh from the guest with a humorous line but immediately says, "I don't want you to think I'm a joker."



The white towers bristle with golden nut meats. The teacher's eyes are mercifully downcast as she listens.

Then Nohi says, "I make a much less sharp distinction between the generations than most people my age do. However, I do sometimes see a clear distinction, and that tends to throw me back toward those who say there *are* differences. Those who were born and raised here are a lot freer than those who were born in Europe; they have a feeling of belonging, of not being merely annexed. This is dangerous, though, because it may bring on the argument of the differences between being a good Jew and being a good Israeli. I don't want to go into the definitions of Jew and Israeli, but in general, personally, I feel more Israeli than Jewish. I am a Sabra, and I don't think Sabras should be ashamed of me. On the other hand, on certain occasions, on Yom Hasho'a—the Day of the Holocaust—or at Yom Kippur, when I hear the Kol Nidre, I feel I am a Jew. But in general I feel I am an Israeli. This feeling of young people, of being first of all Israelis and then Jews, is very difficult for parents—Zionists—to accept; it may disturb relations between parents and children."

Later, Nohi says, "Personally, I don't believe there will be peace. I think the aim of the Arabs is very clear—not peace but the opposite. It is very naïve to think there won't be another war."

The guest waits again for the other hand. This time, it does not come.

The teacher pushes the dishes of strawberries toward the two men. There is also cake.

The guest murmurs something about the caloric hazards of dropping in on anyone in this country, no matter at what time of day or night.

"No one," Nohi says, once more without qualification, "will feed you better than my mother."

The teacher's large,

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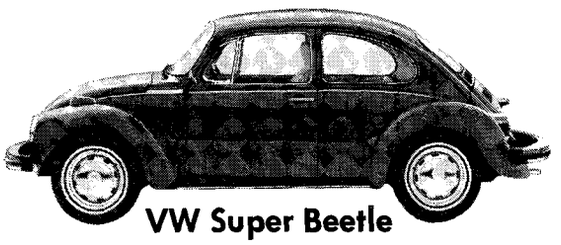
Different Volks for different folks.



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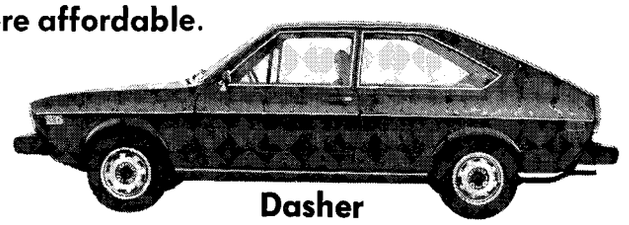

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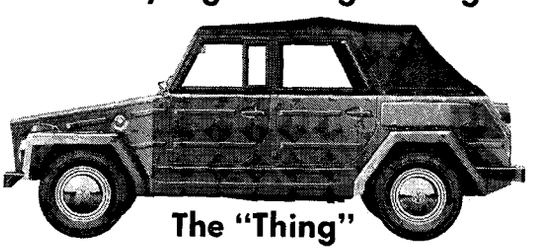

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honest, direct gaze turns slowly toward the guest.

He hastily says, "These strawberries are delicious. Nohi is right."

Rachel and Fanya

THE three speakers are women.

The mother was once a partisan—as was the father, a builder today. But now she has the look of a dowager; as she sits sedately in this apartment in the prosperous Yadeliahu quarter of Tel Aviv, it is not easy to picture her roaming in the forest of Sobibor, armed and dangerous.

The older daughter, Rachel, who is twenty-four, is extremely pregnant. "The baby is coming tomorrow," she says. "Really. It's due tomorrow." She is in her last year at Tel Aviv University, in Middle Eastern studies. Something wild has its lair in Rachel's head, just behind her eyes; she has a way of throwing her head back and barking out a bad girl's laugh, her fierce eyes scouting around the room. Her complexion is slightly broken out; her lips are dry.

Fanya, who is nineteen and in the Army, though she is in civvies now, is elegant, quiet, and conventional. She is wearing dark glasses, which in this darkish room give her face a faraway, cool, modish, controlled look.

Rachel: My mother. Well, let's take the kitchen—she cooks in her way, and I cook in mine.

Fanya (*seeming to apologize for Rachel's crude way of putting things*): There are differences in approach. Because Mother's past affects her attitudes toward people. And Mother's not naïve—she saw people showing their worst side. We younger ones haven't met the worst in people.

Rachel: Here we are in Israel, and Mother cooks Yiddish.

Mother (*smiling, very sure of her cooking*): Gefilte fish. Chicken soup with the chicken cooked in it. Noodles . . .

Rachel: Whereas I like Oriental food more. Different dishes. Kebab. Lots of pepper! I would have chips at every meal.

Fanya (*clarifying*): This country has many nationalities. The cooking of younger people expresses this mixture of races. Anyway, Rachel, Mother also experiments.

Rachel: She experiments. (*To the guest*) You can't compare our lives. Mother stays home; I'm out all day—working, studying. Look, I'm still her daughter. I'm a daughter of the Holocaust. I *hate* the Germans, maybe more than my parents do. Once when I was in the Army, I was hitchhiking, and a V.W. stopped to pick me up, and I said, "Go on. I won't get in that thing."

Fanya: For my part, I respect my parents' feelings. I try not to hurt their feelings. All my friends know what my parents went through. I'm proud that they revolted against the Germans.

Rachel (*glowering, perhaps still thinking about the V.W.*): I can't say I hate the *Arabs*, though.

Fanya: My ideal Israeli woman would be one who has a household and works as well. Some people might have an aim of being public servants—

Rachel: Politics doesn't interest *me*. We can't do anything in this situation. Not I, not she (*nodding toward Fanya*)—we can't do a thing.

Fanya (*untracked from what she had been saying*): People can join together and influence things if they organize.

Rachel (*scornfully, but laughing, too*): She's a simple person. You can't just go out and organize.

Fanya: As I was saying, I aim to have an occupation, raise a family, and be happy. Not just be a housewife but also work outside.

Mother: Not like her mother.

Fanya: I'm not reacting against you, Mother.

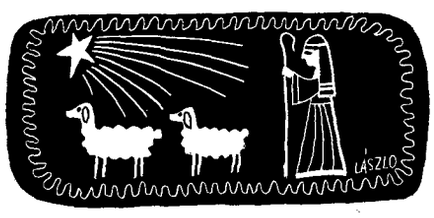
Mother: To be a housewife is also to be a working woman.

Fanya: A woman has to have a wide scope, has to be a woman of the wide world. She should be able to take part in discussions and not just be a listener to men.

Rachel (*the wild look in her eyes*): My landing craft in the Navy was named for a woman—Sheba.

Fanya: Maybe Mother wanted to be something and didn't have a chance to be.

Rachel: Of course she had no chance. The years she should have been studying, she had to sit in bunkers and forests. I sit in a good room with a good table and good books, and nobody disturbs me. Then why am I always behind time? Why am I always so tired? Before I was married, when I had more time, I was always around the university, I talked to more people, I read all sorts of things that interested me. The situation today is that you want to get places *fast*—if my parents reached such-and-such a level of apartments when they were forty, I want to reach it when I'm twenty-five. Next year! I have a constant quarrel with time. They ought to lengthen the day. I can't remember when time dragged. Oh, maybe once in a while when my husband was late coming home, and one hour seemed like ten. (*Her head goes back, and she laughs.*)



Fanya: Army time is always slow. I'm in the Army, and that's all. You know, this country doesn't put women in a trench with a telescope watching to see if an Egyptian is moving. I'm a secretary. I do my work and wait for the day to end.

Rachel: You always did what you were supposed to do. Mother had to push me. She always pushed me. I hate to read books. *I don't like books.* (*Head back, bad laugh.*) "Have you done your homework?" "What mark did you get?" She didn't have to ask Fanya! (*She pats her stomach.*) I'll send him to my mother if he's lazy like *his* mother. If he doesn't want to study, I'll send him to his grandmother. She knows how to push!

Mother: Rachel never understood that she was studying for her own sake, not mine.

Rachel: All those great things—ambition, will, poetry, gazing at the sunset beyond the sea—they're all cold noodles for me. I have many small problems to solve. Solve them and I'll be happy. (*The laugh, the eyes looking around the room.*) We have a door that was never properly finished in our apartment, we can't get a carpenter. Now the baby will be in the room, the door open, a draft. And at the university I have one professor who is an unbearable person! Ambition? I want my husband to succeed. If he reaches his goal—he's a psychologist, he doesn't want to teach, he wants to be a consultant in the public field, he feels that if he teaches he'll just repeat things over and over—if he can reach his goal, I'll be very happy.

Mother: The past isn't forgotten, and it seems alive even today. Time didn't affect it at all. Just today, I was sitting together with Fanya, and she was asking about her family. Her aunts. There was one who was just like her—Brandele.

Fanya: We were talking about when I was a little girl and Mother used to call me Brandele.

Itay

THE businessman's older son, Itay, sits cross-legged on the floor. He is seventeen. He is wearing a gray T-shirt—a basketball or soccer uni-

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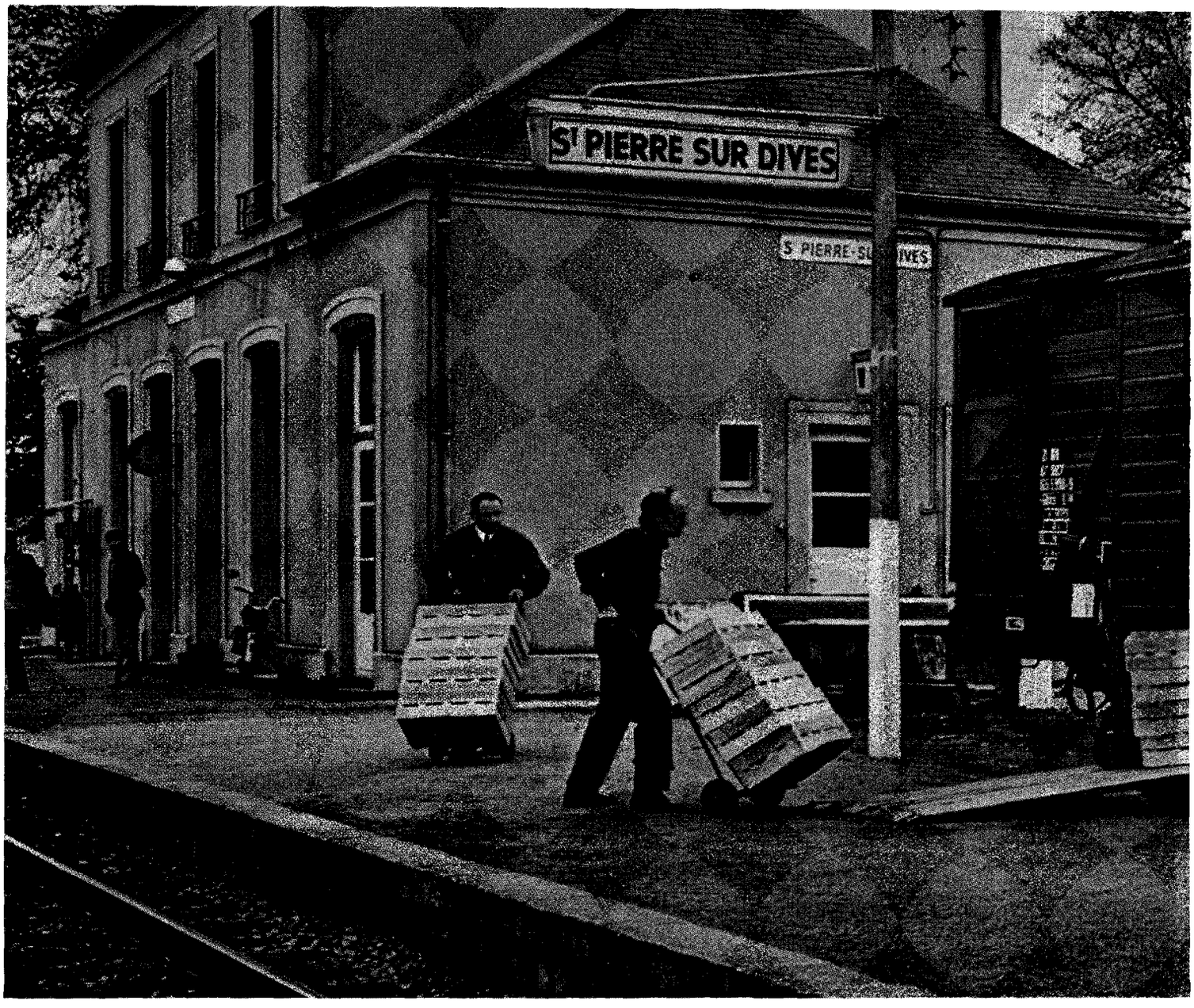
According to our computer, if it's Tuesday, this must be Camembert.



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form shirt with the name of the team printed on it—and the way his hair, which is curly and on the verge of being long, folds around his narrow face, and the way his back curves and his long stalk of a neck completes the curve, and the way his head chops for emphasis all combine to give him the slightly ferocious look of a young bird of prey. Especially when his blond mother, with her soft, fair skin and opinions, offers a quiet suggestion, and Itay's already strident voice rises even louder and more assured than ever in rebuttal, he seems to be a young falcon or an eaglet. His father, a good-looking, practical man, with a slightly freckled face, in a stylish print shirt with open collar, once a famous ghetto fighter and now manager of a chain of coöperative supermarkets—he, too, seems mild compared with the older son. And the fifteen-year-old boy, Ayal, is quiet though restless, stretching his limbs, and groaning once in a while in the face of Italy's daring use of school English.

The family group, with its guest, is in a kind of alcove at the end of a long, narrow room in a former Arab home in the Abu Tor section of Jerusalem, on a knoll off the Hebron Road running south from the Old City. The room is divided into two sections, and is given a bizarre nautical air, by an ingenious web of ropes running from floor to ceiling. On a long, low table in the alcove is an array of snacks that the mother has prepared—bits of sausage on slices of hard-boiled egg, combinations of cheese and pickle, and nuts and sweets.

Itay has been telling about his fledgling life. He is distinctly on the near side of the watershed of Israeli life—Army duty. He lives for sports. Trips. Movies. Records. He loves old Woody Guthrie songs—doesn't like hard rock, prefers melodies, wants to hear *content*. There is an Israeli singer he says he likes—Arik Einstein—and he likes the folk-rock "Pugy Stories," sung by the Kaveret Group, which means the Beehive. His reading, which comes in spurts, follows his mother's tastes—her eyelids flutter a moment in response to this open concession—and is old for his age, as he knows: Amos Oz, Yitzhak Orpaz, among the novelists who write in Hebrew. He is in the Tsofim, a scouting organization; his own group is not a very good one. It meets twice a week with a girl from the university as *madricha*, or guide, and they discuss current events and moral and social issues. . . .

Now he speaks of his strong sense of individualism: "I am not happy if the society is happy; I am only happy if *I* am happy. I can't feel as if I am in society or out of it. Maybe when I am older I will feel in it, in a large meaning, and I will want to change things. But now I have a small society—my friends. I see them every day. We play basketball—there's a court right near here. With them I am in a good relationship.

"Look," he says. "We take trips, especially in Pesach, the Passover holidays. Next week, I'm going to be a leader taking a sixth-grade group to Carmel. I want to tell you: We went to a kibbutz, and there we talked with one of the members who founded the kibbutz, an older man. He said our generation have not dreams. When he came here, he had many dreams, and he said he wanted his son also to have dreams. He said if his son had even one dream it would be good, but he said he thought the son didn't have even one. We got angry. We said when he came here there was nothing here, and he came here from another country and had not a home, and there was nothing here, and he wanted to build a country. But we couldn't have this dream! We asked him to give us an example of a dream he wants us to dream. He said we would have to think about it, one would come to us. 'But no,' we said, 'give us an example.' He said to try, we would find one. But we shouted"—and Itay is shouting now—"that we wanted him to suggest one. But he could not. He could not think of other dreams than he had dreamed himself. He didn't know what dream to have.

"I don't know," Itay says, at a somewhat lower pitch of intensity, "if I have a dream. I don't think we could call it a dream just to stay in this country—although that is already something. If I need to defend this country, I will do anything I need to do. I don't think I will leave this country ever, because, for example, my *madrich* in scouts when I was young fought in a war—it was the War of Attrition, between the Six-Day War and the Yom Kippur War—and he talked with us: Some were killed, and some lived. He talked about his friends, and it influenced me. The Army has come nearer to me. . . ."

Leah

THE Member of the Knesset leads her guest through to the back room of the Members' restaurant in the Knesset building. Moshe Dayan is at one of the last tables in the front room, evidently mending party fences; the virile black eye patch on the femi-

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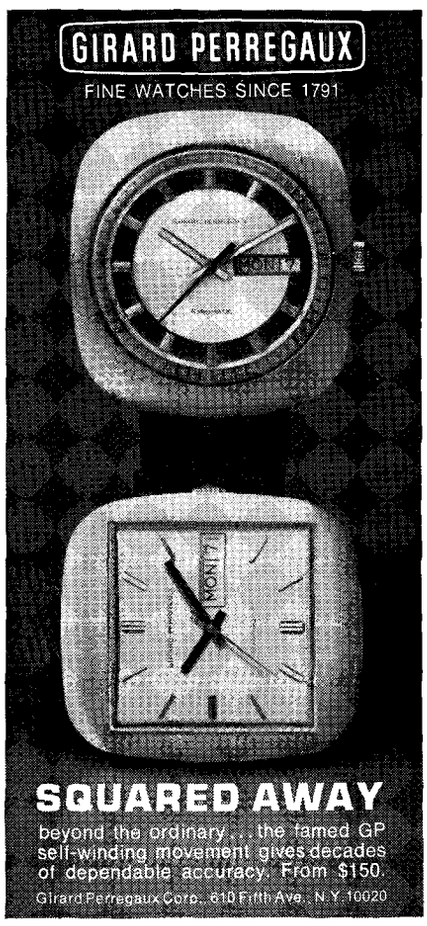

nine face jumps out from the crowd. The back room is relatively free of the clatter of dishes and the rumoring of politicians. The M.K. and her guest sit at a small table. She is wearing a simple gray dress; she has short blond hair, fair skin, and a distracted look. She tells about her two daughters, Leah, who is twenty-four, and Josepha, who is twenty—"both named," she says, "for people who were killed in the Holocaust, so the names are not common ones in Israel, and sometimes I think they have been unhappy with their names"—but since the guest will be able to meet only the older one, the M.K. talks mostly about her. Several times, as she talks, she is interrupted by staff women with messages to read or papers to sign; they address her by her first name and are easy with her, laughing often at her brisk remarks. The M.K. is obviously both very tough and very gentle; these qualities, which, repelling each other, might be expected to have set up tensions in her, have instead resolved themselves into something like a stable magnetic field of forces.

It *is* easy to picture this woman as a fighter in her younger years. Having escaped from the Vilna ghetto, she helped organize the Jewish underground in Bialystok; she is author of a book, "Underground People." She arrived in Israel in the year the state was founded, 1948, and in the following year she became the first woman chairman of a regional council; she was elected to the Knesset a decade later, and she is now chairman of the Knesset Committee on Social Services. She spends several days each week in Jerusalem and the rest of the time at her kibbutz.

"Neither girl," she says, "read my book until she was quite grown up—Leah was already in the Army. I asked them why they read other people's books on the Holocaust and not their mother's, but they couldn't answer me. Perhaps it was because we are so close." The closeness, she says, is not expressed in their being dependent; in fact, each girl goes her own way. But when political or ideological problems are discussed at home, the girls listen with attention; Leah joins in more than Josepha.

"Leah is a natural leader," she says. "When Leah was released from the Army, she was given a certificate saying that she had an excellent sense of leadership." The M.K. says Leah has been active in the affairs of the kibbutz—in the past has headed the dining room, a big responsibility for one so young—but this year she has been released from kibbutz work to go to Tel Aviv four days a week to study physical culture, which she will eventually teach to the kibbutz children. Leah is also a folk dancer. When she is at home, she is always organizing something social—a dance or a party. "She's not interested in politics," the M.K. says. "Young people these days"—there is a curious carry-over, as she says this, of the glowing pride with which she has been speaking of Leah—"don't consider social action important."

LEAH looks tiny. She walks toward the guest in the blazing noon light of the Mediterranean sun, coming, with her tall husband, away from the dark shade of the porch of their kibbutz room. Her slightly reddish hair is trimmed very short, and she wears miniature earrings—barely visible atoms of reflected sunlight at the tips of her earlobes. Her back is straight as a stake, her little stride that of a massive athlete. The couple take the guest to the kibbutz dining hall for lunch; the food is heavy. Afterward, Leah takes the guest on a tour of the kibbutz. They stop by the children's house where the four-year-olds live, and where Leah has been a part-time helper. The inmates obviously adore her; when she leaves, one little girl follows her outside, crying. She picks the child up, promises to come back the next day; the child returns happily to the fold. Leah takes the guest to the room where her husband is packing to go back to the reserves later in the day.

The room, where the guest is at once struck by the relative prosperity of kibbutzniks, is modishly furnished with inflated plastic chairs, a batik bedspread, lots of books, a poster of Greta Garbo. Leah sits on a very low air cushion in something like the lotus position, poised but not relaxed. Like her mother, she is obviously both tough and gentle; one feels a spring of tension, an athletic readiness to jump, in the daughter.

The Army certificate of her gift of leadership? She flaps a hand to ward off such nonsense, and says it was just a standard form; any officer who is not an imbecile gets that kind of credit.

Yes, she did read her mother's book late. "I don't know why. I read it when I felt like reading it. If I had read it too early, I might have missed some points. I don't like to do things I'm told to do. Like my mother—*and* my father—I have a strong will." Her

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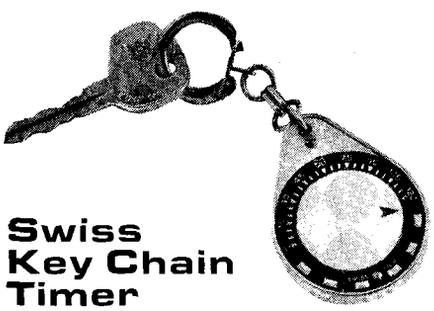

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back is erect; her head is cocked a little to one side.

"I'm not as different from my parents as I used to think," she says. "Mother and Father have always had very definite opinions. *This* will lead to *this*, and so on. Often they're right. I tend to see things in a less sure way. I don't know whether my sense of responsibility came from my being my mother's daughter or from the education I've had. But when I try to think what my parents must have been like when they were my age, in their twenties, I sometimes wonder how they stood what they went through. Their personal wishes and their social wishes must have gone hand in hand; that must have given them strength. I have a life in which I can do anything I want—if I want it enough to fight for it just a little. Up to this point, there hasn't been too much conflict between my wishes and the wishes of the kibbutz. They wanted me to wait one year before going to school, but I went to a meeting and convinced them!"

Leah's husband leaves the room on an errand.

"There was a time in my youth," she says, "when all sorts of economic and social problems bothered me. I led an active, intense political life in Hashomer Hatza'ir. But now I am a specialist, and I care more about how people walk than about how they vote. Their posture. How they move. I think that if they could be healthier they'd be better off, and I think about what I can do to make them aware of their bodies—make them feel *alive* in their bodies. I like people who are *vital*.

"Young people's ideals these days don't have to do with what they want to get but with what they want to *be*. Our parents' ideals were easy to write down and easy to speak about. Ours are harder. There's a lot of talk of change since the last war. Real change *can come only if people care more* about where they live and how the place where they live looks, if they're willing to learn more, listen more to others' opinions, be more patient, be more helpful to other people—if *they're able to recognize that they* may not be the best people in the whole world." It is strange: as Leah speaks of these generous, benign qualities, she flushes and seems to be growing angry. "I can't see any other possibility of change. If people say they care about what's going on in the country and don't do anything about what's going on in their own house, then it's just mere talk.

"Take the role of women. I don't feel that women in this country are as well off as we boast they are. Here in the kibbutz, until the baby is a year old the mother is supposed to go to the children's house each morning to visit the child. But if kibbutz duties, let's say, require her to go to the city, it's not so acceptable for her husband to go to the children's house in her place. These are little things, but I fight against them. I fight. . . ."

Nitsana

EVERYTHING the historian says about himself moves him inexorably—though along a zigzag path—toward an account of a certain day in his life. He is bald but youthful-looking. His apartment on Tchernichowsky Street is full to brimming: a friend's family, the foreign guest, his own wife and two daughters, some classmates of the older daughter. He speaks quietly, calmly, of shattering experiences. The fragments are not chronological—illegal entry into Palestine; his partisan unit clearing Germans out of Vilna; a message from the poet-leader in the forest, about the best way to get to Eretz Yisrael; work for the N.K.V.D., rooting out collaborators; life on a kibbutz; roles in five wars; years of nightmares; a Ph.D. at the Hebrew University; street work for a Zionist youth movement in Chicago; the modulations in his life from social worker to sociologist to historian. Then, abruptly, he arrives at the day:

October 26, 1943. Kovno. He is eighteen years old. In the morning, a courier comes with a message from underground intelligence: the Nazis have planned an "action" for this day in the streets near his family home. He takes refuge in an underground hiding place in another part of the ghetto. But at the height of the day he is irresistibly drawn out into the open, and toward his home and danger, by a force he can neither resist nor understand; perhaps it is the burden on him of the Fifth Commandment. But as he walks quickly toward his house he sees his mother and his father (whom he does honor, to this day) and his twin brother, his other self, in a huddle of Jews on the sidewalk; German and Jewish policemen are also standing there; the roundup is still going on. His mother sees him. She gives a decisive signal with her eyes—get away from here! He thinks of an underground commandment: *Stay alive to fight another day*. He turns and runs. . . .

NITSANA is now exactly the age her father was on that certain day—eighteen. She is a beautiful teen-aged child in a dark sweater and faded blue-

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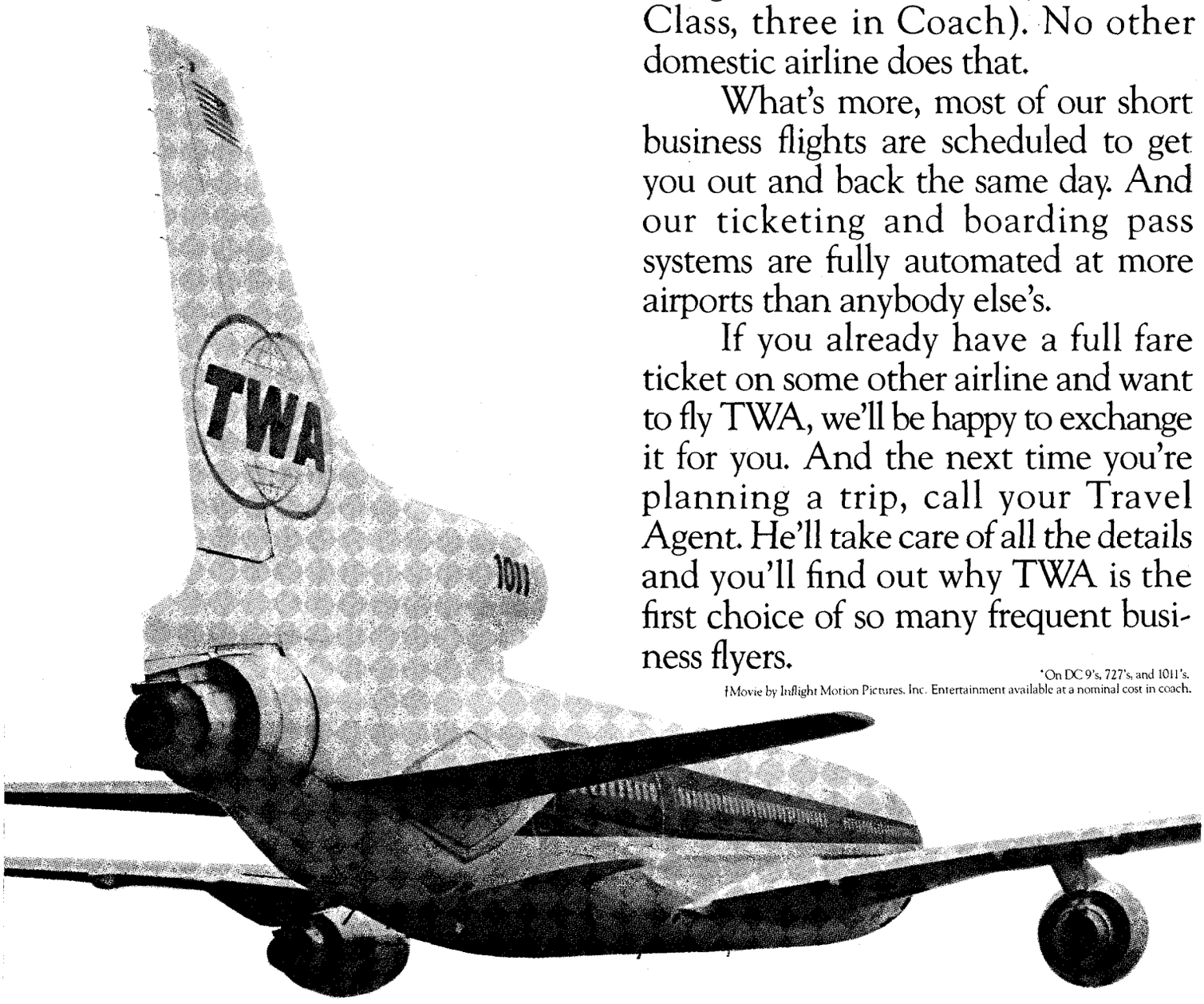

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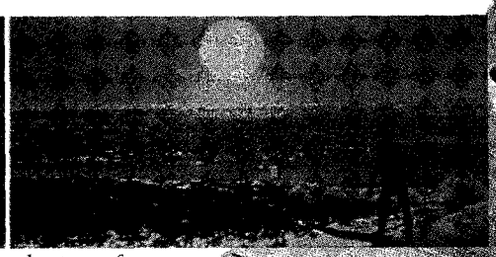

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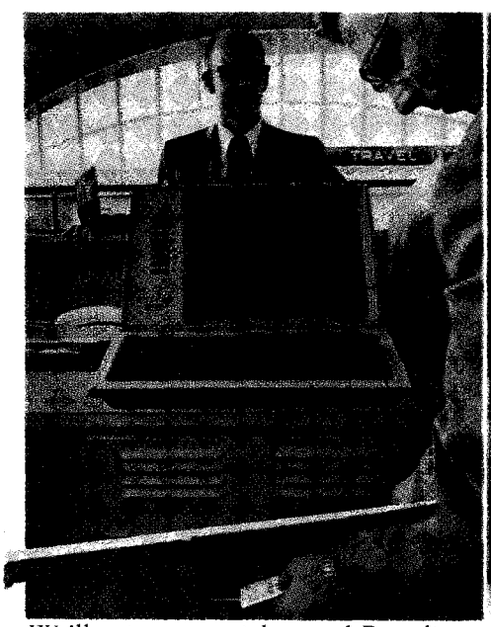

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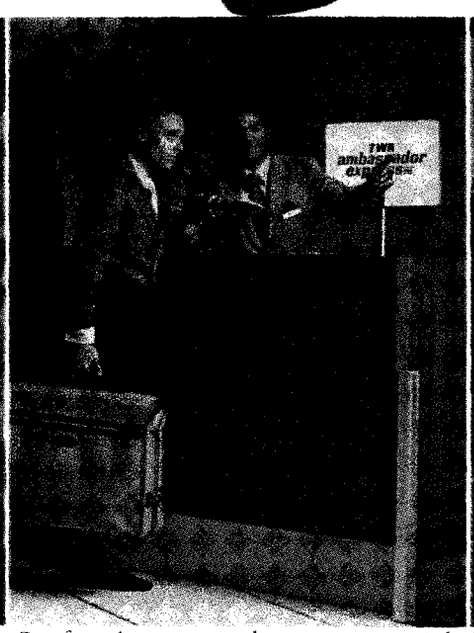

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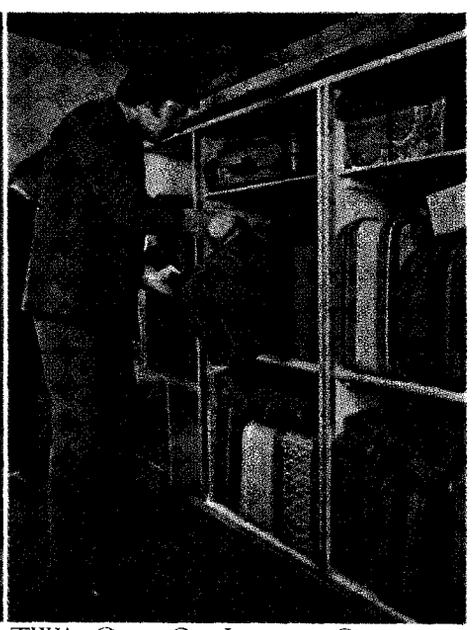

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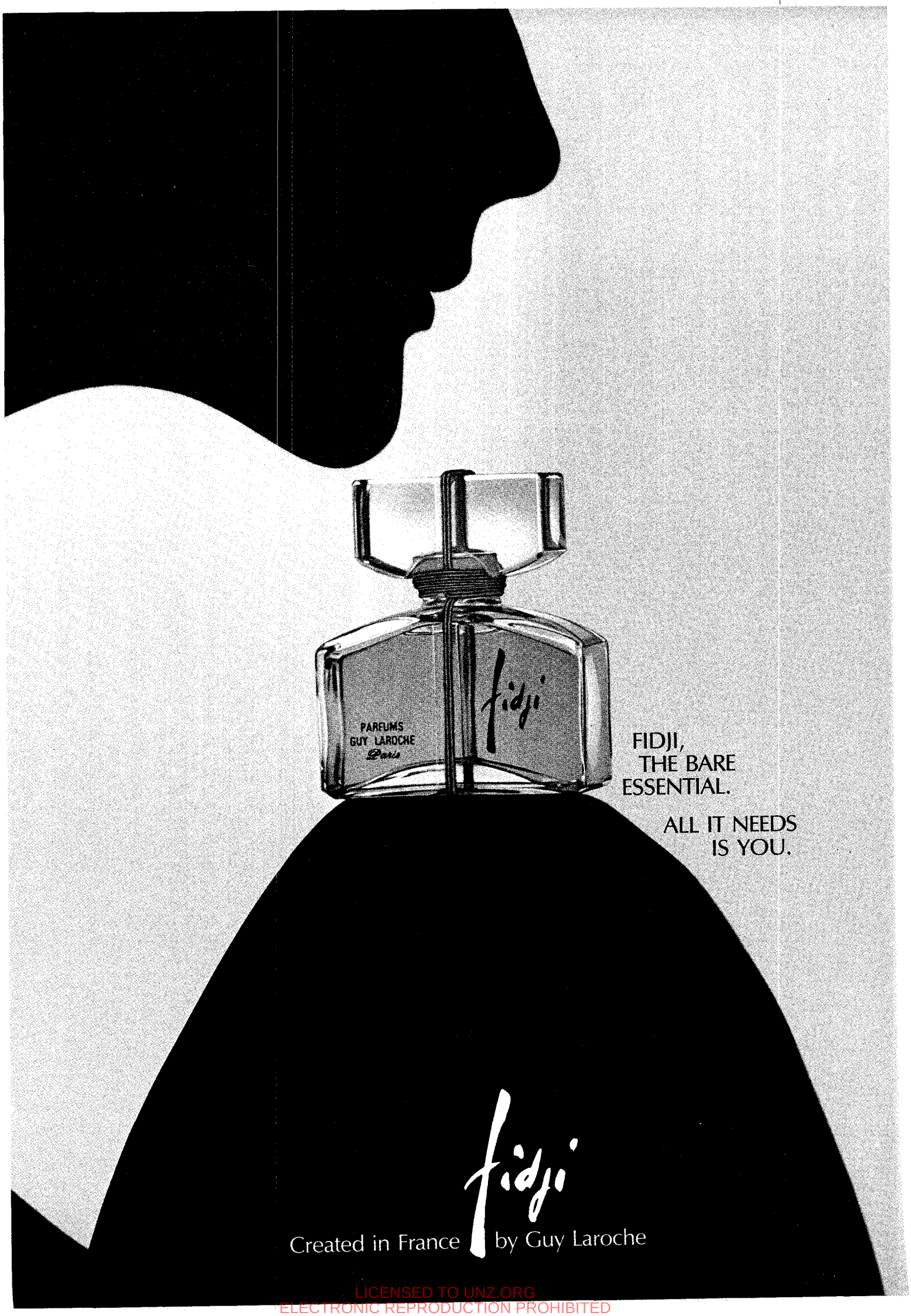

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jeans, and if she tries to put herself in her father's place, as he was on that day, she says, she has to admit she feels young, very young. Up to now, she has known the life of a carefree middle-class child: swimming, tennis, hikes, movies, scouting, the accordion. Listening to the Rolling Stones, Joan Baez, Cat Stevens, the Beehive. Reading all sorts of authors: Dahn Ben Amotz, Graham Greene, Irving Stone. And drawing—especially drawing. She has just broken up with a boyfriend. The age eighteen, she says, is the dividing line. She is going into the Army in six months. "Before the Army," she says, "we follow our parents. After that, the ways part." She also sees certain vague possibilities for the time after the Army, beyond the parting. She thinks of going to the Israel Academy of the Arts. Of marriage, of having children. But she thinks, too—for, though she is still a child, she feels, in some respects, more mature than many of her contemporaries, and perhaps this fact also has its place on the zigzag path leading back to October 26, 1943—of ways in which she can work for peace. She thinks that one absolute requisite for peace with the Arabs is a healthy, exemplary internal society in Israel. She has thought of the possibility of joining a Gar-in Nahal—a social-welfare unit—after the Army, and going to live in one of the depressing settlement towns: Dimona, Migdal Haemek, Yeruham, Qiryat Shemona (in the last, a gruesome Arab massacre has just taken place). These towns, she says, are where the most underprivileged people in the country—poor Oriental immigrants—have been forcibly settled. "The money problem is not the only problem for them," she says. "They need spiritual help. They live at the end of the world. They need things to do, they need to feel that someone needs *them*. Maybe," Nitsana says, "besides giving two or three years to the Army for defense, every young person should give one additional year for other kinds of work, to make a contribution to peace. There's a lot of talk about this among my friends."

Shlomit, Yonat, and Yehuda

In the book-lined kibbutz room, the poet speaks of the element of time in Israeli literature—of a tension between an urgent present, in which every moment counts, and the long, long, long Jewish past. "American writers can go back to the time of Washington, Lincoln. But our history in this land stretches back one thousand, two thousand years. . . ."

The poet grew up in Vilna; he was a sculptor before he was a poet—and now, he proudly says, the pattern repeats itself: His son is in New York studying to be an artist. The poet commanded the 1943 resistance in the Vilna ghetto, and when it fell, and some fighters managed to escape to the forests, he commanded the Jewish "Vengeance Battalion." Here in the room with him today is a woman who was one of his deputies in that partisan organization, now a teacher in the kibbutz school. Also here with the poet are his wife, who is a child psychologist, and their seventeen-year-old daughter, Shlomit, who is in the kibbutz high school, and the teacher's husband and twenty-two-year-old son, Yehuda, an Air Force pilot, and their twenty-two-year-old daughter, Yonat, who is in the Army.

These people all sound very sure of themselves, sure of their place among the country's élite. They live like kings and queens. Thanks to good management, and to a shrewd choice by the kibbutzniks of products to manufacture that are much needed in the nation's economy—metal and plastic kegs, barrels, and other containers—this left-wing kibbutz, not far from the sea on the coastal stretch from Haifa to Tel Aviv, is rich. On its grounds, glorious now with many varieties of flowering trees, are a luxurious library; two clubhouses, one exclusively for the young; a biology lab worthy of a university; a painters' studio; a huge, blue-bottomed swimming pool, set in a wide lawn; tennis courts; and even a miniature golf course. The poet has been awarded a private building in which to create; his wife also has a separate little building for her consultations.

In the case of the poet—a slight-bodied man with curly gray hair and piercing eyes—the self-assurance has manifestly been earned. He is one of the foremost poets writing in Hebrew. In the transactions with time in Israeli literature, he sees himself as having helped to fill in the previously "empty" space between the ancient past and the present. He has written long, dense-textured epics, which weave memories of ghetto and forest and recent wars into the long continuum.

Yehuda says, "Yes, as an aviator I experience time in strange ways. I move over and through it—very fast. When I fly over the Judean desert, or over a weird place like St. Catherine's Monastery, way down in the Sinai, over what looks like dead terrain—or, anyway, a very distant past—and then

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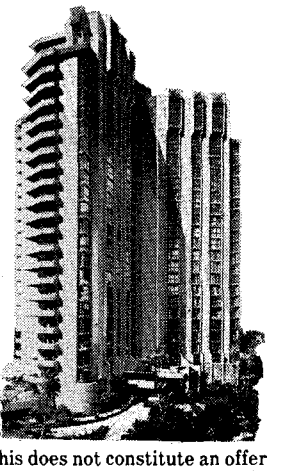

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in a few minutes over the green coastal lowlands, where I see so many new things being built for the future, it's as if I'd plunged through centuries in no time at all.

"I know a lot about the European past from my parents, but I can't completely identify with the people in the Diaspora. I feel secure, and they felt helpless. I understand their predicament intellectually but I can't connect with it emotionally.

"Or something from the immediate past. When I heard about the Qiryat Shemona massacre on television, my first reaction was intellectual. I tried to analyze it. But then something deeper hit me—I wanted revenge. Not abstractly. Revenge on those specific terrorists—on men who could throw babies out of upstairs windows.

"You see, I consider what I feel more important than what I do. The latter's all routine. Wake up. Fly. Go to a bar. My friends are all fliers; that means they're all top quality. The books I see them reading when I walk around are real literature, not trash. Last night, we had a party here at the kibbutz for people who'd just been released from the services, and we read poetry aloud to each other. We read Amichai—I like him because he uses simple words. Shlonsky—rich language. Altermann—the words jump right off the page. At the airbase, we sit around and talk and talk about everything. Politics. Points of view. Women—the flavor of life!"

YONAT says, "I'm at a tankists' camp in the Negev Desert." The guest at once hears in her Hebrew, more than he had heard in the others', a bold lilt, and he is told that this is characteristic of kibbutzniks' speech. "My job is as an instructor for Gadna, the outfit that prepares high-school students to come into the Army. Each week, we get a new group; mostly they come from the bottom of society—many Orientals. We do get some who are educated, but the others—they aren't used to encountering sympathetic guidance. If you could see some of their teachers! They aren't much better than the pupils! We have discussions on the Jewish heritage and on Zionism"—like most of her contemporaries, Yonat cannot help loading that word, which stands for worn-out passions, with irony—"and on the Yom Kippur War. And there they meet for the first time the Chekhi rifle. It's the famous one that was used in the War of Independence. Girls train with it nowadays. The men fight with the Uzi, that sawed-off thing you see them carrying when they're on leave—they fire it from the hip. And I take the kids on tours there in the desert. That's where you *see* time. Sde Boker, where we put pebbles on Ben-Gurion's grave; you can feel his presence. Then we go down from there into this huge cleft, and there we're at Ein Avdat—in a gorge—layers of chalk and slate—millions of centuries—a waterfall in the desert! And then Avdat itself, with Nabataean, Roman, and Byzantine ruins—it was on the ancient trading routes. And then Nahal Tsin. And then Ein Mor . . ."

SHLOMIT says, "When I was a little girl, I read books and accepted the Holocaust as a fact, but now I understand why people want to put it out of their minds—and so convince themselves that it won't happen again. I do, myself. I want my life! I'm involved in creative dancing. I hope my Army training will be near Haifa, so I can go on with my lessons in the same studio there. Here in the kibbutz, besides going to school—Yonat's mother teaches me history—I'm an assistant in the children's house. I don't read poetry"—she smiles tauntingly at her father—"but I do read some novels sometimes; I just finished Heinrich Böll's 'The Clown.' But I'd rather just watch television. I like detective shows and old movies. I know they're not on a very high level, but they're what I like. Then, I'm in a youth movement, and our age group plans to go to a city for a while; there's an organization, Va'ad Hapoalim, that knows which industries need workers, and they'll place us temporarily, and we'll have a chance to see how the common people live." There is a trace of a smile on her face as she gets off this bit of kibbutznik snobbery. Yehuda explodes with laughter and makes a thumbs-up sign. "So, anyway, I don't think the Holocaust could recur—not in the same way. There is a State of Israel now, and if anything happened to Jews abroad, they could come here. If the Arabs try to push us in the sea, and even if the Russians help them—I know that's what the Arabs want—we feel we'll be able to resist them. But if we're talking about patterns repeating themselves, the same thing could happen in the world again—"

The poet, her father, says, "You notice Shlomit didn't say 'Germany.' She said 'the world.' "

Shlomit says, "Yes. What I mean is, if it did happen again, one thing would be the same: The world would stand by and watch again."

—JOHN HERSEY

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Not many people will get a bottle of Maker's Mark for the Holidays.

For a couple of reasons.

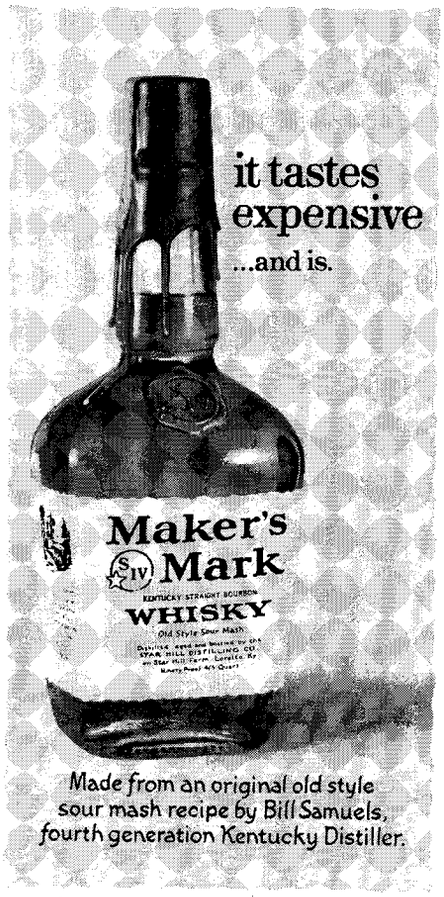
First, there simply aren't many bottles of Maker's Mark. Plenty of Kentucky whisky will be available (the state's several dozen distilleries produce some 11,000 barrels per day), but at our little distillery on Star Hill Farm, we're only making about 20.

We hope to increase this as the years go by, but not greatly. As a family business, we're never going to compete with the big mass-producers of the whisky industry.

But possible inadequate supply isn't the only reason not many people will get a bottle of Maker's Mark for the Holidays: It costs a little more.

Discriminating generosity.

If you were planning on giving, say, a hundred bottles of whisky, the bill for that much Maker's Mark would put a not inconsiderable dent in even the most abundantly stocked wallet. So, unless you are one of both exceptional affluence and generous nature, you may want to provide Maker's Mark for (as William Shakespeare has said) 'Those friends thou hast, and their adoption tried' and then make a more moderate gesture for acquaintances.



Maker's Mark Distillery, Loretto, Ky., Ninety Proof–Fully Matured.

A valued gift.

The point is, Maker's Mark is not mass produced; it is made little at a time, slowly and thoughtfully, and is meant to be consumed in the same manner.

Supply and cost. Those are the reasons not many people will get a bottle of Maker's Mark for the Holidays. But for these same reasons, those who do receive a bottle will value it all the more.

Free booklet.

When you're in our neck of the woods, we cordially invite you to visit our little distillery on Star Hill Farm near Loretto. Meanwhile, if you have an interest in the history of whisky-making in the Bluegrass state, write for a free copy of our little booklet, "The Wonderful World of Kentucky Whisky."

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Again Mercedes-Benz quietly astonishes the engineering world. Announcing the new Mercedes-Benz 300D. The world's only 5-cylinder automobile.

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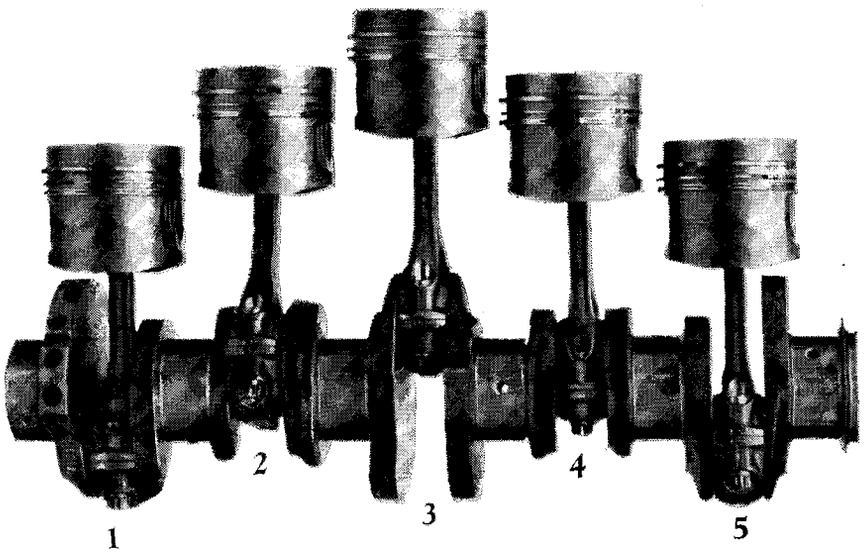


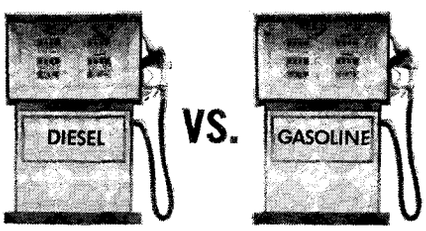
Internal workings of the new 300D, the world's only 5-cylinder automobile.

Raising the eyebrows of the engineering world is not new to Mercedes-Benz. We did it when we invented the automobile in 1886. We did it when we introduced the world's first production Diesel passenger car in 1936. Now, with the introduction of a 5-cylinder automobile – the new 300D – we've done it again.

The 5-cylinder 300D clearly flies in the face of engineering convention. It establishes a whole new category of Diesel – a whole new category of automobile.

Why a 5-cylinder?

Mercedes-Benz wanted to make a performance Diesel. A new car that had much greater horsepower and torque, but did not sacrifice the economy and reliability of previous Mercedes-Benz Diesels.



Countrywide, Diesel fuel averages about 3¢ less than gasoline. So the new 300D goes more miles on cheaper gallons.

Nearly four decades of Diesel experience told the Mercedes-Benz engineers that a major power increase would have to come from an entirely different engine. Not one with bigger cylinders – one with *more* cylinders.

If engineering convention were to be served, the next step up from our standard 4-cylinder Diesel should have been a 6-cylinder engine. But because of the strength necessities particular to all Diesels, it follows that a 6-cylinder Diesel would have to be substantially larger and heavier than a 4-cylinder.

The Mercedes-Benz solution was characteristically unconventional: A 5-cylinder Diesel engine.

The most advanced Diesel

Even for the Mercedes-Benz engineers, the 5-cylinder Diesel engine was quite a challenge. But their efforts were worthwhile. They made it work.

The new engine's size was set at 3 liters. Torque was raised nearly 20%. Horsepower was up a full 25% over any previous Mercedes-Benz Diesel. The result is the new 300D, the most advanced Diesel passenger car the world has ever seen.

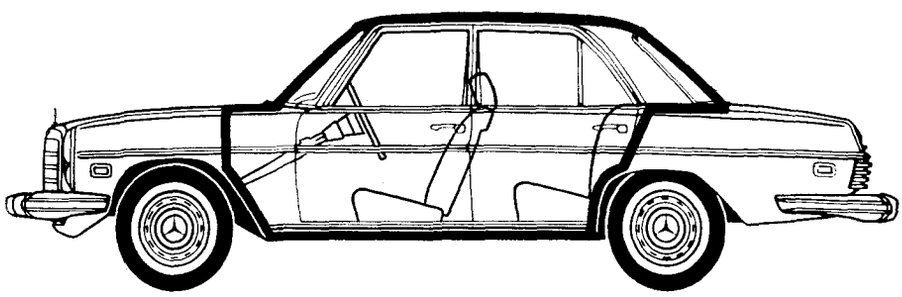
24 mpg in town, 31 on the highway

Increased performance does not mean decreased economy. According to the most recent Federal E.P.A. test report, the new 300D can get up to 24 miles in city driving, and up to 31 miles per gallon on the open highway. And since Diesel fuel is usually cheaper than gasoline, the 300D goes more miles on cheaper gallons.

Performance, economy, luxury

While the new 300D acts like an economy car, it doesn't look or feel like one. In every appointment, the 300D is equal to the Mercedes-Benz 280 Sedan. It blends performance and economy in a luxury package.

A final thought. No manufacturer anywhere in the world has a greater safety involvement than Mercedes-Benz. Evidence of the decades of Mercedes-Benz safety engineering is everywhere in the 300 Diesel. Before the 300D, nobody had heard of a 5-cylinder Diesel car, much less seen one. So, it's only natural that the 300D should cause some very educated, engineering heads to be scratched. But now you can examine one, sit in one, drive one. It's waiting for you. Arrange a test drive with your local Mercedes-Benz dealer.



Safety first. A rigid, steel safety cell encloses the entire passenger compartment.

Mercedes-Benz

Engineered like no other car in the world.

©Mercedes-Benz, 1974

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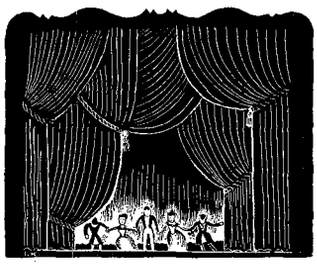
WINTER IN ARDEN

I WOULD have expected the National Theatre of Great Britain's production of "As You Like It" to prove a welcome addition to our current London season, but few of my colleagues appear to have found it as delightful as I did, and so it has departed from the Mark Hellinger with a regrettable precipitance. A pity, because the experiment that distinguished the production—having all the roles in the play, whether male or female, be taken by men—was an interesting one and deserved to have judgment passed on it by a large audience. In Shakespeare's day, women's roles were played by boys, and I have always been curious to know how readily I would be able to respond to this convention. Given that I couldn't possibly work my way back into the sexual attitudes of the last decade of the sixteenth century and therefore could never imagine precisely how an Elizabethan twin of mine would feel about an adolescent boy playing Cleopatra or Lady Macbeth, nevertheless the nature of my response this late in the twentieth century would be bound to be of value to me; it would heighten my apprehension of Shakespeare the dramatist in something like the same fashion that a knowledge of the pronunciation of Elizabethan English heightens one's apprehension of Shakespeare the poet. (It is amusing as well as instructive to realize that the first Hamlet would have spoken his soliloquy with an accent and lilt not unlike that of any bartender in contemporary Dublin.)



If how I might respond to boy actors playing Shakespeare's women remains moot, the National Theatre's production of "As You Like It" revealed that with no difficulty whatever I was able to accept men actors playing at least four of Shakespeare's women. The risk that the play might be thought to have been turned into a vehicle for mere voguish transvestite parody was easily avoided by the director, Clifford Williams; moreover, he made plain how much better the play works in terms of its plotting when all the actors are male than when they are not. For reasons that remain obscure to me—and that I hope are not deeply, darkly sexist—actresses who play Rosalind, Celia, and other prankish types are tiresomely implausible when the plot calls for them to dress up as young men, while actors who play young women manage to do so most convincingly. Shakespeare was obviously aware of this and of the comic advantage to be taken of it by contriving to have boys-playing-women suddenly turn into boys-playing-women-playing-boys. A Pirandello-like ambiguity of gender appealed very much to the Elizabethan mind in general and to Shakespeare's mind in particular (his sonnets bristle with it); it appeals to our minds as well, both off the stage and on. The uniformity of dress and vocabulary manifested by the young of both sexes in 1974 would seem at first glance wholly at odds with the marked differences in dress and vocabulary manifested by the young of both sexes in, say, 1599 (the probable date of "As You Like It"), but by a paradox they pursue the same goal: Shakespeare made witty art out of an assumed disparity between the sexes and we make wit, if not art, out of an assumed identity between them.

I mustn't bid farewell to this production without a word of praise for Ralph Koltai's costumes and settings. From translucent sheets and tubes of plastic he devised a country house, a Duke's palace, and an icy Forest of Arden. Love, it appears, can flourish in a cold climate, perhaps in part because it burns even as it freezes.

TO the Palace, once the high place to which all vaudevillians aspired, has come what amounts to a vaudeville version of Dion Boucicault's early-nineteenth-century comedy "London Assurance." It has been brought here by the Royal Shakespeare Company, in a free-and-easy adaptation by Ronald Eyre, and it has been directed with equal ease and freedom by Euan Smith. The star of the play, Donald Sinden, silently announces at his very first entrance that he intends to get away with murder all evening long and then proceeds to do so. His candor is disarming; the performance he gives is nearly as winning as it is outrageous. There is no trick too low for Mr. Sinden to stoop to, and one of them is to make sure that we become accomplices to his stooping. With his colleagues trapped inside the set, he mugs at us in the audience, and we consent to it, thinking, Shades of Milton Berle! How dare he, and yet how wonderful that he dares!

The silly stirabout of a plot that moves "London Assurance"— But no, if the plot is silly why should you be troubled with a description of it? Money, family, young love, a happy ending—the usual. Mr. Sinden has had the assistance of a capable cast, including Elizabeth Spriggs, Glyn Owen, Polly Adams, Roger Rees, Bernard Lloyd, and Sydney Bromley, who plays with sad charm the dimmest and dearest dotard imaginable. The splendidly realistic settings are by Alan Tagg, the lighting is by Robert Ornbo, and the costumes are by David Walker and Michael Stennett. Go to "London Assurance" with a light heart and don't worry too much about what the author would think of so wanton a travesty of his work. Boucicault, an Irish bastard of notably elastic morals, did much the same thing to many another author's plays. In any event, he is buried here in town; if he is spinning in his grave, we ought to be able to bend our ears earthward and by good hap hear him hum.

—BRENDAN GILL

•

TRINCOMALEE

A monkey disrupted the electricity supply to Trincomalee for 42 hours. This incident took place a few days back and though the fault was rectified within 40 minutes the supply could not be restored for 42 hours due to lightning and wild animals including elephants.

The town was suddenly plunged into darkness and the Electricity Board began to receive calls about power failure. The Electrical Engineer, Trincomalee, Mr. Somakanthan and his staff rushed out to track the fault and finally located it at the 63rd tower between Habarana and Kantalai in the midst of thick jungle. A full grown monkey was found charred on the line and the insulators were shattered.

It is believed that the monkey climbed the tower to escape a leopard that had been chasing it, and had come in contact with another and caused the short circuit.

The electricity supply at Mutur has come to a stand-still as a result of the main wires from the transformer being burnt by lightning.—*Colombo Ceylon Daily News.*

And the elephants? Tell us about the elephants!

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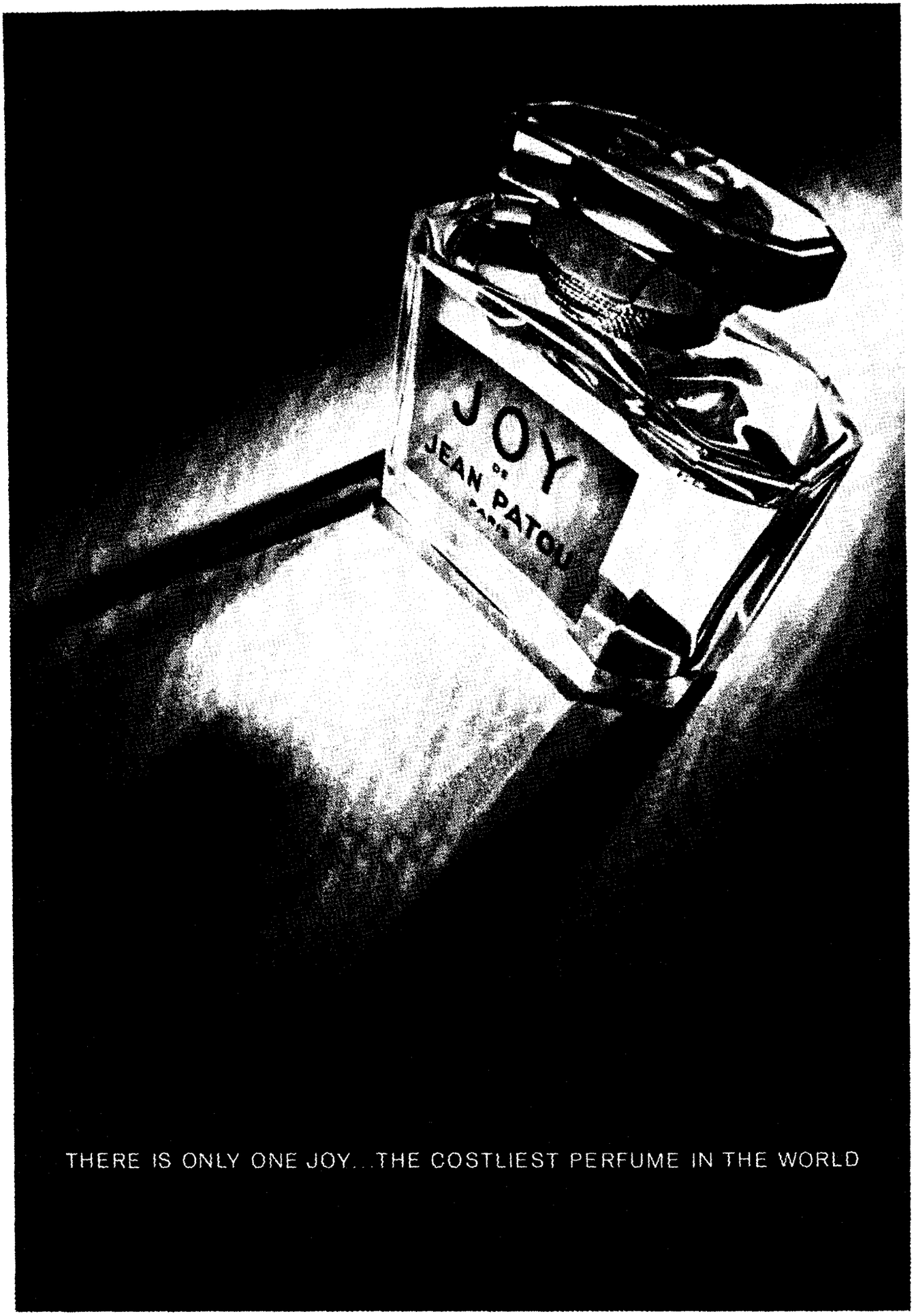

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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

VISIONS OF CARROT JUICE

THE proscription on meat-eating that came out of the recent world food conference in Rome may eventually have its desired effect on the world hunger problem, and in the meantime is helping us—the well-fed minority—feel a little less guilty about our unfair good fortune by giving us something a little unpleasant that we can do. In New York, however, the illusion of self-abnegation is harder to maintain than elsewhere, since giving up meat here is about as great a deprivation as abjuring vanilla at Baskin-Robbins. This town, as we confirmed on a recent marketing expedition, has vegetables, fruits, cheeses, breads, cakes, confections, pastas, herbs, spices, teas, and coffees of such surpassing excellence, abundance, and variety as to make one scarcely care if one never saw Christmas goose again, or even a Sabrett hot dog. Before proceeding to some of the wonderful small grocery stores, fruit and vegetable markets, bakeries, and specialty shops that flourish throughout the city, we'll pause at an establishment named the Montana Palace, 333 East 9th Street—a combination bakery, catering firm, and restaurant—where a remarkable number of vegetarian possibilities are explored, and where a policy of nonpunitiveness is resolutely followed. "We're trying to present food that has no meat in it, or very little, and that is really wonderful," the proprietor—a handsome, thin young woman named Naomi Schechter—told us, and she went on to explain, "We're not a health store. We want everything to taste very good, and if it tastes too weird—as soybeans do—we substitute." We asked her a question, and she replied, "No, I'm not a moral vegetarian, though my boyfriend is. I just know that quantities of meat aren't good for people, and I eat very little meat myself. However, we'll cater anything."

Naomi (as she asked us to call her) then served us the following meatless luncheon: a wedge of her Greek spinach pie, made of phyllo pastry and a filling (spinach, onions, eggs, feta cheese, and dill) that had the delicate taste and clear color of properly undercooked spinach and avoided the harsh overcooked taste and muddy color that spinach pies are prone to; a green pepper stuffed with a mixture of rice, pecans, tomatoes, carrots, onions, grated coconut, and cinnamon (this was served in a brimming bowl of hot coconut milk) which had a strange but not weird taste and something benign and ingratiating about its crunchy mushiness (the dish is Naomi's invention and reflective of her awareness of protein combinations); a romaine salad with a dressing of yogurt, sour cream, and tomato paste, which emboldened us to ask for some salt ("I undersalt on purpose," Naomi said); and a dish of green beans in a mustard sauce with irregular pieces of a Finnish cheese thrown in, whose subtle flavor was undetectable in all that mustard. With these interesting and contenting dishes we drank an ambrosial apple cider that Naomi buys from Tillie and George's Store, 208 East 6th Street (open only on Friday and Saturday) to please her boyfriend, her own preferred brand being the cider at the Thursday Store, 72 East 7th Street (named for the only day of the week it's open). The meal was eaten in one of four shabby red-leather-covered booths, which constitute the restaurant part of the Palace—a part that is open only on Sunday, from five to nine, and serves only vegetarian food. The rest of the space is given over to a great big, spotlessly messy kitchen with an enormous restaurant range at the far end, non-gleaming copper pots and pans on the walls, and the various tools of the trade sensibly deployed along wooden counters (including unattractive things like detergents and pot scrubbers, and not just the edited selection of handsome relics that give today's Early American kitchens their air of utter unauthenticity and fakery).

The boyfriend—a thin, good-looking young man, who was introduced to us simply as Brandon—came in with some crates and wandered out again. Naomi looked after him fondly and said, "He's the best cook I ever trained." She told us that she had got into professional cooking when her former husband, a rabbi, was fired from his job at a fashionable upper-East Side synagogue. Naomi's account of the power struggle in the congregation sounded like something out of "The Rabbi Slept Late" series ("They blamed him for being young, for naming our daughter Noah, which happens to be an authentic Jewish girl's name, and even for the fact that she was born

"It's been nice talking to you, and remember me to your present wife."

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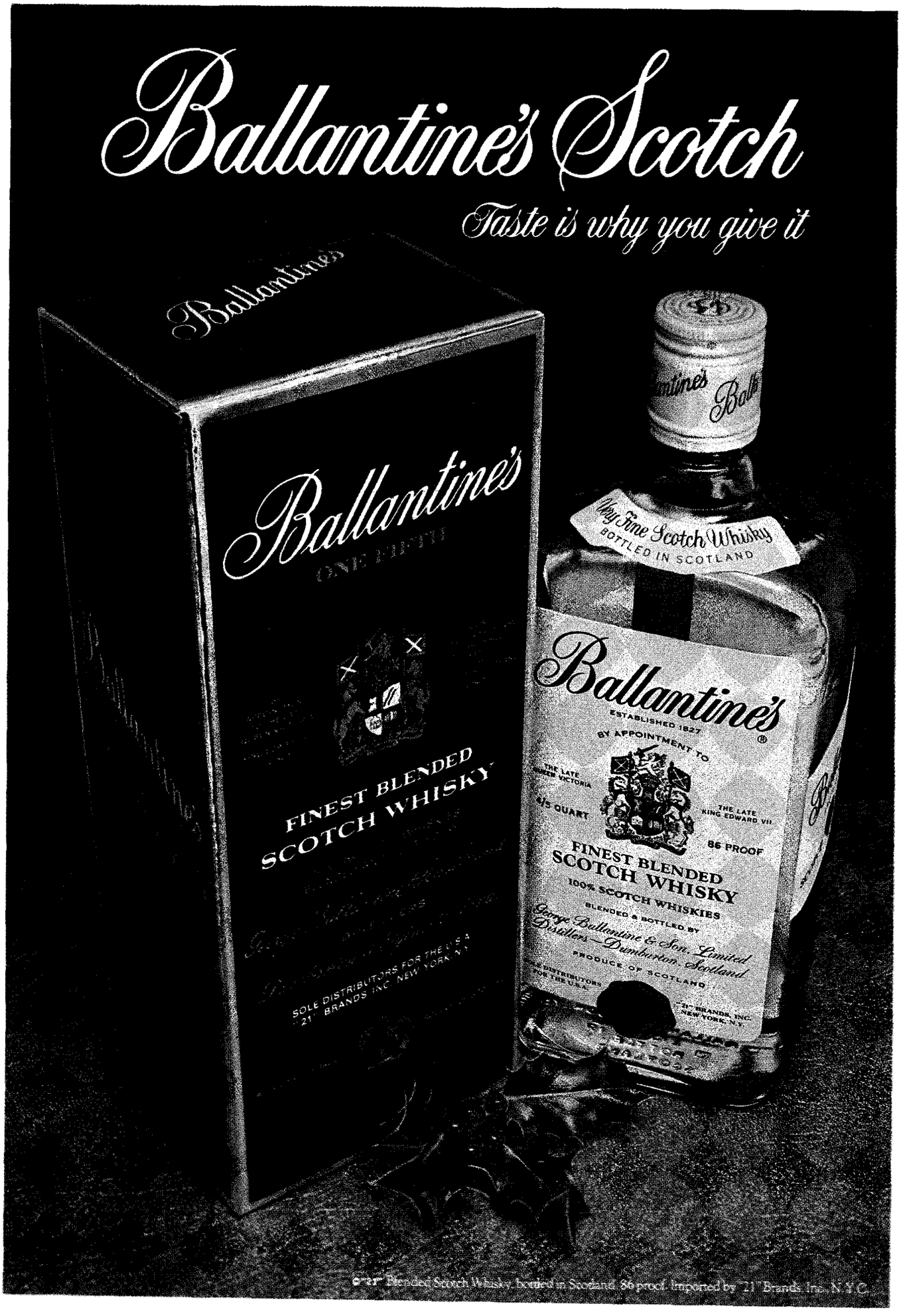

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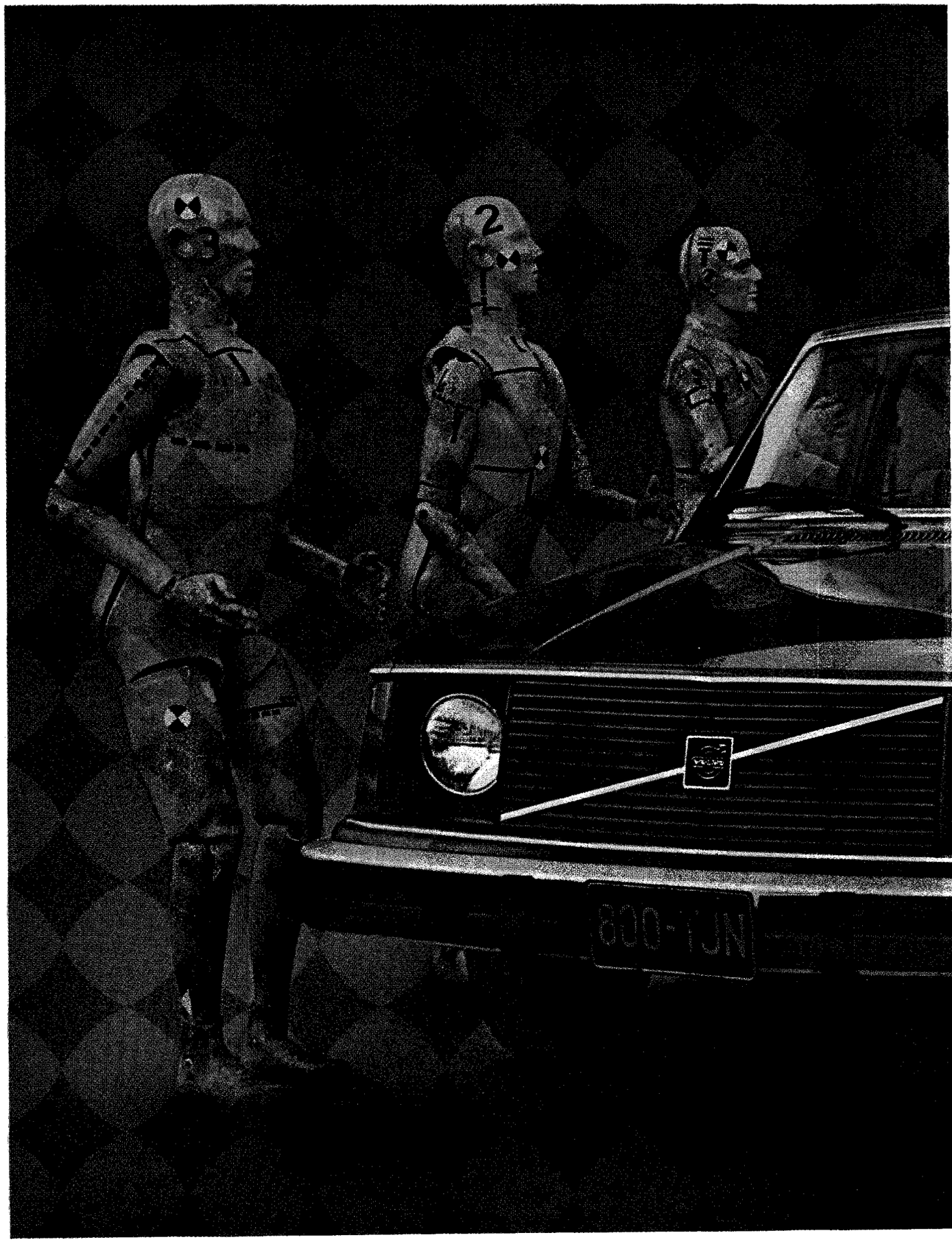
IT TAKES A LOT OF DUMMIES TO MAKE



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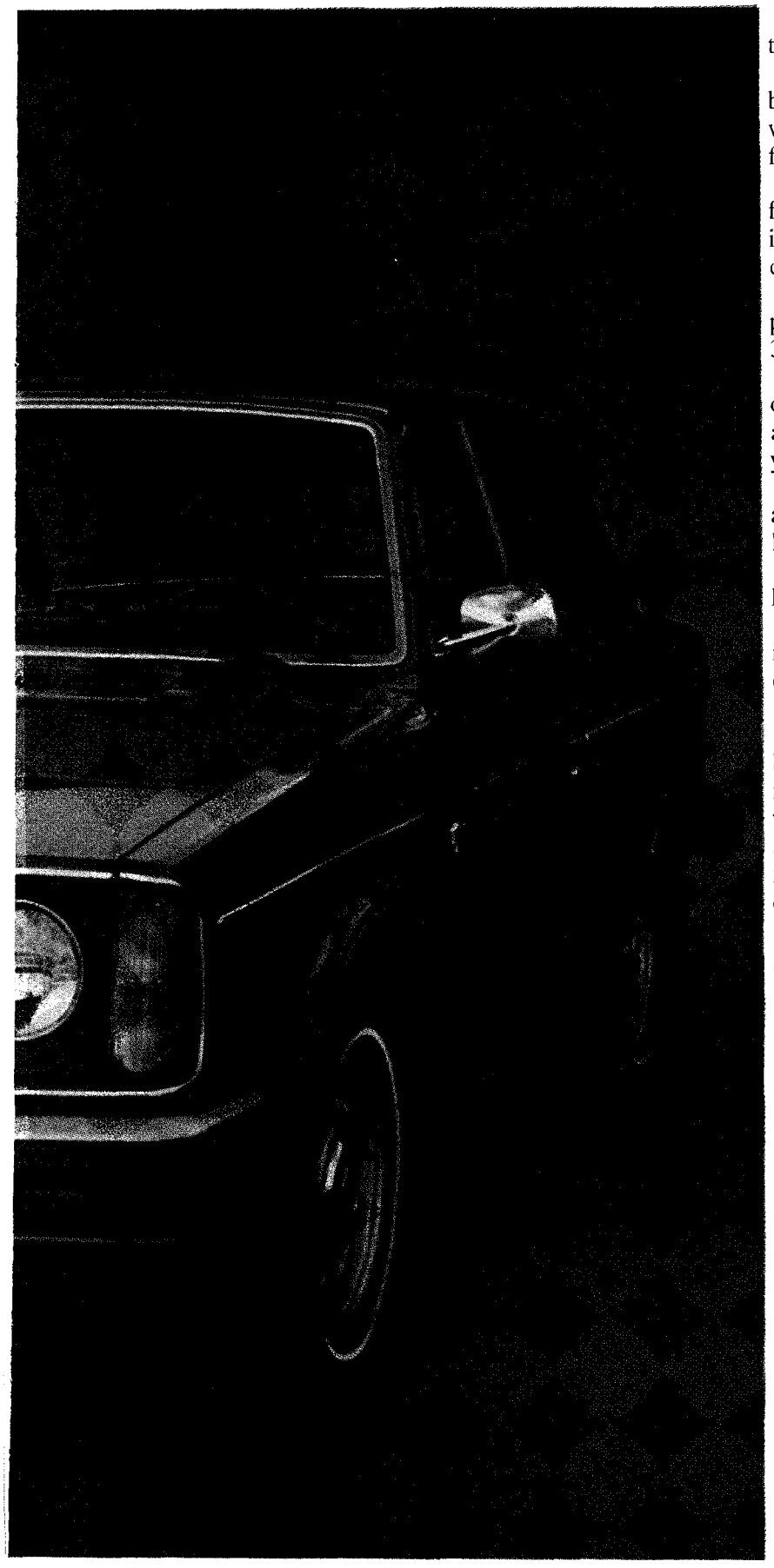
A CAR FOR PEOPLE WHO THINK.



For years, we've employed dummies to help us plan our Volvos.

By smashing our cars into concrete barriers with dummies strapped inside, we've learned how to make them safer for people.

From these tests, we developed a front end which absorbs highway-speed impacts to protect the passenger compartment.

Dummies helped us perfect a three-point seat belt capable of restraining 3½ tons of force.

And after bouncing a dummy bottom on our seats for hours on end, we devised a body support system that will cradle you comfortably for years on end.

But not all the things we do depend on a lot of dummies. Some simply require a little common sense.

All cars have head restraints. Volvo's have openings, so you can see behind you.

All cars have windshield wipers. But instead of shiny ones that glare in your eyes, Volvo had a brighter idea.

Dull black ones.

Volvo provides four-wheel power disc brakes, steel-belted radial tires, fuel injection, new suspension that makes the car corner flatter and smoother. And a heating-circulation system so versatile it can freshen the air, warm your feet and defog the front windows at the same time.

Volvo even improved on the lowly gas cap. To make it hard to leave behind, we installed a holder behind its door.

At Volvo, the smallest details are worthy of careful consideration. Which is why, all things considered, Volvo may well be the world's most carefully thought-out car.

It's not surprising then, that Volvo has a special appeal for people who think.

87% of the people who buy Volvos are college-educated.

The other 13% must be just plain smart.

VOLVO

The car for people who think.

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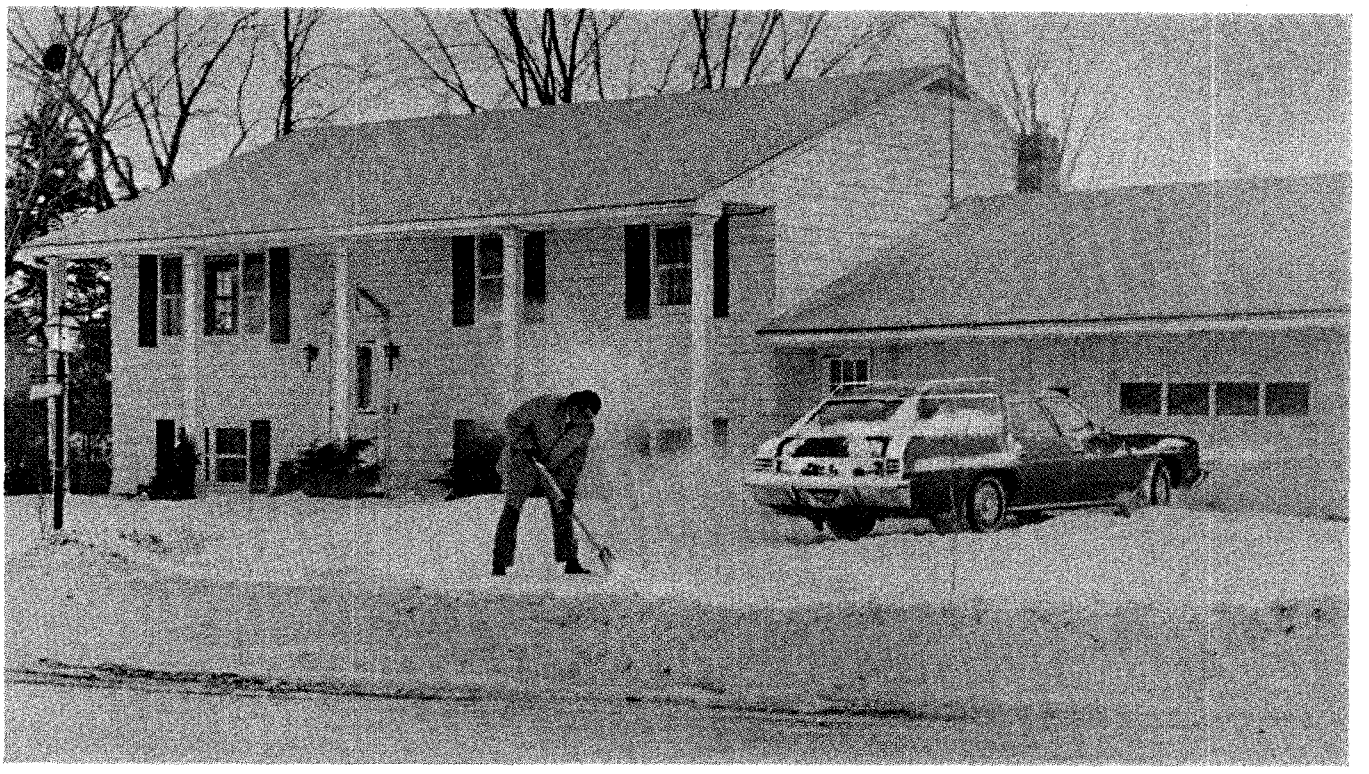
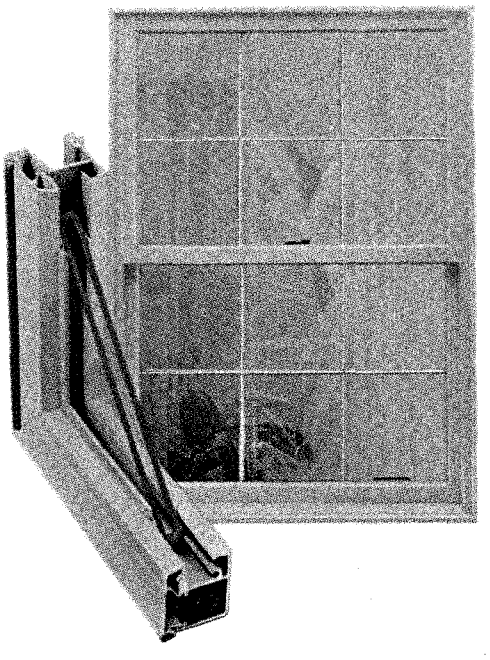


Your house can hit back when the energy crisis hits home.

Aluminum building products can help your house put the crunch on energy consumption. One example is Alcoa® Siding. When properly applied over reflective aluminum foil, it forms a protective insulating envelope that can reduce heat loss in winter and heat gain in summer. Read on for more ways to beat the weather.

Storm windows and doors can effectively "button-up" your house. They're a traditional barrier against cold and can save up to 15 percent of the energy used to heat the typical home. Low-maintenance aluminum frames can stand up to all kinds of weather. Tightly closed aluminum venetian blinds can reduce heat gain through windows and save on air conditioning costs.

For new homes or new additions, the Alcoa Insulating Window keeps Old Man Winter outside the house—where he belongs. A specially designed thermal barrier and twin panes of insulating glass help to minimize heat loss and messy "sweating."



Inadequate insulation can cause one of the biggest energy drains on your house. Sixty percent of the heat loss through uninsulated walls and a full 90 percent of the heat loss through an uninsulated roof can be prevented by proper insulation. Aluminum foil acts as a vapor barrier when attached to fibrous insulation and will help maintain high humidities that make lower room temperatures more comfortable.

If you'd like to learn more about how Alcoa Siding can help insulate your home, write for our brochure, *Home Insulation Can Be Beautiful,* Aluminum Company of America, 345-M Alcoa Building, Pittsburgh, PA 15219.

The reasons for using aluminum are found in aluminum itself.

ALCOA

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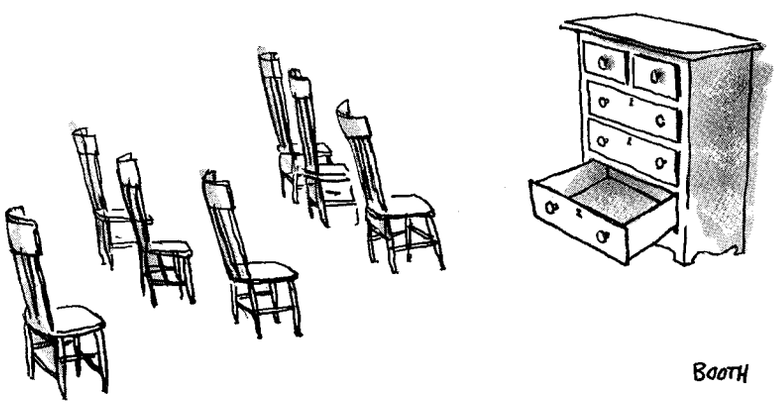
on Yom Kippur"), and the story had a happy, novelistic ending when the newspapers published an account of the affair and the young rabbi received several job offers. But meanwhile there was no money ("What does an unemployed rabbi do?") and Naomi had two small children, so she started a bakery called the Good Mother Earth Miscellaneous Company. Last year, when she and the rabbi were divorced and money was again an object, she opened the Montana Palace, naming it after her home state.

To acquaint ourselves with another facet of the enterprise, we attended a small catered supper party for which Naomi's culinary services had been engaged (she and Brandon and friends will also act as waiters when necessary, dressed in Western costumes). In spite of Brandon's urgings, the hostess couldn't quite bring herself to take the all-veg plunge (the guest list included a number of McDonald's habitués), so a mitigating filet of beef was ordered for the buffet supper. The filet arrived thinly sliced and nicely arranged on a circular platter, half covered with a delicate vinaigrette (the bare half was for the timorous young) and decorated with raw mushrooms and olives and parsley, together with an assortment of phyllo pastry cylinders and squares, the former filled with either ratatouille or a feta-cheese-and-herb mixture and the latter being the above-mentioned spinach pie, and a platter of crudités (raw cucumbers, carrots, cauliflower, red and green peppers, scallions, asparagus, tomatoes, and watercress) accompanied by two dips: (1) a delicious pesto sauce made with dried basil, fresh parsley, and olive oil, and (2) an authoritative taramosalata made of carp roe, bread, olive oil, and lemon juice. Dessert was a dense, rich, moist, not very sweet chocolate cake—it had the texture of underdone brownies—made in a loaf and served in very thin slices, because a little is enough, and a plate of Naomi's chocolate-chip and butter cookies, which are also less sweet (and to our taste more delicious) than the usual homemade cookie. The supper was a success. The food was interesting, and it tasted and looked like food that someone had taken the trouble to make, rather than like the dull, pretentious dishes that all seem to have come out of a pastry tube which are what one associates with the term "catering." Twenty-five people ate the supper, and the bill was $103.37, itemized as follows:

1 tray of phyllo pastries, $35
crudités for 25, $18.75
pesto, 1 pint, $3
taramosalata, 1 pint, $3
1 8-pound filet, trimmed, sliced, at $3.89 per pound, $31.12
1 chocolate cake, $7
1 pound cookies, $4
2 whole-wheat bread, $1.50.

(The whole-wheat bread turned out to have been forgotten when Naomi breathlessly arrived with the supper, and was quickly replaced—and not charged for—by a trip to the nearest supermarket.) Orders must be placed a week ahead of time, and entrées are sold by the tray (measuring twenty-six by eighteen inches and serving twenty-four) or by the half tray, and among the possibilities listed on the menu are moussaka, malfatti (Italian spinach dumplings), lasagna, Imam Baaldi (baked stuffed eggplant), coulibiac (a pastry stuffed with cabbage or mushrooms and rice), papazules (Yucatán squash-seed rolls), vegetable-cheese pie, and gado gado (Indonesian salad). The phone number is 673-6630.

At Empire Fruit, 1188 Madison Avenue (87th), one of the city's outstanding fruit and vegetable stores, we were seriously admonished by the owner, Oscar Bell, to get artificial fruit for our fruit bowl and keep real fruit firmly shut up in the refrigerator. Mr. Bell explained that the process of maturation goes on in picked fruit, and that ripe fruit, such as he sells at his store, will spoil in a day or so if it is left out of the refrigerator. Mr. Bell further confounded us with the information that one half of a fruit—the half opposite the stem end—is sweeter than the other, because it has been in existence longer and has thus gathered more sugar to itself. (One hopes, for the sake of family peace—"Why does *he* always get the sweeter half of the grapefruit?"—that this bit of arcana doesn't enter the public domain.) He went on to clear up the mystery of why apples and pears harvested in August and September are still good to eat in December and even as late as May: they are kept by the growers and packers in special chambers of "modified air," which retards maturation while sparing the fruit the rigors of overextended refrigeration. The apples on display at Empire Fruit are a heartening refutation of the "fact" that there is no longer any variety among fruits. In addition to the standard Red Delicious and McIntosh varieties, there are Cortland, Rome Beauty, Macoun, two kinds of Yellow Delicious, greenings, and Lady Apples. All these, thanks to "modified air" (the process was put into practice after the Second World War) and to Mr. Bell's rigorous efforts to "screen out what doesn't eat good" when he is making his selections at Hunts Point, are in peak condition and eat very good indeed. The Macoun apple, which we tasted for the first time this fall, at a fruit stand in the country, is an exceptional old variety that growers are beginning to revive: it is hard and sweet, and has a pungency and fragrance—an appleness—that is remarkable. Empire's Bosc, Comice, Seckel, Forelli, and d'Anjou pears are very fine, as are the oranges (at their best right now everywhere). Empire's Sugarloaf pineapples from Hawaii inundate one with the pleasure that tinned pineapple can only Dole out. They are ready to eat, according to a narcissistic little booklet attached to each pineapple; however, Mr. Bell advised us to wait a few days for maximum succulence—to actually keep the pineapple out—so we made room for it among the plastic grapes, and ate perfect pineapple a few days later. Mr. Bell told us proudly that if he can't find specimens of a fruit or vegetable which meet his standards, he simply doesn't stock that fruit or vegetable, and cited cantaloupe as a fruit that isn't worth eating at the end of its growing season and that he consequently didn't have in the store at the time of our visit. In the vegetable section, among the orderly array of the usual green beans, carrots, eggplants, potatoes, green peppers, etc., we noticed such unusual items as loose-leaf lettuce, bean sprouts, arugula, snow peas, tarragon, chives, and dill.



Edward Edelman, the owner of the Ideal

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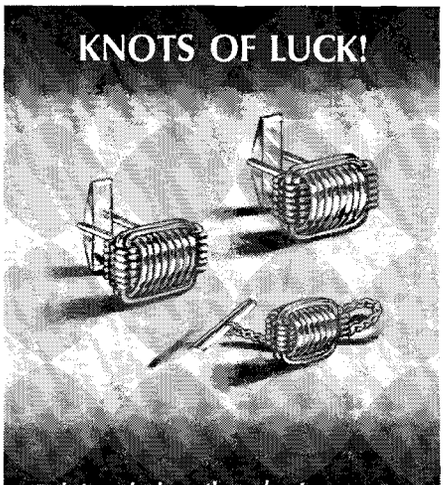

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Cheese Shop, 1205 Second Avenue (63rd), is as insistent about keeping cheese *out* of the refrigerator as Oscar Bell is about keeping fruit in it. He feels that people don't serve cheese at the right temperature, and says that taking a cheese out of the refrigerator an hour before serving it is nowhere near soon enough; he recommends four or five hours, at least, and keeps most of his own cheeses out all day, wrapped in Saran. He says this does them no harm, and, most important, makes people who taste the cheeses want to buy them. "Our customers range from struggling career girls to the élite, and we treat them all alike," Mr. Edelman told us as we stared at him in utter astonishment. "Though," he added, "we have certain shtick. We don't sell quarter pounds, for instance. Half a pound is the minimum—with a few exceptions, like the Brie, which we sell in smaller quantities, because of the price. But most people, after they try our Brie once or twice, they forget the word 'quarter pound.'" Mr. Edelman says that his prices are from ten to twenty per cent lower than the competition's, and he offers weekly "specials" at fifteen-per-cent savings. The cheeses we sampled (all in exemplary condition) were Jarlsberg ($1.98 a pound); Italian Fontina ($3.29); Swiss Fontina, made partly of skimmed milk ($2.98); mild feta ($2.49); Kasseri, a hard Greek cheese made of sheep's milk ($2.89); Chiberta, an agreeable semisoft Basque cheese of the Beaumont and Tomme de Savoie type, and new to this country, which is becoming very popular ($3.29); a rare triple-crème called L'Explorateur ($4.75 for a one-pound wheel); Gourmandise with walnuts, the cheese being imported from France and the walnuts ground and applied by Mr. Edelman ($3.98); and a very insistent fresh goat cheese from France, called Bucheron, which is made in four-pound cylinders but can, fortunately, be bought at the half-pound minimum, since a little of it goes a long, long way ($4.50 a pound). The Ideal Brie, on which Mr. Edelman rightly piques himself, is sold for immediate consumption from the meltingly soft but not oozing wheel on the counter, or for later (or even late, late) consumption from one of the wheels kept in the cold room—wheels to whose condition Mr. Edelman is intimately attuned, and to which he tenderly refers as "my Bries" as he pats them affectionately ($3.89). The sweet butter here, kept refrigerated in enormous blocks, is about the best butter we have ever eaten, and it costs $1.59 a pound. Mr. Edelman, who says he has been in the business since he graduated from high school, in 1954, but who looks about twenty-eight, told us that, far from tiring of cheeses, he loves them more and more. He confided that where before he used to nibble on candy, "now I'll go to the icebox and cut myself a hunk of cheese." (As Mr. Bell, no doubt, goes to his fruit bowl and picks himself out an overripe apple.)

AT the Dominick Salumaria, 1109 First Avenue (60th), a very grumpy lady and her peevish grown son silently sold us one of the cheeses-in-a-basket that this family grocery store is known for. The cheese, called Primo Sale ("first salting"), is soaked in brine in small, cylindrical rush baskets that serve as molds and leave their imprint on its surface. Each cheese weighs approximately a pound and costs $2 without the basket. The basket is available for an extra $2, and contributes much to the presentation of this cheese, which has the rubbery texture of mozzarella and almost no taste in the center; nearer the outside, it begins to take on an actual and quite pleasant flavor. It eventually grows on you, as the mother and son grew on us when the latter leaned over the counter and explained, "My mother is acting this way because the cash register just fell over on the floor for the second time this week."

At the famous emporium of Manganaro's, 488 Ninth Avenue (38th), there is a cheese, called Mantecha, that is nearly tasteless all the way through, and brings up the possibility that palates are more alive and differentiating in clear-aired Italian villages than they are here in Marlboro country. The Mantecha comes in balls that weigh approximately a pound and a half, are coated with yellow wax, and contain a ball of butter in the middle; $2.60. A memorable cheese course (or meal) could be constructed of Manganaro's excellent mild, rich Italian Fontina ($2.90); its Taleggio, a more intensely flavored cheese ($3.20); the butter-bearing Mantecha; and one of its round, squat loaves of bread with a sesame-seed crust and a soft, dense, chewy white inside (fifty-five cents for a one-pound loaf). Leftovers of this bread make superlative toast.

These loaves come (as do those used in six-foot-long hero sandwiches that Manganaro's makes up on a day's

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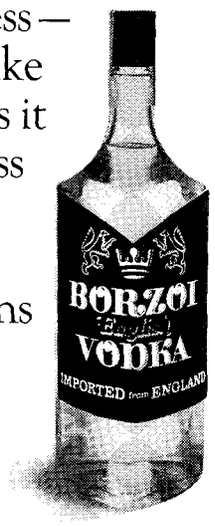

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notice and delivers anywhere in the city) from the Romaniello Bakery, across the street in the next block, at No. 476, which sells retail as well as wholesale. Romaniello also makes a noteworthy pepper bread, in a round, flat loaf with a gnarled and clotted top, which has bits of coarsely ground black pepper interspersed throughout, and a brisk but not killing peppery taste. (With this assertive bread we would serve a cheese with some clout of its own, like fresh goat cheese, rather than one of the self-effacing Mantecha sort.) The pepper bread is seventy-five cents a loaf. Romaniello sells oval pepper biscuits called friselli ($1 a pound), along with the usual (but unusually big and good) sesame-seed bread sticks, for ten cents each. The cannoli here are superb. Cannoli are hollow cylinders formed by wrapping thinly rolled-out sweet dough around a stick and deep-frying it, stick and all; the stick is then pushed out and a filling is put in its place. In Romaniello's version, the pastry shell is properly crisp but not brittle, and the filling is a thick, sweet, ivory-colored, delicately lemon-flavored goo in which bits of candied fruit appear; thirty-five cents each. Romaniello has a Christmas confection called cuccitate—made in various festive shapes—which involves a thick brown fruit-and-nut filling, tasting strongly of figs, sandwiched between spicy dry pastry and with multicolored candy dots sprinkled on top; $2 a pound. (It's a kind of glorified Fig Newton.)

Kassos Brothers, at No. 570 (41st), is another Ninth Avenue landmark, where, along with Clorox, Carnation Instant Breakfast, Purina Cat Chow, and other esoterica, one can find some of the town's best olives and feta, and an enormous variety of tinned and bottled Greek imports. The olives are in huge vats that sit on the floor under a sign giving prices and names (among them Victoria, Nafplion, Salonika, Kalamata, and Salamis) and from which one can buy a mixture (at $1.25 a pound) that will include baby eggplants and hot peppers as well as the various unctuous, well-textured black, brown, and green, small, medium, and large olives. An eight-ounce bottle of taramosalata (the peanut butter of Greece) is $1.10, and, according to the label, contains fish roe, lemon juice, salt, and olive oil; an excellent wild-thyme honey from Attikí (bearing the Homeric name of Queen Bee) is $2.25 for a sixteen-ounce bottle; feta cheese comes in mild and sharp form, and is $2.25 and $2.35 a pound, respectively; and Kasseri cheese is $2.59 a pound. Among the various Greek bottled fruit preserves on display at Kassos (these are eaten with a spoon and washed down with a glass of ice water in the land of their origin) we sampled some small, wizened cherries in a heavy sweet syrup which had a pleasant freshness and handwrought atmosphere—as if they had been put up by an independent (and inattentive) human being rather than by a slavish machine programmed to ruthlessly extract every last cherry pit. A bottled confection (also meant for spoon-feeding) called βανιλα, and made of sugar, water, and aroma of rose, has the texture of cake icing, the color of Gorham silver polish, and a taste evocative of neighborhood beauty parlors and photographs of the late King Farouk. The price of the spoon preserves and the pink sweet is $1.75 a one-pound bottle.

Poseidon Confectionery, 629 Ninth Avenue (44th), is Manhattan's primary source of baklava and related Near Eastern pastries made with phyllo. These are sold for between thirty-five and forty cents per portion, and authoritatively manifest the combination of sweetness and stickiness and crispness and sogginess that is baklava's strange contribution to pastry. A round pastry called afali has ground pistachios between its infinite layers of honey-soaked phyllo, instead of the ground almonds of baklava, and galatoboureko is a variant with a custard filling. Home bakers can buy phyllo here for $1.45 a pound (this is where Naomi gets hers); Attikí honey is $2.25 a pound; and rose water from Lebanon (which admits on its label to containing "an Excessive Amount of NON Volatile Residue") is $1.90 for a seven-ounce bottle.

NOTHING could be further removed from the scruffily approachable world of Ninth Avenue than the plush, refined second-story establishment of Kron Chocolatier, 764 Madison Avenue (65th), where exquisite, expensive chocolates are displayed on glass shelves as if they were jewels, and visitors are greeted by an elegant woman who has the air of one dealing in designer dresses rather than merely minding a candy store. A pound of mixed chocolates packed in a natural-wood crate—cognac cherries,

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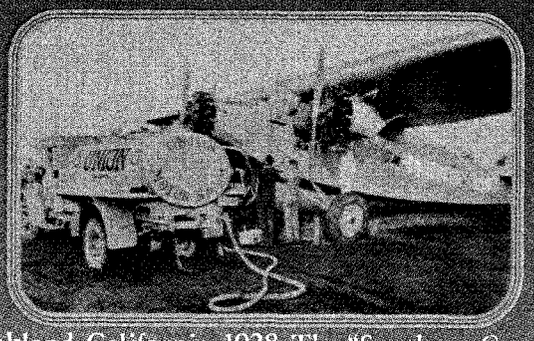

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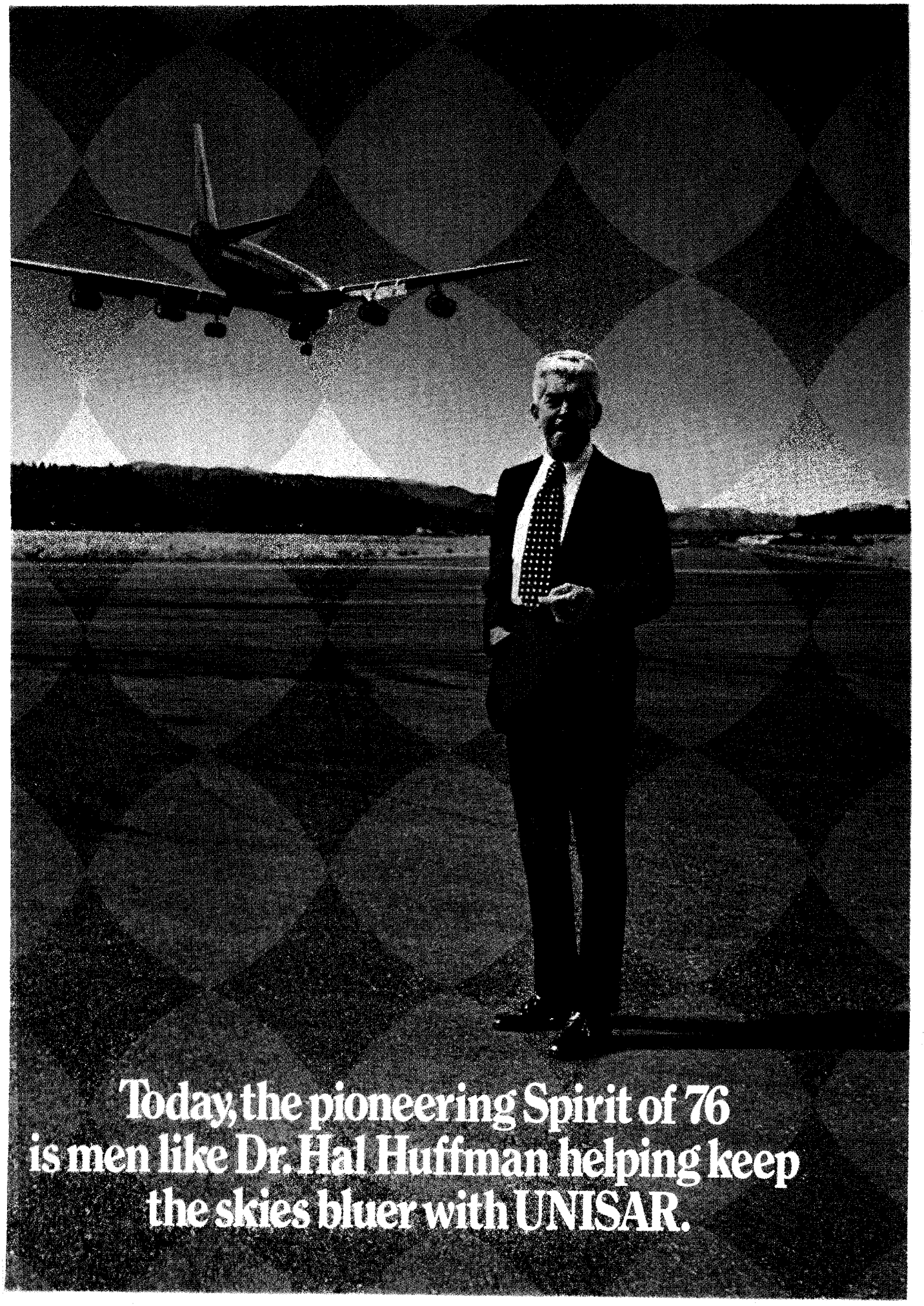

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caramels, candied fruits, and nuts—costs $10 here. These chocolates have a dark, deep, worldly suavity; they are as different from American box candy—from our artless Whitman's Samplers and sugary Fanny Farmer bridge mixes—as Henry James's sinister European princes are from his innocent girls from Schenectady. Decadent combinations of chocolate-covered fresh fruit—orange slices and strawberries—are $4.50 for a box of twelve pieces, and a small, Nero-esque bunch of chocolate-covered seedless grapes is $6. The ultimate in wicked pleasure is kept in the refrigerator: it is a box of twenty-four cocoa-and-praline-dusted cubes, called truffles, constituted of a smooth, dense, mousselike chocolate cream, and priced at $5. Special requests are accepted here (someone recently asked to have a plaster cast of the Venus de Milo covered with chocolate), and, for $50, one can buy a pound of chocolates in a box made entirely of chocolate. After giving us this information and offering us a chocolate-covered strawberry, the elegant saleswoman said she would introduce us to Mr. Kron himself, and went to summon him from the kitchen in back. We finished our candy as neatly as we could, and waited for the small, austere, elderly, ironically polite Middle European that the name Kron and the chocolates evoked. Instead, a big, burly, irrepressibly brash young man walked in, smeared all over with chocolate, like a child at a birthday party. He told us that he had dropped out of medical school a few years ago, then started making chocolates according to recipes he had inherited from his grandfather, a Budapest chocolate-maker, and that he had recently moved from East 83rd Street to the present headquarters. "You're a cute little thing, aren't you?" he remarked to a female customer, who almost dropped her cane in astonishment. Mr. Kron showed us the kitchen, which was a good deal tidier than his apron had led us to expect; it was permeated with the heavenly fragrance of good chocolate and occupied by three cute little things who were sitting at a table and balefully packing chocolates into boxes.

Miss Grimble, the creator of a sensational cheesecake, for which people have been travelling to 305 Columbus Avenue (74th) from all over the city, has opened a branch at 1042 Madison Avenue (79th). Along with the cheesecake and pecan pies and other old standbys, a remarkably rich and good pot-de-crème (or chocolate mousse) is offered, which is a far cry from the My-T-Fine travesties of pot-de-crème sold elsewhere, and, indeed, is as good as anything one can laboriously (and not all that cheaply) produce at home. It is sold by the individual portion in little clay pots with paper liners, at $1 a pot.

A new pâtisserie, called Bonté, opened at 1316 Third Avenue (75th) early this year, and joins Colette and Dumas in their near-solitary preëminence among local French pastrymakers. The Bonté fruit tarts are very fine. They come in long strips (sold for $3.60 each, or $1.80 a half) or in round tartelette form (sixty-five cents each), and have an almond-cream base, a choice of strawberry, apricot, plum, peach, or raspberry topping (the last three in season), and a distinguished butter-pastry crust. Bonté's chocolate roll ($3.95 a pound) has a gossamer quality and a dangerous magnetism; we saw a grown man struggle with himself and then listlessly fall into the maelstrom of the Third Helping. M. Bonté designed and decorated the wedding cake for Tricia Nixon's wedding and the one for Lynda Bird Johnson's, and has color photographs in the shop to prove it.

THE tug of our pent-up proletarian proclivities growing ever more insistent, we went over to the H & H Midtown Bagel Bakery, at Broadway and 80th Street, and took a place on line in front of the counter. The sign outside the shop (above it is the American Art School) that says "The World's Best Hot Bagels" says no more than the truth. The bagels, which are baked right behind the counter, are still warm when you buy them, and are nothing like the hard and turgid foundation for lox and cream cheese which one has come to associate with the word "bagel." These bagels are soft, doughy, and so characterful that one needs nothing with them, although H & H has lox, cream cheese, and other accompaniments on hand, kept in a refrigerated case near the entrance. The varieties include sesame, onion, poppy seed, pumpernickel, garlic, cinnamon-raisin, salted, and plain, and the price in all cases is fifteen cents; there are also bialys of various kinds for the same price. The best thing to do with these warm bagels is to eat them immediately, and the best place to do this is on a bench in the middle of Broadway—on the divider, that is—where one can watch the

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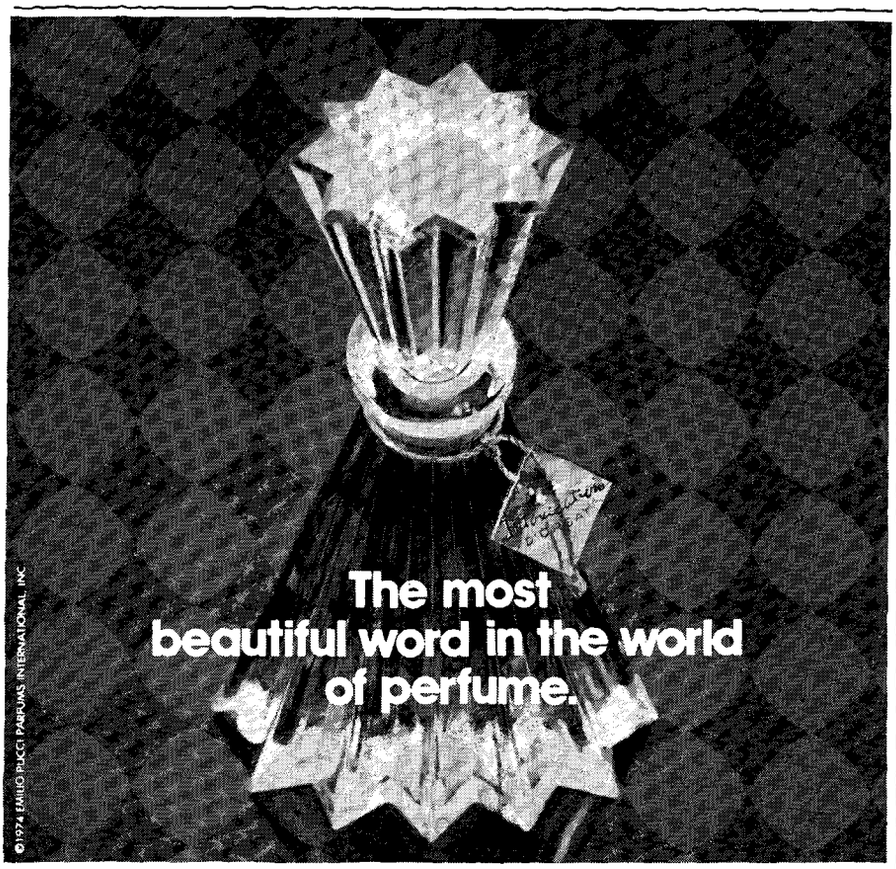

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hess's

passing parade of Isaac Singer characters (and, probably, be taken for one by one's benchmates).

Vineland Poultry Farms, 512 East 80th Street, is another instance of something perfect of its kind calmly purveyed in utterly unprepossessing surroundings, the products here being mostly eggs, butter, and cottage cheese, and the place being a kind of farm office filled with crates and boxes and scuffed old desks and cabinets piled with bills and letters, which brings Russian literature to mind—the run-down estate-managers' offices that Turgenev described in "A Sportsman's Sketches" and Chekhov implied in "Uncle Vanya" and "The Cherry Orchard." "We are the only place left that still candles its own eggs," the proprietor told us, and summoned his helper, an old former serf, who showed us the machine that performs this scrutinizing job. (It looks like a piece of old-fashioned photographic equipment.) "We serve quality Park Avenue people," the proprietor went on to say, but he agreed to sell us a dozen eggs. These had been brought in that morning from Vineland's farm in New Jersey and (as we found when we had a couple of them, boiled, for breakfast the next day) had that poignant and faintly unpleasant taste and smell which eggs have when they are really fresh, and lose after a few days—not to be confused with the sulphurous taste and smell of eggs that are going bad. Vineland Poultry Farms also has cottage cheese whose fragrance when you first open the box is as overpoweringly delightful as that of coffee when a vacuum can is first opened, and, similarly, slightly less marvellous to consume; both sweet and salted butter; and various preserves and a honey from the Catskills. The eggs are ninety-nine cents a dozen, the cottage cheese is fifty-nine cents for a three-quarter-pound carton, the butter is ninety-nine cents a pound, the preserves are from eighty-five cents to $1.20 for an eight-ounce jar, and the honey is $1.29 a pound.

The seventy-eight-year-old firm of Rohrs Teas & Coffees, 1692 Second Avenue (87th), is another remarkable anachronism; the small shop is filled with old-fashioned metal bins painted red and decorated with gold scrolls and flowers and Chinese ideograms, old copper scales and iron coffee-grinding machines, nineteenth-century advertisements for Formosa oolong tea, and other relics, which, with the fragrance of coffee, give the place an entirely pre-plastic, not to say pre-industrial, atmosphere. The owner, a very

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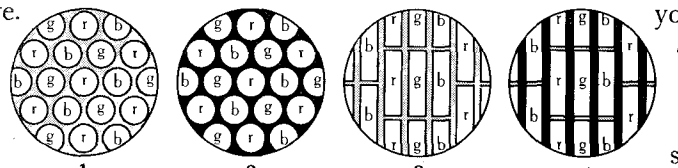

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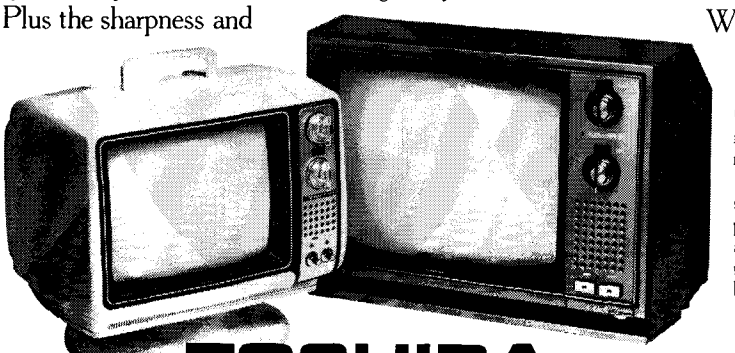

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friendly and cheerful elderly man named F. X. Delaney, told us we ought to have seen his old place down the avenue, near 83rd Street, from which he had been forced to move a year ago, and which, he said, was a lot better and more attractive, and had a good deal more of the old-time atmosphere. Mr. Delaney also assured us that the coffee he sells isn't nearly as good as the coffee he used to have when he roasted it himself. Now, because of prohibitive legislation, he and all other former local roasters can't roast (and pollute the local air) anymore but must have the job done by large roasting firms outside the city limits. "I would roast it by sight in small batches, and there was a big difference in a sight roast. They roast it by time, and it isn't as good," Mr. Delaney explained. "How much worse is the coffee now?" we asked. "Thirteen per cent," he replied. The teas have got worse, too, according to Mr. Delaney. "I used to deal with tea brokers, and now I deal with conglomerates. Naturally, there's a difference. Things are changing all over. I've heard that the English are drinking with tea bags. That's one of the most disgusting things I've ever heard." Mr. Delaney then reluctantly sold us some mocha-java coffee, French Roast coffee, and Earl Grey tea. We asked for another variety of tea, and he said, "No. You try this one and then come back and let me know how it was." We found the coffee about six hundred and thirty-two per cent better than the instant we are used to drinking, and thought that the Earl Grey had too much Lapsang Souchong in it. (It is Mr. Delaney's own mixture of Keemun, Formosa oolong, Darjeeling, and Lapsang.) Prices are $1.78 a pound for mocha-java, $1.72 for "best French Roast," $1.69 for "good French Roast," $1.66 for Colombian, and eighty-seven cents for chicory, and, among the teas, $2.20 for orange pekoe, $2.40 for Russian, $2.20 for English breakfast, $3 for Earl Grey, and $2 for Formosa oolong.

The eighty-seven-year-old establishment of Bell-Bates, 107 West Broadway (near Chambers), provides a dramatic illustration of the variety that exists here among shops of the same specialty (in contrast to the uniformity of supermarkets). Certain unalterable conventions of the tea-and-coffee trade are followed here (such as the hand-labelling of the brown paper bags into which the coffee and tea are measured), but in most respects Bell-Bates is as different from Rohrs as its owner, Salim Sayage, a thin, austere, formal, cautious, compulsively neat, and rather unbending person, differs from the jolly Mr. Delaney. For his part, Mr. Sayage does not in the least regret the good old days and scoffs at the idea that the big roasters do an inferior job. "New York would be a parking lot for roasting coffee if roasting were permitted in the city now," he said (he meant that the volume of trade is so great), and went on to say that, anyway, the crux of whether coffee is good—or "sweet," as it's called in the trade—is not the roasting so much as the selection of the beans, which is done by professional tasters. The pick of the harvest goes to places like Bell-Bates and Rohrs (and McNulty's and Schapira and Empire, among other fine local sources); the next-best beans go to producers of canned coffee; and the bottom goes to instant coffee. His lecture concluded, Mr. Sayage turned his attention to a bearded young man who had been waiting to be served, and who asked for half a pound of anise tea. Mr. Sayage's features darkened, and he told the young man that he had nothing of the sort. "The item you are looking for you will find in a health store, not in a store like this," he said sternly. After selling eight pounds of candied fruit and nuts to a lady from New Jersey, and throwing out a boy whose pizza was threatening to drip all over the rock candy he was inspecting (which caused the boy's mother, who was buying tea, to put her money back in her purse and stalk out in a huff while the boy tugged at her coat and said, "But, Ma, he didn't say *you* have to leave," and made us realize, as we consulted our conflicting sympathies, that this was one of those rare situations in life where everyone is right)—after all this, Mr. Sayage sold us some mocha-java ($1.90 a pound), and French Roast coffee ($1.95), and some Golden Tip Darjeeling ($4.50), which he characterized as the queen of teas. The mocha-java and French Roast coffees bore out Mr. Sayage's contention that good coffee is good coffee (it tasted just like Rohrs' equivalents); the Darjeeling proved to be rich, resonant, smooth—one could almost say sonorous, in attempting to convey its remarkable character. Suffice it to say, perhaps, that the pot of it we carefully brewed at home and

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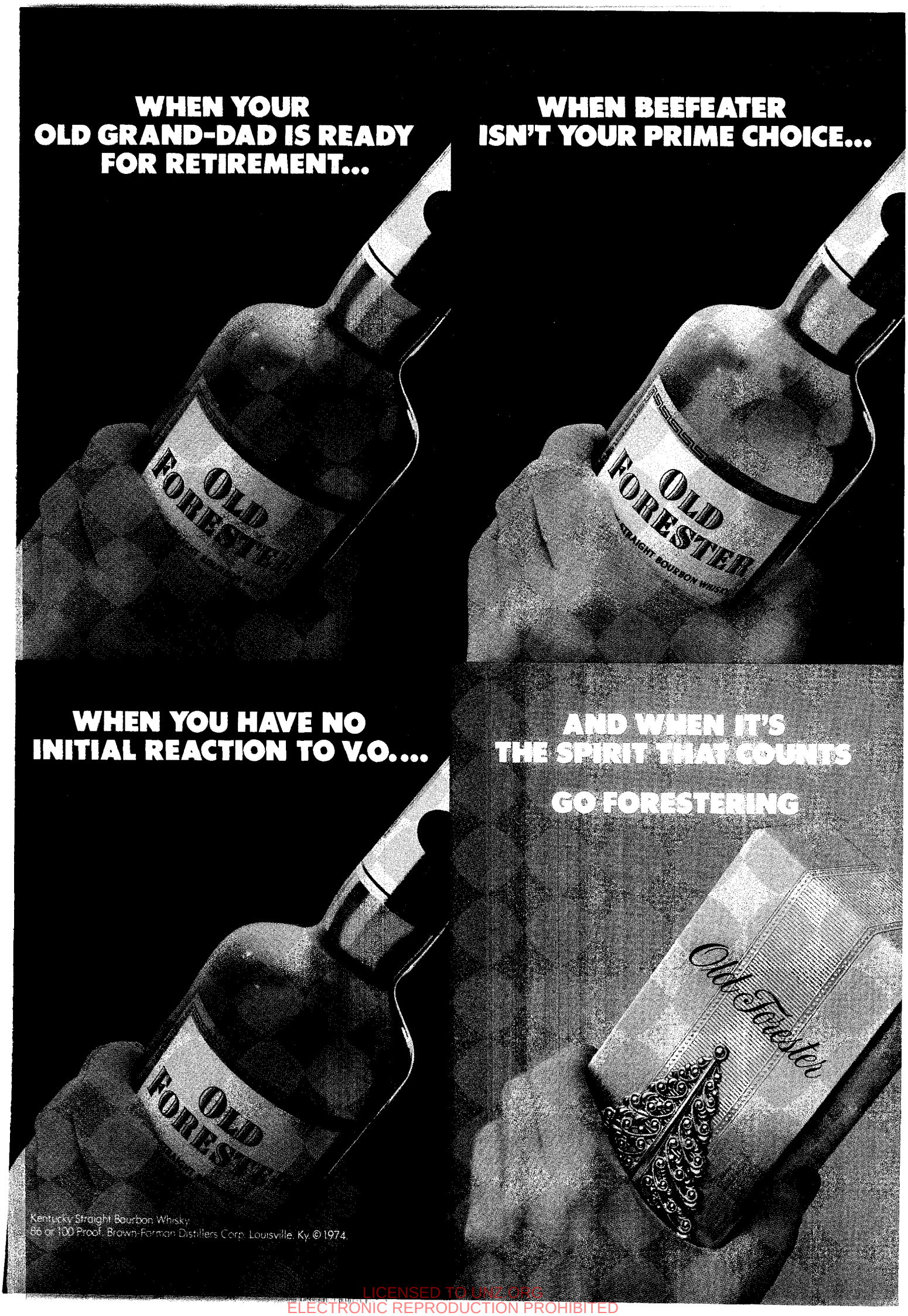

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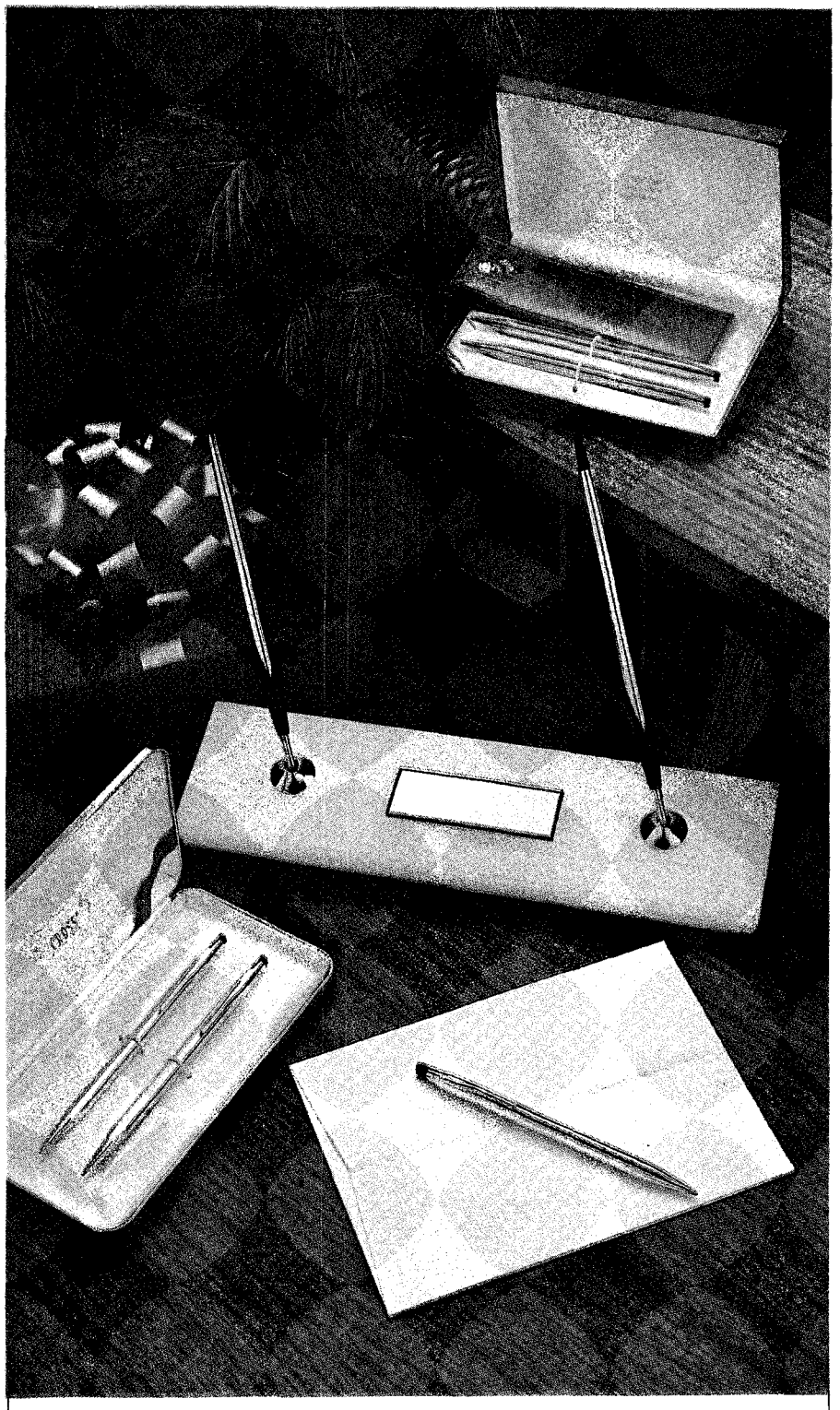

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drank with milk and sugar was almost as good as the tea one gets everywhere in England.

WRITING about the deficiencies of the English cuisine, Harold Nicolson observed, "It all comes from our having a large breakfast. This we do well. The fact remains, however, that races which have a good breakfast have a bad luncheon and a bad dinner. Then we have buns for tea. Hot buttered buns and sometimes muffins." He concludes, "There will be no hope for Anglo-Saxon cooking until we train ourselves to have rusks and coffee for breakfast and no tea at all." The wave of the meatless future, however, may well be a revival of the very institutions that Nicolson deplores. To tide us over between our nut-burger luncheons and kelp-Wellington dinners we may well need all the buns and muffins we can get in the middle of the afternoon and a big breakfast as well, not to speak of early-morning tea, elevenses, cocktail canapés, and cake and milk at midnight. From the flourishing condition of a shop named Country Host, 1435 Lexington Avenue (94th), which opened a year and a half ago and has now expanded into the shop next door, one may gather that a sufficient number of breakfast eaters, tea takers, and other diet-unconscious types already exist. This family business, presided over by an Englishwoman named Rona Deme, with the cheerful assistance of a congress of husband, sons, and daughter-in-law, is a veritable cornucopia of tea and breakfast comforts. Here one finds things like Eccles cakes, Irish soda bread, homemade gingerbread and carrot cake, hams, cheeses, honeys, homemade preserves, and fresh eggs, and these are the things that give the place (which also traffics in dinner and luncheon fare) its special and singular character. The Irish soda bread, a new arrival from the firm of Mrs. Anderson, in Newtown, Connecticut, is a charming object to see on the tea table. It is a round, high-sided, puffy loaf, with the creased and creviced top of an overreaching soufflé and an interesting taste that comes of the yoking rather than blending of the flavors of caraway seed, baking soda, and raisins; $1.35 the loaf. Another new item at Country Host is zucchini bread, the recipe for which came from a lady in California who had sent away for some of Mrs. Deme's apricot bars (praised here last year and still praiseworthy) and wanted to show her gratitude. This is not a bread but a cake of the

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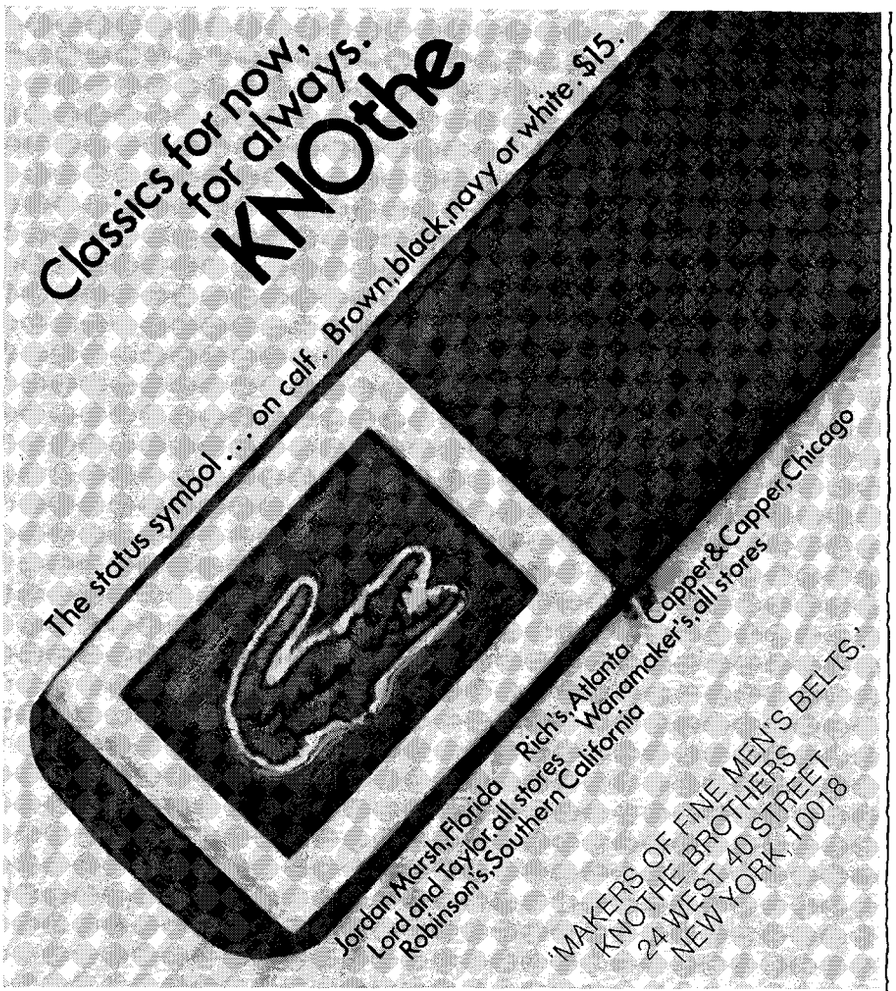

gingerbread or banana-bread type, though it doesn't taste of zucchini the way banana bread tastes of banana; the zucchini makes its presence apparent in small green flecks, and contributes a subtle squashlike flavor. It's very pleasant, and, like the equally pleasant carrot, banana, gingerbread, and lemon loaves, is $2 a pound. Mrs. Deme's homemade cookies are $4 a pound, and the varieties are chocolate chip, currant, oatmeal-raisin, butter, and brown sugar. The crunchy and chewy brown-sugar cookies were our favorites but seemed, like the rest, a mite too sweet. (The high price of sugar may persuade Mrs. Deme, if we can't, to hold back.) Mrs. Deme's preserves, made from wild fruit gathered around the family farm in Connecticut, are sealed with wax and sold in hand-labelled plastic-top bottles; blackberry, elderberry, wild cherry, and rose-peach are some of the flavors, and prices range from $1.75 to $2 a half-pound bottle. (The trick of handling pectin and avoiding runniness on the one hand and rubberiness on the other, at which M. Polaner & Son, Jane Parker, et al. are adept, and home canners usually are not, is pretty well negotiated by Mrs. Deme, though in a few cases she errs on the side of rubberiness.) Her Scottish Eggs, which are hard-boiled eggs in a coat of sausage meat and bread crumbs that have been deep-fried and may be eaten reheated or cold, make a fine addition to high tea or supper, and so do the Cornish pasties, which are crescent-shaped pasties filled with ground meat, onions, potatoes, and carrots, and the Scottish meat pies, which are little pies filled with the same mixture plus tarragon. Any of these are sixty cents each. For dinners and luncheons, Mrs. Deme offers her excellent baked hams ($25 to $30 whole, and $3.80 by the pound) and various entrées, ranging from homey shepherd's pie and steak-and-kidney pie, at $2 a portion, to an elegant boned chicken breast stuffed with Swiss cheese and ham (there's something homey about this, too), which costs $2.75 a portion. On a recent Saturday morning, a family of six who had decided to submit themselves to the strange experience of a weekend spent out-of-doors instead of in the kitchen set off for the country with a basket of provisions from Country Host. For lunch, they ate slices of ham and roast beef; chicken salad; thin-cut slices of brown, black, and white bread from Orwasher's bakery; a Fontina cheese; and assorted cookies. For dinner, there was steak-and-kidney pie, which had a good lard

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crust, a satisfying ratio of beef to kidney, and potatoes, onions, carrots, and mushrooms as well, in a rich brown sauce (and needed only a salad to accompany it), with lemon cake and apricot bars for dessert. Sunday lunch was leftovers from Saturday lunch (there was enough steak-and-kidney pie to freeze and make a meal of a few weeks later), and the bill came to around $35. The food was delivered exactly on time, came nicely and carefully packed, was nourishing and delicious, and imparted to the weekend an agreeableness and ceremoniousness that were felt by all and are what the idea of traditional English comfort is about.

Jewish comfort, which arises from a harsher reality and therefore (as a whole school of Jewish-American writing has been at pains to show) can't always be distinguished from discomfort, may be studied in one of its most authoritative manifestations at the establishment of Russ & Daughters, 179 East Houston Street, which was founded sixty years ago by the late Joel Russ and is now owned by two of the three daughters, Hattie Gold and Anne Federman, and their husbands, Morris and Herbert. Here smoked and pickled fish are displayed in a profusion that is almost alarming. Whitefish, trout, chub, kippered herring, kippered salmon, sable, butterfish, lake sturgeon, Nova Scotia salmon, lox, white salmon, Alaskan salmon, matjes herring, schmalz herring in cream, pickled schmalz herring plain or in cream, and a dried fish called kapchunka are exhibited along with potato salad, coleslaw, cream cheese with chives or vegetables, Greek salad, health salad, farmer cheese, sauerkraut, olives, and so on—and this is only *one side* of the store. On the other side, in even greater profusion, are Russ & Daughters' nuts, candies, and jumbo dried fruit: apricots, pears, pineapples, cherries, peaches, bananas, dates, yellow and brown raisins, cashews, raw pecans, Indian nuts, chocolate-covered raisins, rum cordials, nonpareils, licorice "buttons," chocolate-covered caramels, St.-John's-bread, candied papaya, halvah, and so on and on. We can confidently recommend everything in the store, since, at the insistence of Mr. Federman and Mr. Gold, we ate a little of everything in the store, plus half of Mr. Federman's lunch of kippered herring, which he had been on the verge of eating when we came in, and wouldn't hear of our not joining him at. ("Joining him" meant sitting at the table and eating

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while Mr. Federman, his plate untouched, brought silver, napkins, and coffee and hovered over us like a Jewish mother.) The kippered herring was one of the most delicious things we have ever eaten—it was gently sautéed in butter with onions—but *the* most delicious thing we have ever eaten was the lake sturgeon ($12 a pound), whose delicacy of flavor and texture spoiled us for the other, no doubt excellent fish we were compelled to sample. In the sweets department, while eating an apricot (for which the word "dried" is a misnomer, it was so soft and plump and succulent) and listening to Mr. Federman's stories about the business and how every member of the family comes and works behind the counter—even his daughter "who won't eat anything that's living and is into Yoga"—we remembered the Christmas stockings of our childhood, filled with nuts and fruits and candies just like those at Russ & Daughters. We brought a bagful of these evocative and wholesome goodies home to our children, who were into Devil Dogs but graciously accepted the windfall and deftly extracted all the chocolates.

Gifts for Men

AMONG the menfolk of our acquaintance, none have "everything," and many have fewer possessions than they would like. These men are still capable of taking delight in grand or humble gifts when the gifts are chosen with thought and love. We have in mind a particular friend who very much enjoys getting presents—at Christmas or any other time. He is an enthusiastic sort of chap with wide interests and sound taste, and pleasures boyish and urbane. He enjoys the outdoor life as well as a good glass of wine; he bakes bread and plays a fast game of squash; and he likes both to chop wood and to sit beside the fire with quiet dreams. Perhaps some parts of the list he has inspired could be applied to men *others* would like to please this Christmas.

Toys, Sports, and Games

FOR evenings among the lengthening shadows on velvet lawns, there is a four-person set of square-headed croquet mallets, together with hoops and balls, on the eighth floor of Abercrombie & Fitch, for $395. The elegance of this equipment would discourage any deviation from the most formal country-house regulations, and certainly put paid to any riotous thwacking around in the shrubbery. The set is made by the craftsmen at Jaques, of Thornton Heath, Surrey, and established in 1795. The pieces are housed in a green wooden case that looks as though it should be carried on the heads of native bearers through some steamy colonial jungle. A set of four English lawn bowls, made by the same firm, is $85.

Chiefly for the breezy days of spring and fall is a dragon kite made of shiny, silvery Mylar, available at Go Fly a Kite, 1434 Third Avenue (81st), for $10.50. After a scaly but distinctly amiable head, forty-five feet of tail streams snakily forth to dip, bob, and twinkle in the sun. Other kites—which, like the dragon, are simple to fly—start out as easily assembled kits of paper and balsa wood, and become shapes based on the airplanes of the First World War. The planes have a four-foot wingspan, and cost around $7. A pair of kitesmen might replay old battles by racing the Red Baron Fokker triplane (red with black crosses on its wings) against a Sopwith Camel biplane (khaki wings marked with blue-and-red bull's-eyes).

For the short, crisp days of midwinter, there is a toboggan made in Maine of the best ash wood and to be seen at the Post Ski Shop, 1323 Third Avenue (75th). A six-foot version, to hold about five people, is $50; smaller toboggans are less. For hikers who do not allow winter to halt their explorations of the wilderness, the shop has snowshoes, made in Quebec by an Indian tribe; $35. A pair of ice-hockey skates costs anywhere from $20 to $55, depending on quality; the price of a pair of Norwegian cross-country skis ranges from $40 to $60, depending on length. The courteous advice of Mr. Post, the shop's proprietor, is free. Long winter evenings are the time for jigsaw puzzles by the fire. The crisp naïvetés of Bruegel's "Winter Landscape" emerge, in a circular version, after a challenging tussle with the four hundred and fifty pieces of a jigsaw puzzle by Springbok. This is at the Hallmark Gallery, 720 Fifth Avenue (56th), and costs $4.

The Racquet Shop, 112 East 55th Street, is *not* going to stock the latest status symbol in tennis racquets (the Yamaha composite, from Japan) but does recommend the Arthur Ashe Competition 2, which is $90, including gut stringing. A new kind of squash ball at this shop is a compromise between the soft English ball and the hard American ball. What's more, it's

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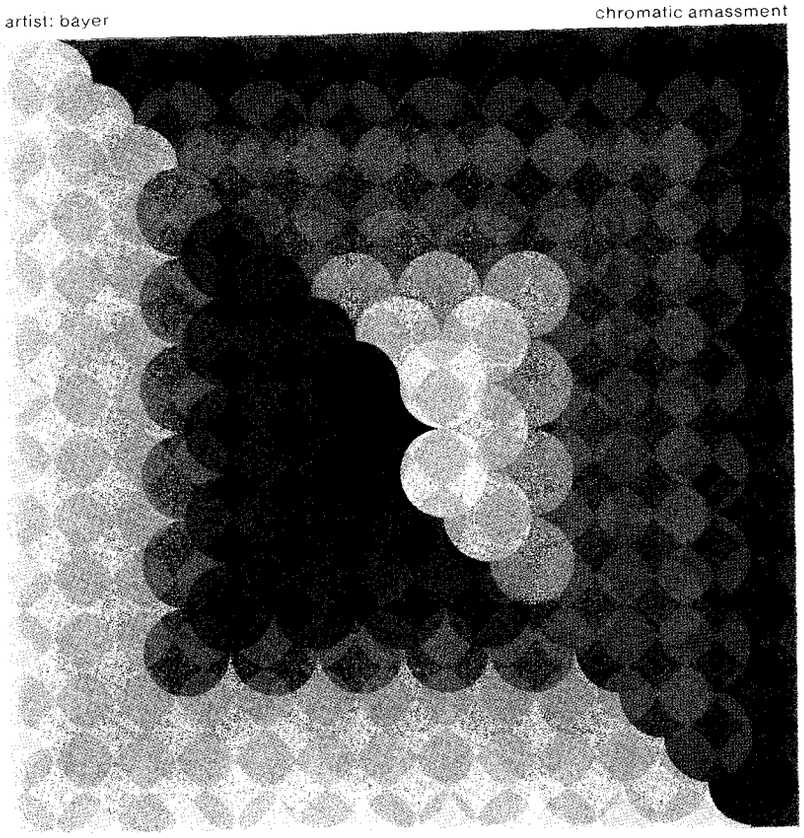

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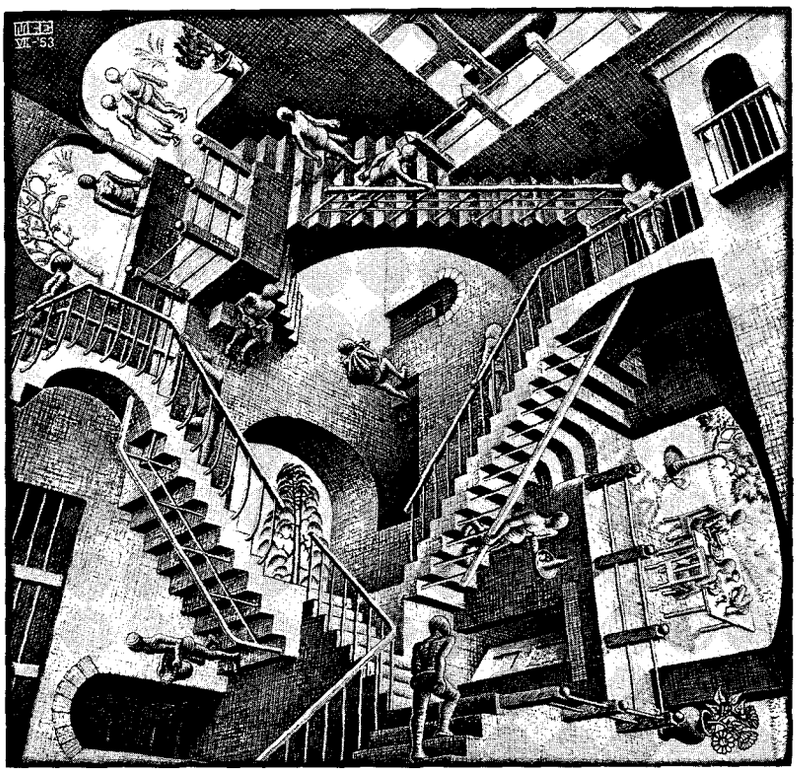
The real
We move in different directions, disregarding our neighbor's goal. We dilute our efforts. We fail to reach the equilibrium our strength could give us.

artist: escher



Achieving national goals requires a balanced effort. We must continue to seek new ways to reduce air and water pollution . . . raise the standard of living of men and women whose potential contribution to society is not being realized . . . and maintain a sound economy, which will be necessary to achieve environmental and social goals.

Above all, we must broaden our perspective to weigh all our goals in making decisions. For these goals are interrelated. We cannot afford to pursue any one of them at the cost of another.

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made in Australia; $2.50. Our friend the Christmas prototype is lucky enough to have access to an Ivy League squash court, but less fortunate would-be players might like to be given a one-year membership in the Fifth Avenue Racquet Club, 404 Fifth Avenue (37th). After this initial payment, which is $15, squash games cost somewhere around $6 per court per half hour of play, the rate varying with the time of day.

For weather-bound mariners of reasonable dexterity and considerable patience, scale-model shipbuilding kits can be found at the model shop of the South Street Seaport Museum, which is at 207 Water Street, in one of a row of handsomely restored early-nineteenth-century houses near Fulton Street. All the shop's kits are made of *hardwoods of the best sort*, and have real brass and pewter fittings. A version of the schooner America, which was built in 1851 and set off the America's Cup yacht races, is suitable for a beginner, at $38.50; the Mayflower is somewhat more complicated, and is $45. Upstairs, above the model shop, there is an interesting collection of model ships, including a man o' war that was painstakingly assembled by a prisoner of the Napoleonic Wars out of odd scraps, including soup bones. There is also the sizable model clipper that used to be in Lüchow's restaurant, but this ship is made of wood, and not out of stockpot remains from Lüchow's *Kraftsuppe*.

In the Kitchen

LIKE those of several other men we know, our friend's activities in the kitchen revolve around a number of specialties, which are created occasionally and with a fair amount of ceremony. Basic equipment for sporadic cooks should probably include plenty of measuring cups and spoons, which are more likely to seem essential to men scrupulously following recipes than to their more practiced womenfolk, who go in for reckless handfuls and careless pinches. La Cuisinière, 867 Madison Avenue (71st), is one of many places to find a set of four Foley stainless-steel measuring cups, for $4; it is the only place to find a particularly stylish set of four measuring spoons in bright-colored, highly glazed Italian pottery, for $6.95. This shop also has thoroughly practical aprons ($7.95) of navy-and-white striped cotton, like those worn by English butchers—a manly breed who would not dream of getting tricked out in the coy "execu-

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The Market.

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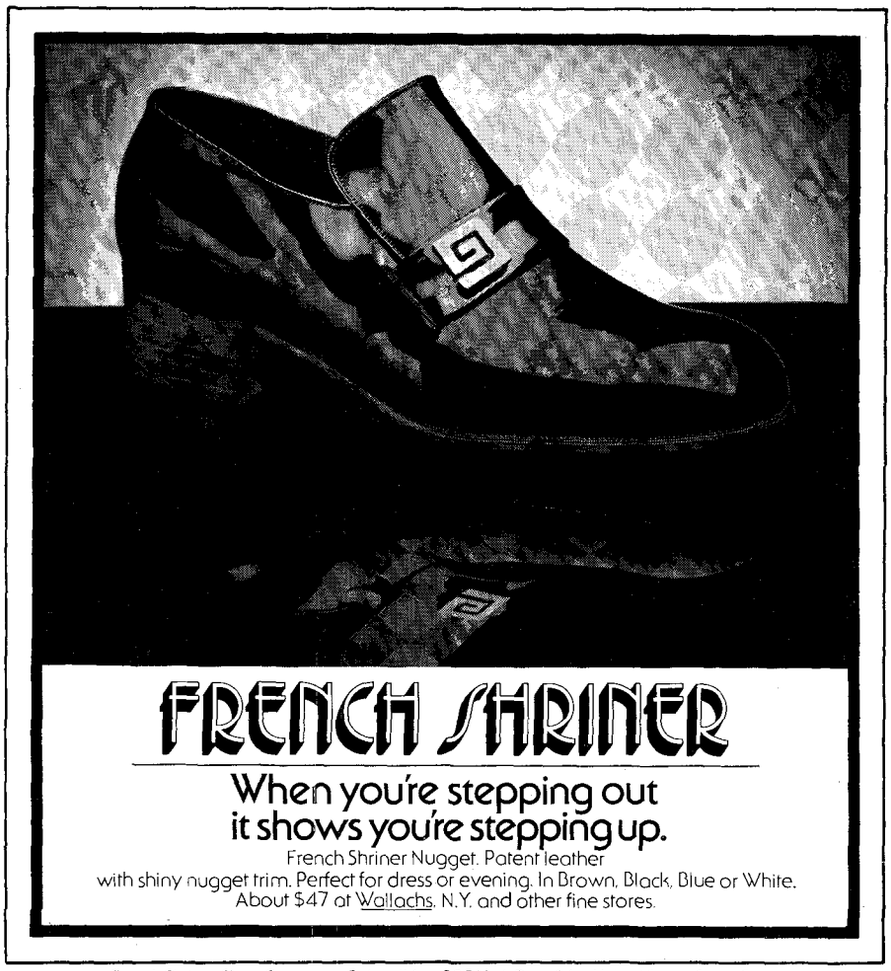
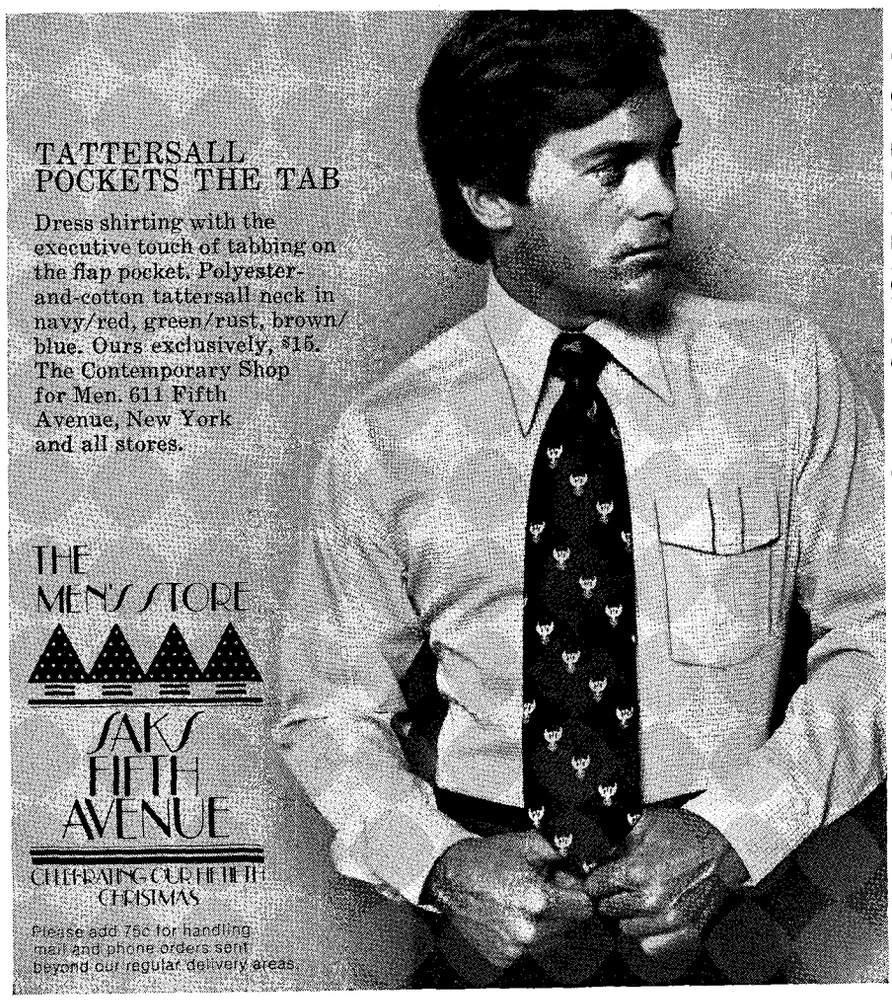


French Shriner Shoe Company, Beloit, Wisc. 53511. A Div of the United States Shoe Corp.



tive aprons" that most shops here think appropriate for men who cook. For omelette chefs, La Cuisinière has an eight-inch omelette pan of a heavy cast aluminum that does not demand as much pampering as cast iron; the handle is of walnut, and the price is $24.50.

For breadmakers, the Bridge Company, 212 East 52nd Street, can supply a sectioned French bread pan, of the black steel that helps create a crunchy crust, and with compartments for six baguettes; $14.95. A baker's blade for making authentic slashes in the tops of risen loaves—the blade described in Julia Child's definitive chapter on making French bread—is seventy-five cents. Further discussions of breadmaking methods, flours, and recipes may be found in James Beard's sensible and literate volume "Beard on Bread" (Knopf, $7.95). Mr. Beard gives, among other recipes, a good one for making a white loaf that is neither sweet nor soft, and he eschews the sort of feebleminded apostrophizing of the heavenly fragrance of baking which mars so many books about bread.

We know other men whose culinary specialties are fish mousses, terrines, and creamed soups. For these, and for men who get saddled with the dogsbody chores of food preparation, there is the Cuisinart Food Processor, which comes to the Bridge Company from France, and which is heartily endorsed by a ginger-bearded literary man of our acquaintance who was the happy recipient of the machine some time ago. The Processor has a motor far superior to the kind in most blenders, and it slices, shreds, purées, mixes, chops, or grinds with amazing speed; $160. A kitchen gadget of great service even to the least domesticated of men is an electric coffee-maker called Mr. Coffee, which is on the sixth floor of Hammacher Schlemmer and costs $40. In the space of four minutes, cold water poured in the top is heated, passes through a filter containing coffee, and drips down into a ten-cup glass jug, where the coffee can be kept hot for hours.

The Bathroom and the Dressing Room

On the third floor of Hammacher Schlemmer, a pair of scales with a dial at waist height, for the short-sighted and weight-conscious, is $95. And $39.95 buys a special kind of showerhead, by Waterpik, that may be twiddled to produce a particularly

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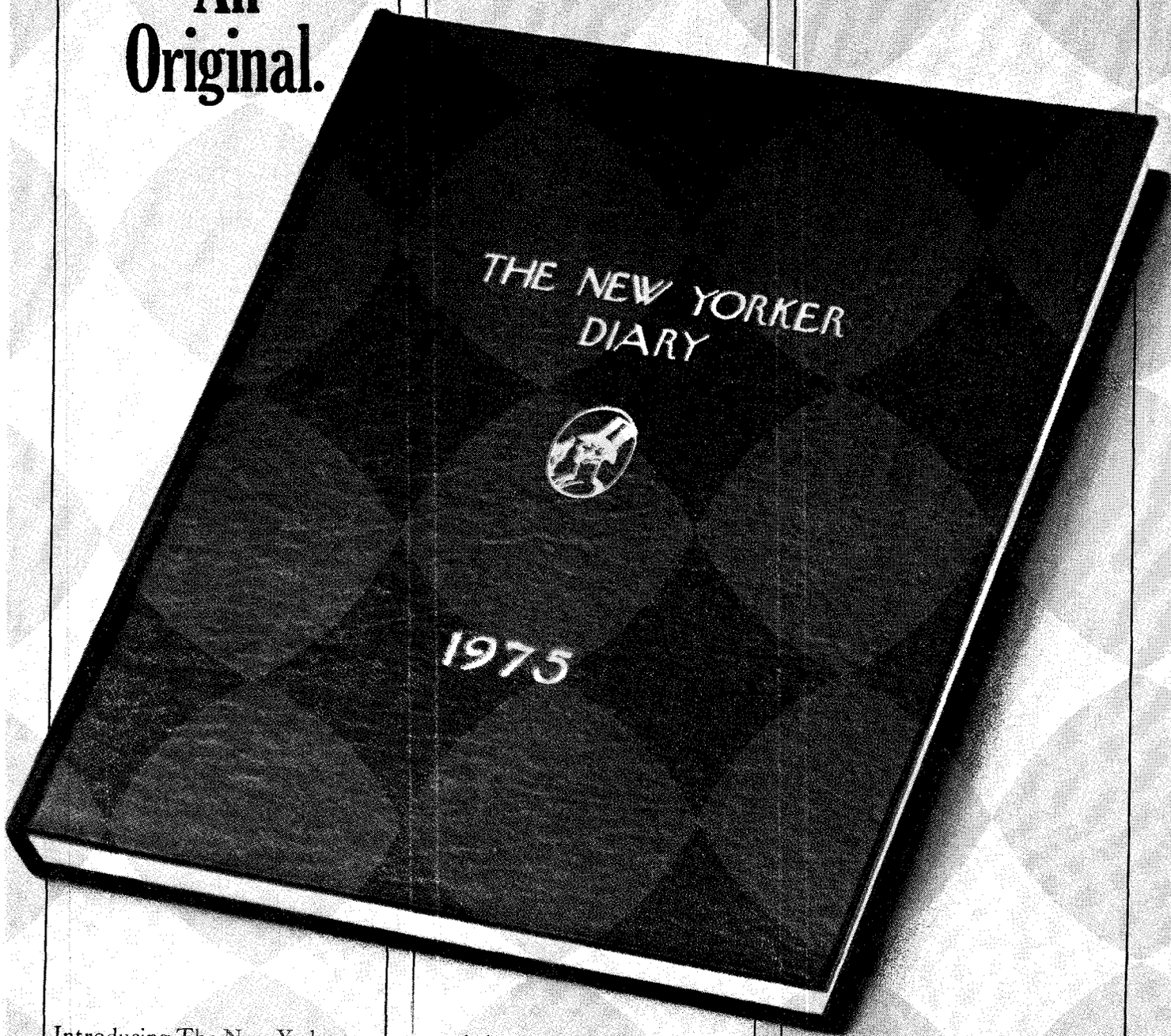

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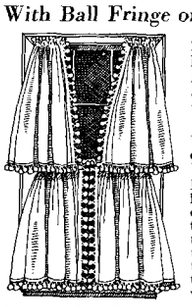

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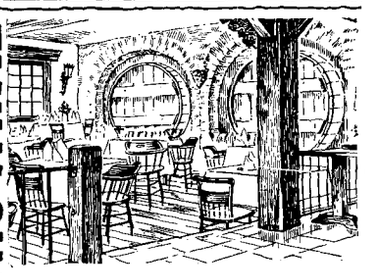

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fierce spray; "shower-massage" is what the manufacturer calls the effect. On emerging from this steamy stimulation, a fellow might relax by wrapping himself in a large and fluffy towel that has been thoroughly warmed on an electrically heated, chromium-plated towel stand; $98.50. Or, if a man's taste is for the calmer waters of the bathtub, there is a chromium-plated English tub tray, to hold soap and sponge—and perhaps a book, for any father who cares to indulge in a little reading in the bath; $45. Braun's slim little hair dryer, with detachable brush and comb for drying hair in the right shape, is $15.95.

The best place for the more gentlemanly kinds of soap, cologne, and after-shave lotion—worn by Prince Philip, that is, and not by Joe Namath—is Caswell Massey, 518 Lexington Avenue (48th). One of the firm's latest acquisitions is a range of toiletries by Mouson, perfumers of Nuremberg, which is called Black Jack. A three-ounce bottle of cologne is $10; a bar of black soap is $3. Caswell Massey proudly calls itself "America's oldest pharmacy," and one of its oldest recipes is No. 6, which was launched two hundred and twenty-three years ago, and is said to have been worn by the Marquis de Lafayette and George Washington. An eight-ounce bottle of No. 6 after-shave, for this pre-bicentennial Yule, is $10; a box of three big bars of No. 6 soap is $6.

Bergdorf Goodman's men's shop has a handsome choice of bathrobes, in case a man you know is in need of a new one. Pure cotton terry cloth from Germany, velours on the outside and rougher on the inside, is made up into a variety of styles, often in glowing, stained-glass colors. A mid-calf-length wrap robe of the terry in a rich, pine-tree hue has a notched collar; $65. Other terry robes get piped around lapels and such in contrasting colors; possible combinations are white on deep green, blue on red, and red on blue. Lord & Taylor has some classic, drawstring-waisted pajamas made of pure Pima cotton. These also involve contrasting piping, to produce engaging color combinations like rose piped with navy, red with white, brown with beige, and yellow with brown; $22.50. San Francisco, 975 Lexington Avenue (71st), has calf-length nightshirts of the finest quality of English shirting cottons, with a buttoned tab front to mid-chest and a white band collar like the one worn by Grant Wood's farmer in "American Gothic." The nightshirts are $70.

Tools

OUR friend has taken to splitting his own fireplace logs, and at B. Wankel & Son, 1573 Third Avenue (88th), we noticed a Stanley wedge and sledgehammer suited to such tasks; $5.15 and $17.79, respectively. Other suggestions made by Mr. Wankel of Wankel's for men like our friend—who likes to potter around the house tackling jobs that need to be done, and who sometimes takes on quite unnecessary projects just because he feels like it—include an all-purpose ratchet screwdriver ($15.85), a set of four wood chisels ($20.49), a clamp-on, swivelling vise for holding either wood or metal ($16.98), a handyman's knife with four extra blades inside a molded handle ($2.05), a Surform pocket plane, for shaving off high spots on wood, including sticky doors and windows ($2.45), and a Yankee push drill, which is $13.79 for the best-quality version, with eight drill points inside the handle. All these tools are manufactured by Stanley. The firm of Petersen makes a very handy pair of Vise-Grip pliers that Wankel's sells for $3.49. Here also is a pair of work or gardening gloves, bearing the title "Mule Family," that have pale-blue suèded-leather palms, and backs that are partly suède and partly heavy cotton with mattress-ticking stripes in blue and red; $2.29.

The Study

ON the wall of a masculine haven might hang an antique (c. 1880) schoolhouse clock from a collection at Clocks & Things, 1001 Second Avenue (53rd). In either oak or mahogany, these vaguely keyhole-shaped clocks are some thirty-three inches high; in rosewood, they're somewhat shorter. In either case, the price is in the neighborhood of $350. On a man's desk might stand a thermos jug—for hot coffee or iced water—finished in nickel, brass, or silver, from Hammacher Schlemmer. The jugs have a curved lip with a hinged lid, and a discreet beaded trim encircles their nicely bulbous body. A half-litre size is $55.

Peter Rodell, a gifted craftsman who makes and restores lamps, most of them of solid brass, at his shop at 326 East 81st Street, can supply a splendid brass desk lamp for $78. This is in the form of an electrified, twin-shaded oil

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lamp of the Victorian "student" type that Prince Albert brought to Buckingham Palace as a bridegroom. From a central rod of brass, twisted like a barber pole and topped with a ring for carrying, there grows an oil tank of brass, hexagonal in shape, like a Dickensian street lamp, and twin branches bearing ten-inch mushroom-shaped, petal-textured green glass shades. Rodell has other lamps along the same lines, some with a single glass shade in a choice of yellow, emerald, or apple green. These are $45. (Mr. Rodell's shop hours, though long, are irregular, and it is best to call ahead; the number is 288-5678.)

Leaning into the lamp's pool of light, the occupant of our Christmas den might like to light a contemplative cigar with a match struck on the ribs of a porcelain matchstriker, made for some turn-of-the-century Paris bistro and now in a collection at La Cuisinière. One of the finest is of a deep, melancholic, glittery blue and bears an advertisement for some long-outlawed absinthe; $47.50. And then our happy fellow, safe in the knowledge that he will not be disturbed, might turn to his copy of "Masterpieces of Science Fiction" ($4.95) or any other choice from an extensive list of science fiction (and Tolkieniana) at the Science Fiction Shop, 56 Eighth Avenue (near Horatio).

Bird-Watching

OUR friend is a confirmed and experienced bird-watcher, and is already equipped with all but the fanciest kind of gear for the pursuit. Neophytes, though, might start off modestly, in their own back yard, with a Droll Yankee bird feeder to hang where the antics of the small birds it attracts can be clearly observed from the breakfast table. The regular size of this tube of clear plastic set with feeding stations is $12.50 at Abercrombie's; a larger size is $22.50. Also designed to be visible from the house is a disc-shaped outdoor thermometer, fourteen inches in diameter, with either a plain white face or one adorned with pictures of colored songbirds. This is $14.95 at Hammacher Schlemmer. Once the bird-watcher has ascertained that the weather is not too inclement, he may sally forth in stout shoes, with, in his pocket, a paperback copy of the "Birds of North America: A Guide to Field Identification," which is published by the Golden Press, for $3.95. (This is sensibly organized, with colored pictures opposite descriptions, area maps

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And you're still drinking
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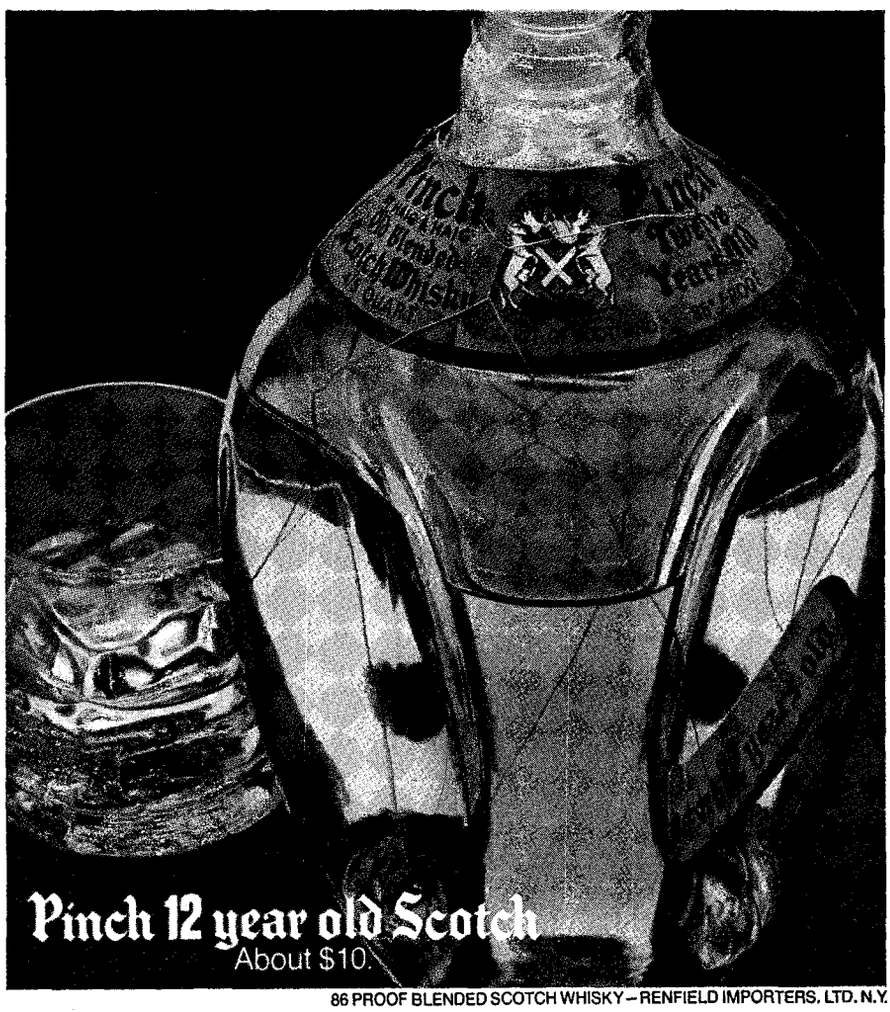

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showing the ranges of birds, and graph-like transcriptions of song.)

A year's membership in the National Audubon Society is $15, and brings, among other benefits, six issues of a beautifully produced magazine about the natural world in all its aspects. Further recommended reading for a bird-watcher or a walker of any kind whose base is the area around New York is the "New York Walk Book," a collaborative project of the New York-New Jersey Trail Conference and the American Geographical Society. These portentous-sounding credentials are, in fact, those of a charming and personal volume, with exquisitely amateurish pen-and-ink illustrations, and with a fund of information about geology, history, and nature, together with details of trails through wild places that are often astonishingly close to the city.

Our bird-watching friend is not yet among the fortunate followers of his hobby who possess the crème de la crème of binoculars—the Leitz Trinovid—although he keeps hoping for a fairy godmother when holidays come round. In the pocket-size, seventeen-and-a-half-ounce 8x32 version, the glasses are $472 at Rensay, 49 East 58th Street. A "zoomscope" type of telescope, for a man who already owns a Trinovid, is of particular help in scanning the horizon for shorebirds and then, when a target is spotted, whooshing it into focus. This is $209.45, including a tripod, at Rensay.

The moment when bird-watchers rendezvous back at the car is when an English wicker picnic basket comes into its own. A two-person size, with thermoses, plates, sandwich containers, and other fittings, is $55 at Abercrombie's; a six-person rig is $95.

The Well-Furnished Closet

FOR the delectation of the discerning few who do not view the decision to give a man a necktie as a declared rejection of adventure, a man named Robert Monroe has set up in his town house, at 128 East 78th Street, as rare a display of neckwear as one might hope to find in many a Christmas season. Mr. Monroe is charged by the estate of a private collector with the sale—for between $7.50 and $175—of some five hundred ties dating from the nineteen-twenties to the late fifties. A couple of hundred are wide hand-painted silks from the Art Deco era; they include some perfectly sober lightning-flash abstracts as well as more campy, though often endearing, num-

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bers bearing silhouettes of rodeo riders or eerie ocean liners. There is even a tie designed by Picasso. Skinny, often square-ended ties from the fifties rely calmly on the effects of woven silk, sometimes in ombré or Op Art patterns. The sartorial discretion of these narrower, later ties is almost certainly on the point of being fashionable again, and they have the additional advantage of all costing under $15.

Lord & Taylor has some shirts designed by John Weitz, in an ivory-colored polyester-and-cotton blend that is remarkably like silk; $14. B. Altman has Ralph Lauren's round-collared shirts in either a blue-and-white striped Oxford cloth, for $22.50, or a very fine Pima cotton in steely blue pinstriped in white, for $27.50. (Once again, Lauren demonstrates his flair for making the fustiest look the very latest, and for finding a meeting point for men in retreat from sartorial excess and men still creeping timidly away from rigid sartorial conservatism.)

Henri Bendel's new men's shop—called Peter Barton, after the designer who is responsible for a choice of clothes that shows the same fashionable zest for traditionalism as Lauren's clothes—has some turtleneck cashmere sweaters with Scottish pedigrees and in a huntsman's choice of solid colors which includes bottle green, yellow, beige, and black; $72.50. Here, too, are some *very* slightly racier cashmeres, also from Scotland, but with V necks and in a heathery mixture of either slate gray and pearl gray or coffee and beige; $82.50. And back at Lord & Taylor there is a hand-knitted crew-neck sweater from Denmark in a faded-denim blue. Cable stitching down the front gives a fisherman impression, but the wool turns out to have an unexpectedly airy texture; $65.

The Greenhouse

THE makers of a new kind of greenhouse, called the Vegetable Factory, seek to promote the idea of growing one's own vegetables the year round. The factory, suitable for city terraces as well as back yards, has double walls of a special translucent acrylic and Fiberglas which retain heat in winter and eliminate the need for shading in summer. Operating costs are low, so that once you have made the initial investment, of close to a thousand dollars for an eight-foot-square model (a lean-to version, which is smaller, is $600), you are supposed to be able to grow six hundred and fifty pounds of vegetables a year at an

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After the last snow has melted, the children of Lozere go with the town's old people into the mountains to gather a rare wild flower. For on the slopes surrounding this tiny hamlet the wild narcissus grows. And because it grows one here, one there, in crevices and on the steepest of slopes, to pick these fragile yellow and white flowers requires the patience of the old and the agility of the young.

With its delicate and unusual scent, the wild narcissus is a much sought after perfume ingredient. Because of its rarity (the annual production is less than 200 pounds) only a few of the world's most expensive perfumes are made with it. Je Reviens is one such perfume. But, the wild narcissus is just one part of the unique floral bouquet we use in making Je Reviens. Without orange blossoms from Madagascar and vetiver from a far-off island called Reunion, Je Reviens wouldn't be the same.

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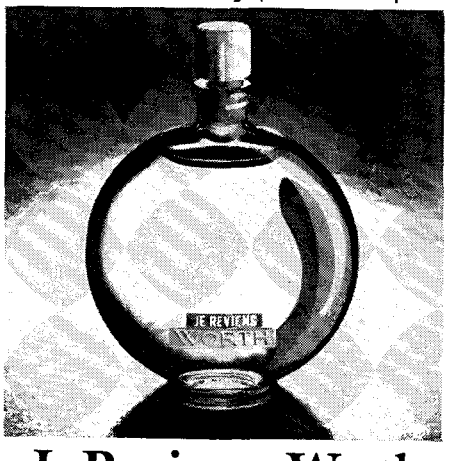

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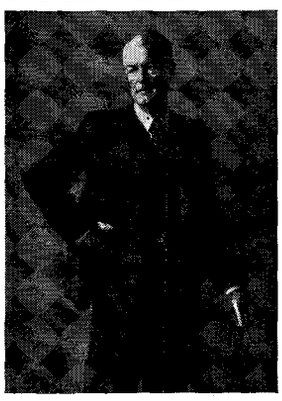

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average cost of nineteen cents a pound. The prices include heaters, fans, and a thermostat but not shipping, from 100 Court Street, Copiague, Long Island.

If you can bear to sacrifice any space in the greenhouse to make way for an orchid or two, the cattleyas and cymbidiums at Aunt Dotty's Arbor, 1103 Third Avenue (64th), would do nicely in the same sort of temperatures as homegrown tomatoes. (They will also do well on most windowsills.) Cymbidiums start at $35 or so and bloom on upward to $150, but their flowers go on for a couple of months. Cattleyas (from $12 to $30) are a more esoteric obsession, because the flowers come only once a year and last only a couple of weeks—which transitory glory, of course, only makes the event more thrilling to the orchid-lover. A trip to see the orchids in the conservatory at the Brooklyn Botanic Garden is always a pleasure, and the thoughtful Christmas shopper may inspect, at the same time, the conservatory's collection of bonsai—a horticultural specialty quite as mysterious and addictive as that of orchids. A course on bonsai culture at the Garden, whose telephone number is 622-4433, consists of a single session that lasts all day, and costs $25 for beginners or $30 for advanced, black-belt students. A man wishing to determine whether the nighttime temperature of his windowsills or his greenhouse is warm enough for his orchids or cool enough for his bonsai needs a maximum-minimum thermometer, which is $14.50 at Hammacher Schlemmer.

A Few Black Thoughts, with Touches of White and Gold

OUR friend doesn't find many excuses, these days, for dressing up in black tie, but whenever he does he looks remarkably handsome. Brooks Brothers can supply an elegant Chesterfield, for formal night excursions, in deep-charcoal-gray wool, with a fly front, two flapped hip pockets and one breast pocket, and a velvet collar as black as a mole; $270. San Francisco—an obligatory stop in any serious pursuit of elegance—has a number of white silk evening mufflers, unearthed in London, that have real, hand-knotted silk fringes on the ends; $40. Perhaps the acme of dinner-jacket style is represented by the stunning simplicity of the version produced by Madonna, 223 East 60th Street. The suit is made of a fine wool-and-mohair blend and has hand-sewn details. The jacket is double-breasted and has the slim but not skimpy fit that characterizes Madonna's open-minded but not anarchistic approach to tailoring. The particular style of the dinner jacket lies in the things it *doesn't* have, such as the conventional satin lapels, satin-covered buttons, and satin trouser stripes. This is not a dinner jacket for the hapless bumpkin who hasn't already owned several; $415.

Our toff had better be sure to sport immaculate cuffs and a well-turned ankle. Stretch-nylon black knee socks are $3.50 a pair at Brooks, and they do not have the strangely gloomy transparency of silk. (Many women who balk at the interminable sorting out of different-colored socks might consider the idea of buying their owner a dozen pairs of black socks; a dozen of Brooks' perfectly plain white Irish linen handkerchiefs, for $24, is another uncomplicating thought.) The Macklowe Gallery, 1088 Madison Avenue (81st), has rectangular cufflinks made, in the early nineteen-twenties, of polished hematite, which have a sleek, deep-gray gleam, and cost $100. Many of the buttons at Tender Buttons, the charming little shop at 143 East 62nd Street, can be made up into cufflinks at very short notice. There are Art Deco buttons, exquisite enamels, and buttons of scrimshaw, old coins, glass, wood, silver, and bone. An average price for cufflinks would be $40. Here, too, are sets of blazer buttons, some sporting or regimental, some—of nickel-on-brass or of brass alone—rescued from railroad conductors' uniforms. New York Central, B. & O., or Union Pacific buttons are sold individually; $1.50 apiece for coat buttons, $1 for the cuff size. There are also some handsome regimental belt buckles, in silver on brass, for $75, and a single Art Deco buckle of black enamel edged in brass, for $35.

Clocks & Things has a nineteenth-century English pocket watch of eighteen-carat gold, with *taille-douce* engraving on the back of its case and, on the front, delicately etched chinoiserie; $290. This shop has many other antique pocket watches, from $85 on up, and can provide a watch chain, too.

A black Carey Cadillac (or a black Buick, which is cheaper) with uniformed driver might be commissioned by a thoughtful donor to ferry a frazzled man home from his office at the lowest and grubbiest point of the post-Christmas year. The gesture could extend to every evening for a week, say, or each Friday for a month. The rate is $15 an hour from the time the car

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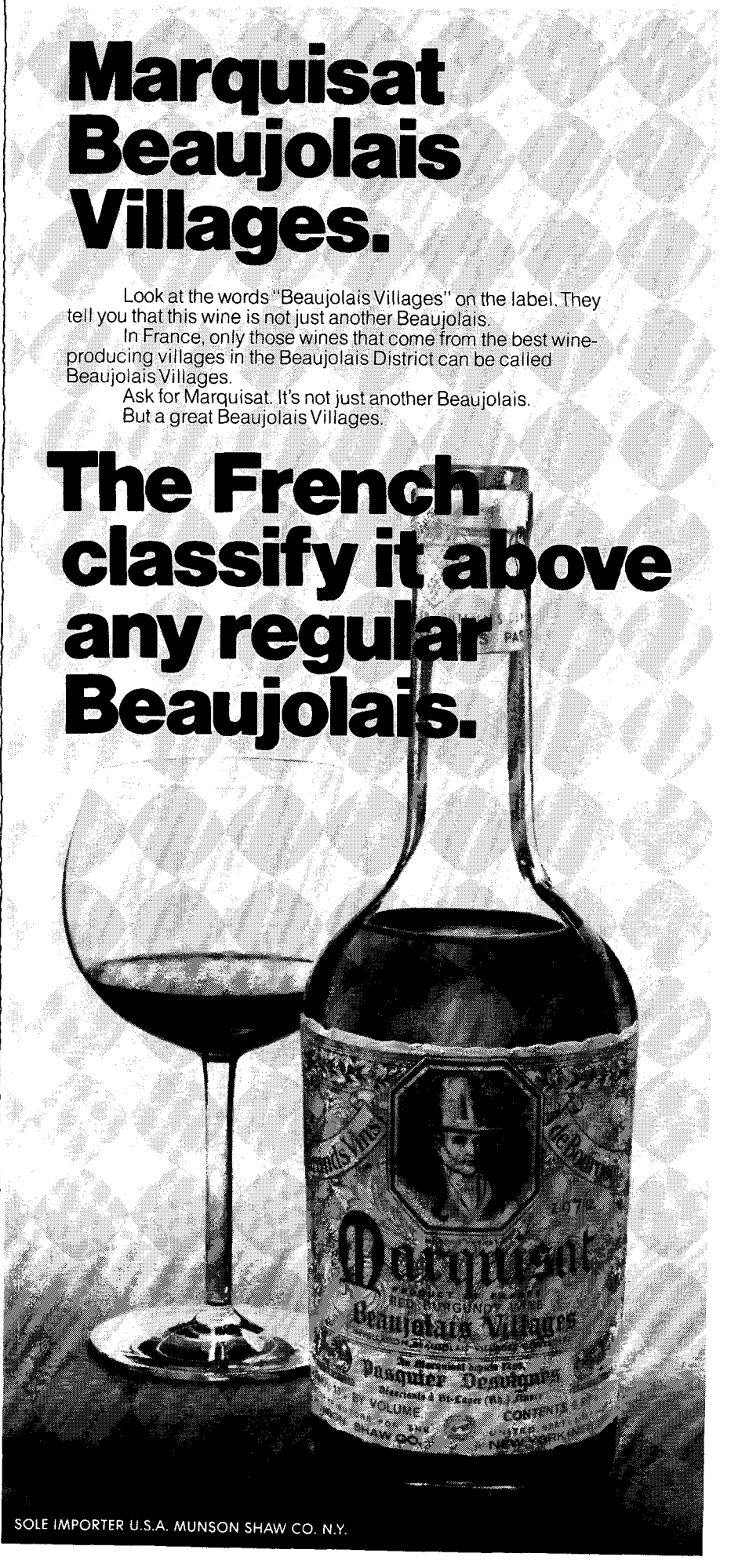
leaves its garage, and the telephone number is 937-3100.

THE FIRESIDE

AT the end of a Christmas day, when the gift wrappings have been tidied away and the plum pudding digested, our friend likes to sit in peace beside his decorated mantel, keeping company with a glowing fire. A durable Christmas glow might emanate from a fire made with cannel coal or peat. Clark & Wilkins, 1871 Park Avenue (128th), will deliver, on a couple of days' notice, a sixty-pound box of compressed Irish peat, for $8.50, or twenty-five pounds of Kentucky cannel coal, for $6. (They offer these in addition to more conventional New York combustibles, including logs of cherry and hickory.) An appropriate container for a fellow's peat store would be a basket woven of dark-brown willow bands known in Ireland, where the baskets are made, as Sally rods. A generous-sized basket is $35 at the Irish Pavilion, 130 East 57th Street.

To burn cannel coal or peat, you really need a grate. Edwin Jackson, 306 East 61st Street, has a number of quite fancy antique-reproduction grates, and also a perfectly serviceable, two-foot wide affair with bars of cast iron and removable ends, which is $32. This shop also has an early-Victorian English fender, of black iron with brass trim and a sort of built-in brass trivet, which would be just perfect for toasting a set of slippered toes. The fender is $270; slippers suggested by B. Altman include a plain leather opera style, for $16, and a pair of more informal bootee-moccasins, which are $15.

Picture our fireside friend, clad in a pure camel's hair, floor-length robe ($200, at Bergdorf's), his hand hovering tentatively over the next move in a chess problem he is working out on a delicately carved late-Ch'ing-dynasty chess set of red and white ivory ($450, from a collection of antique chess sets at the Chess Gallery, 320 West 86th Street; telephone TR 3-5990). His hand lingers, too, by a tin of Medjool dates, packed in California by Grace Rush ($10.95 for two pounds at Martin's Gift Basket Shop, 1264 Third Avenue, at 72nd). But he reaches instead to sip from his Croft tawny port ($4.99 a bottle at Morrell & Company, 307 East 53rd Street) or else, if his taste runs to stronger stuff, from his Armagnac Extra, by Danflou ($26.50 at Sherry-Lehmann, 679 Madison Avenue, at 61st). And he raises his glass in a toast: To friends, one and all.



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THE SPORTING SCENE

COACH

LIKE the laconic, lasso-twirling cowboy, the baby-faced gangster with the wide-brimmed fedora, and the cynical private eye of incorruptible moral character, the football coach is a distinctly American institution. Perhaps the first coach to gain a national reputation was Walter Camp, who, a short time after the first, rudimentary game was played, between Rutgers and Princeton, in 1869, took over as football's guiding spirit. Camp played for Yale six years (1876 through 1881); the last two years, he was attending Yale Medical School, but in those days graduate students were eligible to play football. In 1888, he became the team's graduate adviser, as the post was known, and he continued in that role until 1910, when he resigned. He never assumed the formal title of head coach, and he never accepted money for his work with the team. In those early years, Yale followed the so-called graduate system of coaching, which meant that the previous year's captain returned the next fall as field coach and worked with the incumbent captain in directing the team, assisted, if they so wished, by an Old Blue of their choice—the graduate adviser. In Camp's day, they so wished, for he had an enormous reputation. He represented Yale at a convention on collegiate football rules during his junior year, the first of three seasons he was captain, and he continued to represent it at every subsequent convention for the next forty-seven years. (He began selecting his annual All-America team in 1889.) Yale football under Camp's aegis followed a strange, if eminently successful, method of operation. After two years of medical school, he had decided that he was not cut out to be a doctor, and, entering the commercial world, he joined the New Haven Clock Company, rising eventually to the presidency of the firm. The demands of his business made it impossible for him to be on hand for the team's afternoon practice sessions, but he was represented there by a person of unusual acumen—his wife, the former Alice Graham Sumner, who, by the way, was a sister of the renowned sociologist William Graham Sumner. She attended the team's daily workouts without fail, took notes on what happened, and, early every evening, went over with her husband the team's progress on the field. Accordingly, when the captain, the field coach, and a few assorted players dropped in later at the Camps' house for a chat in the parlor, the graduate adviser was able to go into particulars in preparing the team for its upcoming opponent. On Saturdays, of course, he was able to attend the games in person.

"Well, the first day of the rest of my life was rotten."

During Camp's tenure as graduate adviser, Yale won two hundred and fifty-one games, tied twelve, and lost only fourteen. Aside from organizational ability, Camp's forte was devising the means by which football could overcome its weaknesses and be developed into a better game. (As early as 1880, he had persuaded a rules convention to adopt three of his suggestions: the concept of a scrimmage line, to govern the position of the two teams at the start of each play; the establishment of the quarterback as the man who directed the offense; and the reduction of the number of players on a team from fifteen to eleven.) He did not, however, have the inventive spark of some of the other early coaches—most notably Fielding H. Yost, Glenn S. (Pop) Warner, and Amos Alonzo Stagg—when it came to concocting new systems of attacking and defending. Between 1901 and 1905, Yost's offense-oriented Michigan teams came close to averaging a point a minute, and their coach became known as Hurry Up Yost. Warner, a graduate of Cornell, first came to fame as the coach of the Carlisle Indian School and its great star Jim Thorpe, who was an All-America halfback in 1911 and 1912. Warner's most noteworthy innovations were the single-wing and double-wing formations, which he evolved between 1906 and 1912. Stagg, one of Camp's outstanding pupils, who spent most of his seventy-one-year career as a coach at the University of Chicago, had possibly the most imaginative football mind of all time. He came up with everything from the huddle to the direct pass from center, the radical ends-back formation, the reverse (as early as 1890), the 7-2-2 defense, the lateral pass, the man in motion, numbering the players (in 1913), the 6-2-1-2 defense (in 1932), and the double-flanker offense (in 1947).

After the First World War, college football burgeoned into a sort of national mania, and its leading coaches were better known—and often with good reason—than many national political figures. The most successful coach of this period was Knute Rockne, of Notre Dame. Rockne, who was five when his father, a Norwegian engineer, emigrated to this country, grew up with the growing game, and by 1918, when he took over at Notre Dame, had attained an almost matchless technical

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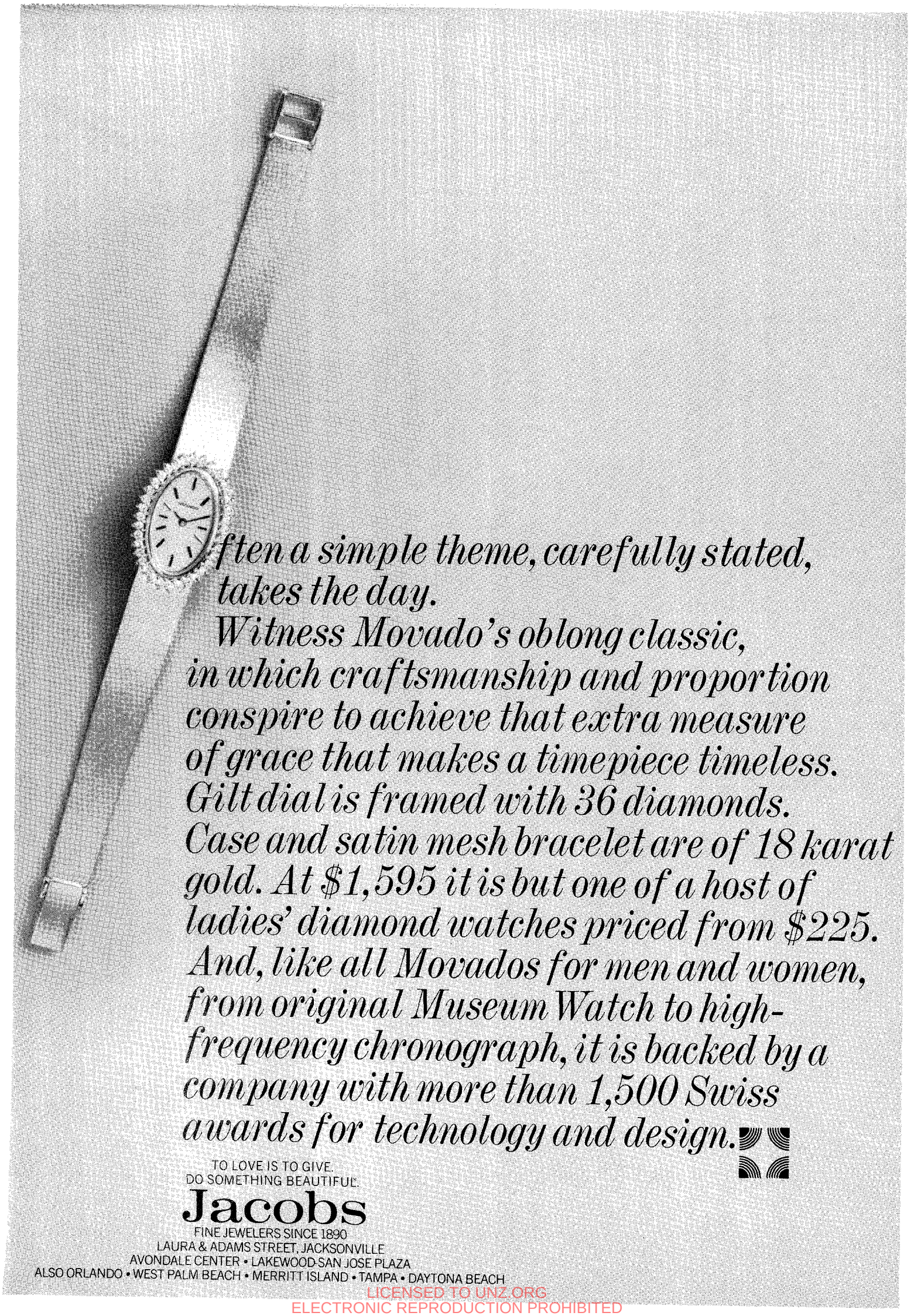

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proficiency. He was exceptional in another way: he stands as a prime example of the football coach who is able to rouse his team to a fervid pitch of emotion before the crucial game. The best-known of the many stories about this ability of Rockne's centers on George Gipp, Notre Dame's legendary superstar, who died from the complications of a streptococcus infection just a week or two after the close of the football season in 1920, his senior year. No one knows for sure whether as Gipp lay dying in the hospital he told Rockne that someday, when the team was faced with winning a really important game and was not playing well, he hoped the coach would tell the players at halftime to win it for George Gipp. For that matter, no one seems to know for sure whether it was in the Indiana game in 1921 or in the Army game in 1928—or, indeed, on many different Saturdays over a long spread of years—that Rockne, in the locker room at halftime, lowered his voice dramatically and told his squad about Gipp and then said, "This is the time to go out and win one for the Gipper." In any event, the phrase became as memorable as any in American sport. Another coach who had the gift of getting his teams "up" for the big occasions was Thomas Albert Dwight (Tad) Jones, an outstanding Yale player who returned in 1916 to coach the college's team and enjoyed a decade of considerable success. Jones's fight talks were a good deal less theatrical than Rockne's but, in their own way, no less stirring. In the hush of the locker room before the Harvard game—*the* game—Jones would say to his team, "Gentlemen, you are now going out to play football against Harvard. Never again in your whole life will you do anything so important." This was often true, on two levels. In the minds and hearts of many men who had been on the team at Yale, nothing that subsequently happened in their lives did touch them quite as deeply or mean quite as much to them as playing against Harvard—it was as simple as that. Second, in a more practical context, if a man was fortunate enough to play a remarkably good game against Harvard, it often changed his entire life: he went on to marry the rich girl he had thought would never take him seriously, he was offered spectacular business opportunities by firms that appreciated the value of his new glamour, and so on and on. Yale men never forgot their hero's deeds.

As for professional football, which dates back to 1895, when two town teams in western Pennsylvania—Latrobe and Jeannette—clashed in Latrobe, a suspicion of order and organization was finally achieved with the founding of the National Football League, in 1921. The N.F.L. coaches, nevertheless, were a somewhat different breed from those in the college ranks. An excellent example was George Halas, a tough, stubborn young athlete from the Bohemian section of Chicago, who captained Illinois in 1917, before joining the Great Lakes Naval Training Station team, which went to the 1919 Rose Bowl and won. After the war, Halas rounded up the best players he knew and formed an outfit that was known, variously, as the Staley Starchmakers, the Staley A.C., or simply the Staleys—after its sponsor, the A. E. Staley Manufacturing Company, which was a corn-products concern in Decatur, Illinois. What led Halas to do this was his belief, which had first been enunciated by his old coach at Illinois, Bob Zuppke, that just when most football players were beginning to develop their talent, they graduated from college and never played again. In 1921, Halas moved the Staleys to Chicago, where they became a charter member of the N.F.L., a distinction shared by only two other league teams still in operation—the Green Bay Packers and the St. Louis Cardinals. In 1922, when the team was fully established in Chicago, Halas changed its name to the Bears, and, because he ate, drank, and slept football twelve months a year, the Bears were regularly a dominant power in the N.F.L. until this country entered the Second World War. By the end of the 1941 season, they had won five league championships. (During the same period, the Packers, the Bears' traditional rivals, also won five championships.) Under Halas, the Bears, the roughest and most intimidating team in the league, came to be known as the Monsters of the Midway, but they became a great team only in the nineteen-thirties, when two of Halas's associates, Clark Shaughnessy and Ralph Jones, installed a refined version of the T formation, primarily by adding a man in motion—a form of offense so effective that it soon became the basic system in both pro and college football, and still is. Off and on, Halas coached the Bears for thirty-nine years, and he mellowed hardly at all with the passage of time. In 1967, his last season as head coach, he was still happiest when he was terrorizing the officials at a game, rasping instructive abuse at them as he stalked the sidelines.

Just as college football entered its golden age at the close of the First World War, professional football underwent a period of tremendous growth after the Second World War, eventually overtaking and passing major-league baseball as the country's most popular sport. The coaches changed with the game. While many pro teams

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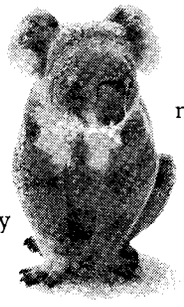

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continued to be led by brawny, broad-backed retired stars—"spirit guys," who relied mainly on inspiring enthusiasm in their players, and who frequently had trouble keeping their "X"s and "O"s straight as they diagrammed plays at the blackboard—the trend was increasingly toward the football thinker, the man with the acute analytical approach, who was as much at home with the endless details and nuances of modern football as Bertrand Russell was with advanced mathematics. Paul Brown was the prototype of this kind of coach. A slight man of average height with a clean-cut face, Brown was raised in that hotbed of football Massillon, Ohio. He played quarterback on the high-school team and also at Miami University in Ohio. After a few seasons coaching at a small prep school, he returned to Massillon as head coach of the high-school team. Somewhat distant, somewhat cold in his outward demeanor, he drilled his players longer and harder than most coaches did. To make certain they understood his system, he required the players to take regular exams, both oral and written, regarding their assignments on a large number of plays. In his nine years at Massillon High, Brown's teams scored three thousand two hundred and two points to three hundred and thirty-nine for their opponents, and in 1940 Massillon High outdrew every college team in Ohio except Ohio State. Brown moved on the next year to become head coach at Ohio State, and then, during the war, at the Great Lakes Naval Training Station. In 1946, when a new professional league, the All America Football Conference, began its first season, Cleveland was represented by a team called the Browns in honor of its coach—already a household name in the Midwest. Brown's first intention was to build an offense based on a crushing yet deceptive running attack, but as he came to appreciate how beautifully his offensive unit executed its passing plays—Otto Graham was at quarterback, Mac Speedie and Dante Lavelli were the ends, and huge Marion Motley, who blocked and ran the trap plays magnificently, was the fullback—he placed more and more emphasis on the pass. During the four years (1946 through 1949) that the A.A.F.C. lasted, the Browns won the championship every year. They then entered the N.F.L., which was generally accepted as a much superior league, and proceeded to astonish the football world by winning the N.F.L. championship that first season, 1950. They

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repeated as champions in 1954 and 1955, after losing the championship playoff game in the three intervening seasons. To be brief, Brown's Browns were one of the great teams of all time. A man who liked to run everything, Brown called each offensive play from the sidelines—he was the first coach to do so—sending in the play with one of the two guards he alternated. Following the 1962 season, after an unhappy period in which he and the club's new ownership were in constant disagreement, Brown left the Cleveland organization. He stayed out of the game for five years, then came back in 1968 as coach and general manager of a new expansion team, the Cincinnati Bengals. A fast, slick young club, the Bengals made the playoffs for the first time in 1970, their third season. Brown himself has changed amazingly little over the forty years he has been coaching. Indeed, it might still be the Graham era, one feels as one catches sight of Brown on the sideline during a Bengals game and takes in the familiar trim figure with the invariable snap-brim hat, the well-cut suit or the classic camel's-hair polo coat, and the set facial expression, which alters hardly a whit as he sends in the next play.

When Brown returned to pro football, he was no longer looked upon as the wonder man of the game. Approaches and methods are always changing in football, as they do in every activity, and Brown had been supplanted as the No. 1 guru by Vince Lombardi, of the Packers. Lombardi had arrived at Green Bay in 1959, after that historic football wellspring had gone through eleven successive grim seasons with teams that never once won more games than they lost. Lombardi instantly turned things around. In 1959, the Packers won seven games out of twelve. In 1960, they went all the way to the championship game but lost it by four points to the Philadelphia Eagles. In 1961 and 1962, they won the league championship, beating the New York Giants both times. In 1965, they won the championship again, defeating the Browns in the title game. Then, in 1966 and 1967, came their crowning accomplishments: after winning the N.F.L. championship in two exciting games with the Dallas Cowboys, 34–27 and 21–17, they outplayed the Kansas City Chiefs, the champions of the American Football League, in the first Super Bowl game, and then the Oakland Raiders, 33–14, in the second Super Bowl. A stocky, bespectacled man with heavy, blunt features—Robert Lipsyte, of the *Times*,

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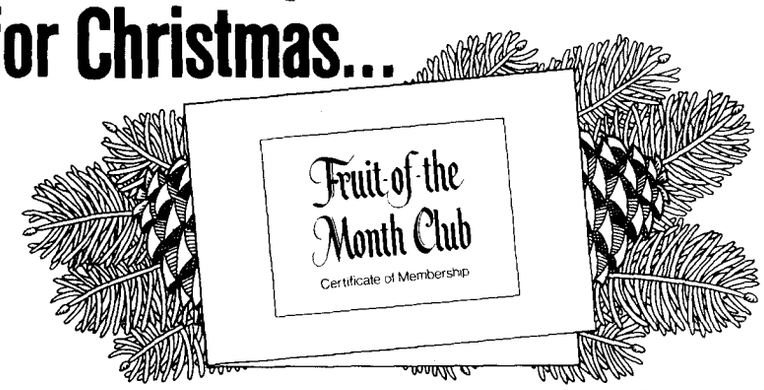

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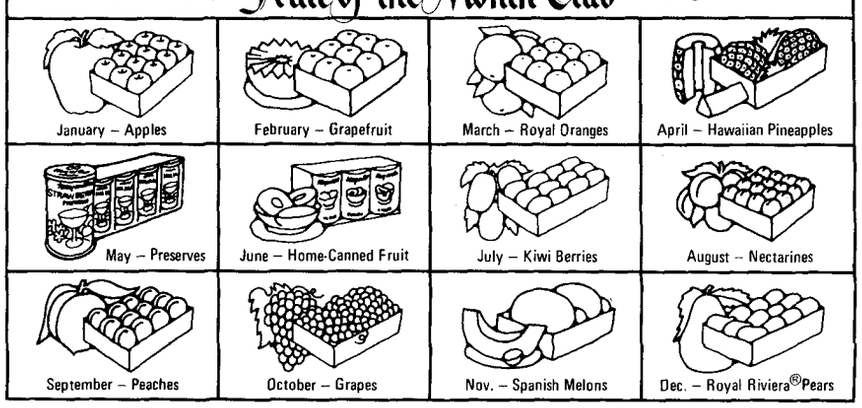

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once likened his teeth to a row of tombstones—Lombardi had played guard in the famous Fordham line of the middle nineteen-thirties called the Seven Blocks of Granite. He had slowly made his way up the coaching ladder: assistant and then head coach at a high school in New Jersey (while simultaneously studying law at Fordham); freshman-team coach at Fordham and offensive coach of the varsity; assistant coach for five years to Colonel Earl Blaik at West Point, as an offense specialist; offensive coach for the New York Giants for five years; then the call to Green Bay. Lombardi believed in using a relatively small number of offensive plays but executing them with such cohesive timing that the opposition could not stop them, even if it knew what plays made up the basis of the Packers' attack. It should be added that the opposition seldom knew when to expect the various plays in the Green Bay repertoire, because Lombardi had in Bart Starr a quarterback who as a play-caller, and as a passer and leader as well, has had only one equal in pro football in the postwar years—Johnny Unitas, of the Baltimore Colts. (Graham was the peer of these two as an all-round force, but, of course, Brown called the plays for the Browns.) Lombardi, a direct, demonstrative man who never bothered to conceal his feelings, was also a "spirit guy," but in a different way from the traditional model. He got his players aroused for their games by lambasting them verbally for their errors, from the first practice of the season to the last quarter of the last game. As Henry Jordan, a top Green Bay tackle, put it in his well-known description of the coach, "he treats us all the same—like dogs." Why did the Green Bay players put up with Lombardi's harsh outbursts and his other excesses? For one very good reason: they were absolutely convinced that he knew—and he did—what a team had to do, what it had to go through, in order to win the league championship. They were willing to give him everything they had.

Lombardi retired from coaching following the Packers' victory in the second Super Bowl. He rested a year, and then came back as the coach and general manager of the Washington Redskins, a hapless team that had not had a winning season since 1955. They did under Lombardi in his first year with them, 1969. Just before the start of the next season, he died, at fifty-seven, of intestinal cancer.

At the present time, there are twenty-six teams in the National Football League, and there will be two more in 1976—Tampa and Seattle. Given this considerable number of teams, you would expect that practically the full gamut of coaching types would be represented in the league, and it is. For example, there is a sizable new group of men who were unusually successful college coaches—among them Dan Devine, from Missouri, now in his fourth year with the Packers; John Ralston, from Stanford, in his third year with the Denver Broncos; Chuck Fairbanks, from Oklahoma, who has rebuilt and revitalized the New England Patriots in two seasons; and Don Coryell, from San Diego State, who has done a similarly splendid job during his two seasons with the St. Louis Cardinals. There is only one Paul Brown, but there are lesser veterans of stature, such as Sid Gillman, of the Houston Oilers, who coached the Los Angeles Rams way back in the nineteen-fifties; Tom Landry, the one and only coach of the Dallas Cowboys since that team was established, in 1960; and Hank Stram, the one and only coach of the Kansas City Chiefs since they came into existence, as the Dallas Texans of the old A.F.L., also in 1960. There are a good many men who began their coaching careers in pro ball as assistants and who, after earning increasing respect around the league, were grabbed by other clubs and installed as head coaches—to name a few, Chuck Noll, of the Pittsburgh Steelers; Chuck Knox, of the Rams; George Allen, of the Redskins (who first attracted attention as Halas's defensive specialist with the Bears); and, preëminently, Don Shula, of the Miami Dolphins, the N.F.L. champions in 1972 and 1973. Filling out the roster are several highly individual coaches, such as Tommy Prothro, a Life Master in contract bridge and a veteran tournament player, and Bud Grant, of the Minnesota Vikings, a self-possessed graduate of the Canadian Football League, who is so zealous about not letting his job overwhelm the rest of his life that he has been known to rise before dawn and go duckhunting on many days during the height of the season.

It would be an oversimplification to

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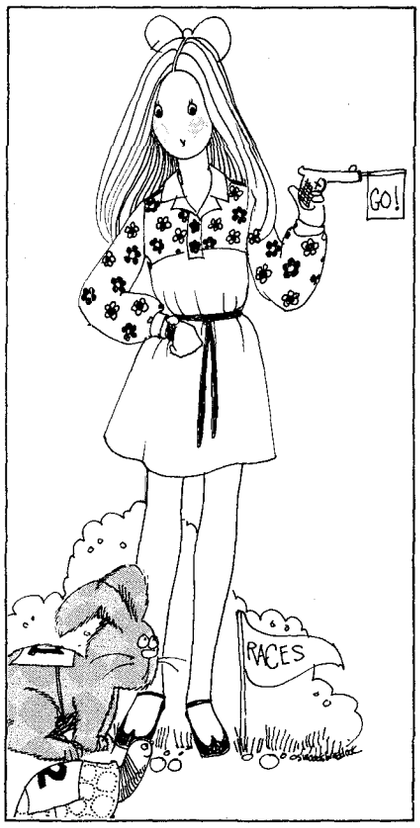

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imply that the N.F.L. corps of coaches can be divided into two main genera—the quiet, cerebral types and the outgoing, rah-rah types. I mention this because in the middle of this past season, before I set out to observe two of the league coaches at close hand, I made a point of selecting two whose personalities offered a marked contrast. I chose Tom Landry, of the Dallas Cowboys, as typifying the scholarly coach, and after thinking in terms of George Allen, I chose John Ralston, of the Denver Broncos, as the extrovert, the old "spirit guy." While I am a great admirer of Allen's abilities, I veered away from him because he is rather an idiosyncratic fellow, and I wasn't sure I would be sufficiently sympathetic to him. I found it difficult to get past one story about Allen I had been told several years ago by a friend who is in television and whose duties took him out to Los Angeles, where Allen was then head coach, to help with the telecast of one of the Rams' games. Allen was kind enough to invite him to dinner at his home, a handsome structure perched on high land near the Pacific—on a clear day you could see Catalina. That evening, as Allen swung his car into the driveway and his home came into view, my friend exclaimed, "What a beautiful house, George!" Allen thanked him. "I was extremely explicit with the contractor," he went on, very seriously. "I told him, 'I don't want a fourth-place house. I don't want a third-place house. I don't want a second-place house. I want a championship house.' You're looking at a championship house."

Of all the teams in the N.F.L., the Denver Broncos probably have the distinction of being the least well known. It might not be going too far to say that until 1972, when Denver acquired Charley Johnson, the old St. Louis and Houston quarterback, most football fans who live east of the headwaters of the Platte and the Arkansas could name only one man on the Denver roster—Floyd Little, the small, durable, strong-hearted running back who had gained a national reputation at Syracuse University before being drafted by the Broncos in 1967. The main reason for this lack of knowledge about the Broncos is that from their establishment, in 1960, as a member of the A.F.L. until 1973, their fourth year in the expanded N.F.L., there was no season in which they won more games than they lost, and most of the time they languished in the cellar of their division. Additionally, since they were placed in the Western Division by both

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the A.F.L. and the N.F.L., they played only a small percentage of their games against Central and Eastern Division teams. And, finally, since they failed to fire the imagination of most football fanatics, they were seldom selected to appear on national television, which is the most effective means of making an impression in any sport. During the Broncos' first dozen years, they ran through six coaches. A new era began for them in the winter of 1972, with the signing of John Ralston, of Stanford, four days after his team had pulled off an upset victory in the Rose Bowl for a second straight year. While everyone agreed that Ralston had a fine personality for coaching college football, there was a certain amount of apprehension in Denver during his first year over whether he would fare as well handling older and less compliant professional players. For one thing, Ralston, an exuberant man by nature, was an earnest disciple of the Dale Carnegie school of human relationships, and had a habit of invariably beginning his speeches with a warm smile and an expansive "A pleasant good afternoon to you all," which didn't go down well with a lot of people. A good many of the Broncos also regarded Ralston as strictly a cornball type, and it was lucky for him that there were a few Floyd Littles around to counsel their teammates, "Well, let's give him a chance and see what he can do." Ralston's first Denver team performed much better than its record—five victories in fourteen games—would suggest, and the players learned to like and respect their coach. The next year, 1973, the Broncos had their first winning season ever. After dropping three of their first four games, they rolled through the next seven without a loss, and, wonder of wonders, were in a position to qualify for the playoffs if they could beat the Oakland Raiders, long the scourge of their division, in the last game of the regular season. The Broncos lost, 21–17, after a tremendous team effort. The pivotal play of the game was a fake punt by the Broncos that went for a one-yard loss. Oakland took over the ball, and then drove for the deciding touchdown. In the post-game session with the press in the locker room, a writer asked Ralston if he thought the fake punt was a good call. Ralston calmly said "No." "Who called it?" the writer asked. "I did," Ralston said. "Would you make the same call again under the same circumstances?" the writer persisted. "No," Ralston said.

As this incident brings out, Ralston

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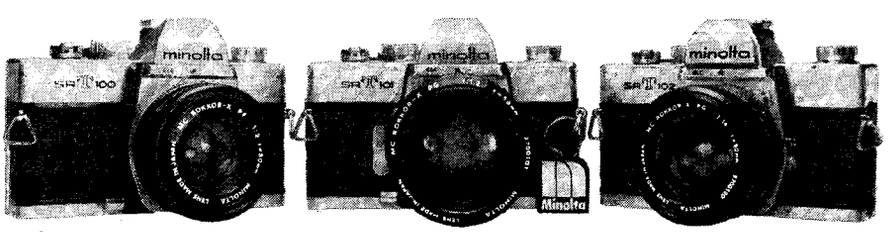

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makes it a point to accept the responsibility whenever something goes wrong. Conversely, he gives the credit to his assistants for whatever works out well. This practice is not exceptional—a good many coaches make it a basic tenet. However, when it comes to certain other qualities of his, such as the perpetual enthusiasm and encouragement that issue from him during the progress of a game, no other contemporary coach I know of is in the same class. I had caught a few snatches of Ralston in action on television, but I really did not begin to appreciate the extent to which he puts out until this past October, when I watched him during a home game against the New Orleans Saints in Mile High Stadium. First, however, let me digress briefly and tell you something about the Denver setup, for it is most agreeable. (Indeed, Denver could easily become the Green Bay of the West.) To begin with, the stadium, which doubles as the home of the Denver Bears baseball team, of the American Association, is situated about four miles from the Brown Palace Hotel and the state Capitol, the most famous landmarks in this city of approximately half a million people—one of the smallest cities in the N.F.L. The stadium is an old-fashioned-looking structure with a triple-deck west stand, a large, single-deck east stand, and single-deck stands behind the two end zones. Its present capacity is 51,706, and every home game for four years has been a sellout. With the recent rise in the Broncos' fortunes, the people in the Denver area, who had supported the team faithfully through its long stretch of dispiriting seasons, voted a twenty-five-million-dollar bond issue this past September which will enable the city and the county, which own the stadium, to add twenty-five thousand seats. A strange combination of sights confronts the visitor to Mile High Stadium. From the triple-deck stand, he sees in the distance (to the east) the congestion of tall, oblong skyscrapers that have gone up in the last dozen years in Denver, as they have in so many of our cities, and that give it the aspect of a jayvee Dallas. (The snow-capped front ranges of the Rockies are to the west.) Closer at hand, however, on the field of the stadium and in the stands surrounding it, the flavor is informal and unself-consciously Western. On this occasion, the first word spelled out on the field by the band from Colorado State University, the Marching Rams, was "Howdy." Hanging over the stadium walls was a gallimaufry of home-made banners, such as "A Little Goes

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a Long Way," saluting the Broncos' popular backfield star; "The Broncos Are Walking Tall for Paul," a reference to Paul Smith, the team's best defensive lineman, who was out for the season with an injury; and "Go, Orange, Crush," which makes more sense when one knows that one of the Broncos' colors is burnt orange. (The others are white and Academy blue, which is the official color of the Air Force Academy, fifty miles south of Denver.) Along the edge of the field, tuning up the responsive crowd, were sixteen Bronco Belles, outfitted in orange-and-white cowgirl dresses, blue cowgirl hats, and blue pompons. On the gridiron, the Broncos and the Saints were going through their pregame workouts. It was a comparatively balmy day, and Ralston, a man of forty-seven who looks like a somewhat chunkier and slightly less handsome Glenn Ford, was bareheaded and clad only in a light-blue team polo shirt and a pair of dark-blue trousers. He held a clipboard in his hand. During the thirty-minute warmup, he stood on the seven-yard line while the squad went through some calisthenics. Then, as various units executed their special drills, he moved around, scrutinizing individual players, and he kept moving as the offensive and defensive teams ran through a few fundamental plays. About twenty minutes before game time, the Denver and New Orleans squads trotted to their locker rooms, in the stand behind the south end zone. Some fifteen minutes later, the Saints' offensive team was introduced, man by man, over the public-address system, following which the rest of the squad streamed onto the field. Next, the men on the Broncos' "special teams"—the kicking and kick-return teams—were introduced, partly as a reward for their work in the victory over Kansas City the previous Sunday, and partly because Ralston is careful to see that the non-stars receive their fair share of attention. Then the rest of the Broncos came bursting out of the locker room and dashed through a gantlet formed by two lines of Bronco Belles. This was quite a sight, for at their head, running with a slight waddle but maintaining his front position in the sprint to the fifty-yard line despite the encumbrance of his clipboard, was Ralston. I have seen no other coach do this. During the simulated toss of the coin—the real toss had already taken place, and this one was just for television—Ralston, as is his habit, was out on the field with his players between the forty- and thirty-yard lines, slapping a few behinds at random and checking some final details with his backup quarterback, Steve Ramsey, who would be starting in place of the injured Charley Johnson. Thirty seconds before the kickoff, Ralston was still out on the field, smack in the middle of the Broncos' last huddle, until they broke it and moved to their positions. I have seen no other coach do this, either.

During a game, Ralston, except when he is studying the play in progress on the field, is constantly in movement. In the course of the New Orleans game, he spent a good deal of his time, as he usually does, with five of his assistant coaches, who were ranged along the west sideline. (The two others were up in the press box phoning down observations and suggestions.) In addition, to list just a few of his sideline activities, Ralston talked over tactics, presumably, with Pete Duranko, a veteran tackle; slapped Ray May, his middle linebacker, across the shoulder after May had made a good open-field tackle; stared moodily at the turf when a sideline pass by Ramsey was intercepted by a New Orleans cornerback, who ran it in for a touchdown that put the visitors momentarily ahead 10–7; had an appreciative word for Otis Armstrong, a young running back with colossal potential; spent several minutes checking on an offensive lineman who had been shaken up; ran far down the sideline to congratulate Ramsey and Riley Odoms, the tight end, who had teamed up on a crisp pass play that went for a touchdown; consoled Jim Turner, his placekicker, who had missed the extra point after the next Denver touchdown (his first miss, by the way, after two hundred and twenty-one consecutive conversions); had several chats with Charley Johnson, whom he admires enormously, not only because Johnson has earned his doctorate in chemical engineering as a specialist in rheology but also because he has had the guts to go through five knee operations and three shoulder operations during fourteen seasons in the league; had a smile and a word of praise for Little, who was running well despite a bad ankle; squatted down and went over some general points with his left cornerback, who had been beaten cold on two pass plays and was obviously feeling low; had a slap on the back for two of the best players on his defensive team, Bill Thompson, the strong safety, and Lyle Alzado, the right end; was the first man to con-

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gratulate Billy Van Heusen, a wide receiver, who had pulled in a pass from Ramsey on a forty-three-yard touchdown play that just about wrapped things up. The final score was Denver 33, New Orleans 17. Ralston, though he is nowhere near as agitated during a game as George Allen, who is more fidgety than a third-base coach, was constantly making nervous gestures—wiping his forehead with a finger, clapping his hands, rubbing a hand across his mouth, massaging the nape of his neck. He carried his clipboard the entire game but made hardly more use of it than Jack Benny does of his violin. While he shifted up and down the sideline with the movement of the ball, on this Sunday he did nothing that compared to his spectacular reaction to a burst around end by Little at Yankee Stadium two years ago, when he raced jubilantly down the sideline stride for stride with Little to the goal line. Ralston's unique style of coaching during a game is possible only because, with everything tidily organized, he can turn over a good deal of responsibility to his aides. "When I was starting out coaching in high school, I tried to do everything," he told me later on in my stay in Denver. "I tried to direct the offensive and defensive units, the kicking units—to carry the whole burden. When I moved up to the college level, I continued to do this for a number of years, but then I gradually realized you couldn't. I began to delegate more and more duties, to leave myself free to worry about only four main considerations: one, to decide what we'll do in all kicking situations; two, to keep track of the combinations of scores, so that I know, for example, when it might be unwise to settle for a field goal; three, to note certain changes we should make in our offensive and defensive strategies at halftime; and, four, to act as sort of a cheerleader, to keep the individual players up. I guess that's probably the most important thing I do."

Ralston met the press after the game in his stadium office, a small, white-walled room with a blue carpet, just off the locker room. He sipped a steaming cup of black coffee as he went into a general review of the game in a fairly relaxed manner—most of the tension of the afternoon had already slipped away. "We were pretty ragged," he said. "Pretty ragged. No snap at all. It's nice to win, but we've got a lot of work to do. We're not playing good solid, position football. Today, we didn't get the sustained ground game you need to be successful in this business." He took a long sip of coffee and began fielding specific questions.

After Ralston had showered and changed, he drove to his home, on the south side of the city, and had supper with his wife, Patty, and their daughter Terry, who works for the local Dale Carnegie branch. Their two other children are away from home: Sherry, Terry's twin, is married and lives in San Diego, and their son, Larry, attends the University of Colorado, in Boulder. Mrs. Ralston, by the way, works at a local methadone clinic. Most coaches are so worn out after a game that they simply take it easy. After all, the next morning they will have to start preparing for the coming Sunday's game. Ralston is a little different here, too. At eight-thirty after each home game, a yellow cab pulls up in front of his house, and the driver delivers the films of that afternoon's game. They are broken down into three reels: the Broncos' offensive plays, their defensive plays, and the special teams' plays. Ralston studies them on his projector until he can no longer keep his eyes open, and then gropes his way to bed. On Monday mornings, he usually gets up at four—some of the strain remains, and it is hard to sleep—and continues to study the films until six. He heads for his office then. He is the only coach I know of who starts work on Sunday night for next Sunday's game.

This energetic, driving man was born on April 26, 1927, in Oakland, California, not long before his family moved to the small town of Norway, in northern Michigan. At the age of eleven, he knew he wanted to be a football coach, and it is hard to conceive of a career running in a straighter line than Ralston's did. At the University of California at Berkeley, where he majored in physical education, he played linebacker on two Cal teams, coached by Lynn Waldorf, that went to the Rose Bowl. After graduating, he coached at high schools in the Bay Area for five years, returned to Cal as an assistant for three years, then became head coach at Utah State, where his teams, manned by such brontosaurs as Merlin Olsen and Lionel Aldridge, won thirty-one, lost eleven, and tied one during his four-year regime. The next year, 1963, he took over as head coach at Stanford, and there, after a losing first season, his teams, using a wide-open, pro-style offense, went on to eight straight winning seasons. During the last two—

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1970 and 1971—Stanford finally won the Pacific Eight Conference title and made it to the Rose Bowl. On New Year's Day, 1971, however, Stanford was given little, if any, chance against a big, burly, undefeated Ohio State team, representing the Big Ten. It was a seesaw battle until the final period, when Jim Plunkett, Stanford's redoubtable quarterback, who completed twenty passes in all, drove his team to two touchdowns and an astonishing 27–17 victory. The 1972 Rose Bowl game followed a somewhat similar script. A powerful Michigan team, a heavy favorite, rushed for nearly three hundred yards that afternoon, but Stanford, relying on a passing attack directed by Don Bunce, managed to stay in the game. With three minutes of playing time left and the teams locked at 10–10, the issue seemed settled when Michigan scored a safety, but Stanford wouldn't stay down. Bunce got a drive rolling from his own twenty-two-yard line, and, with the help of five completions in a row, reached the Michigan fourteen-yard line with fourteen seconds to go. Rod Garcia then kicked a clutch field goal, which made the final score Stanford 13, Michigan 12. It was a remarkable triumph of heart for the team and for Ralston.

In the week following the Saints game, I spent a good part of my time in the Broncos' offices, which occupy a one-story building across the street from the team's practice field, about four miles from the center of town. During my stay, I never ceased to be amazed by Ralston's verve, whether he was directing practice in an Italian-tenor, deep-from-the-diaphragm bellow, which he employs in order to save his speaking voice, or ad-libbing into a Code-A-Phone machine some inside chatter about the team, which is available fresh daily to any sportswriters and sportscasters who merely dial the phone number, or dictating ten to twenty-five letters a day, or rushing from a team workout in his windbreaker and practice pants to address the weekly luncheon of the Quarterback Club. His only relaxation seemed to be games of racquet-ball doubles, which he played around six o'clock each night with some of his coaches in the courts recently added to the office building. But this was a false impression. Ralston also relaxes, as Adlai Stevenson did, by talking, although his subject matter doesn't stray far from pure football or the incalculable part that motivation plays in football and all of life's games. This stress on motivation hardly comes as a surprise to anyone

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who has visited his office. A small orange-colored can on his desk bears the inscription "Success Comes in Cans, Not in Cannots." A hand-printed card beside his telephone states his goal: "Go To and Win the Super Bowl." (Similar cards are attached to the window visor of his car and to his bathroom mirror at home.) In the storage space beneath a wall shelf are five cases of tapes and notebooks that were used mainly in five Dale Carnegie courses he has taken over the past ten years. (Ralston is now a certified Carnegie instructor.) "The whole point in learning how to have better human relationships is to increase your own understanding and confidence," he said to me one day. "All of us can use more confidence, right? Football, you know, isn't all game plans and finesse. Down on the field, it can be as physical as a street fight. A team has to feel like a team. It has got to believe that it has been better prepared for each game than the other team. It's up to the coach to provide this preparation and to supply the motivation that gets his players ready to produce a top performance. Every coach goes about that a somewhat different way. Basically, what he is after is attitude. Attitude—a-t-t-i-t-u-d-e. That's the magic word." He smiled a moment as his eye caught a framed photograph on the wall of a polar bear leaning a sleepy head on a block of ice, above the legend "Act enthusiastic and you'll be enthusiastic." "As is pretty obvious, I've been a self-improvement nut all my life," Ralston continued. "That, of course, is why I got into the Dale Carnegie program. It helps a coach a heck of a lot—especially those interviews in depth with the individual players. Gosh, football has changed. When I was a player, you could tell a boy to run through a brick wall and he would. Today, you're coaching individuals, and you don't coach an athlete, you coach a mind. Well, as I was saying, you can always learn—which is why I arranged last spring for myself, the coaching staff, and six men on our administrative staff to take a fourteen-week course with the Denver representative of S.M.I. That stands for Success Motivation Institute. It's an organization, with headquarters in Waco, whose approach is to teach members of a company—say, people in the sales division—the dynamics of personal leadership. To achieve things, according to S.M.I., you must have a goal-setting program. You must write down those goals. Visualization must precede the doing. Oh, I'm sold on S.M.I. and its credo: 'Whatever you

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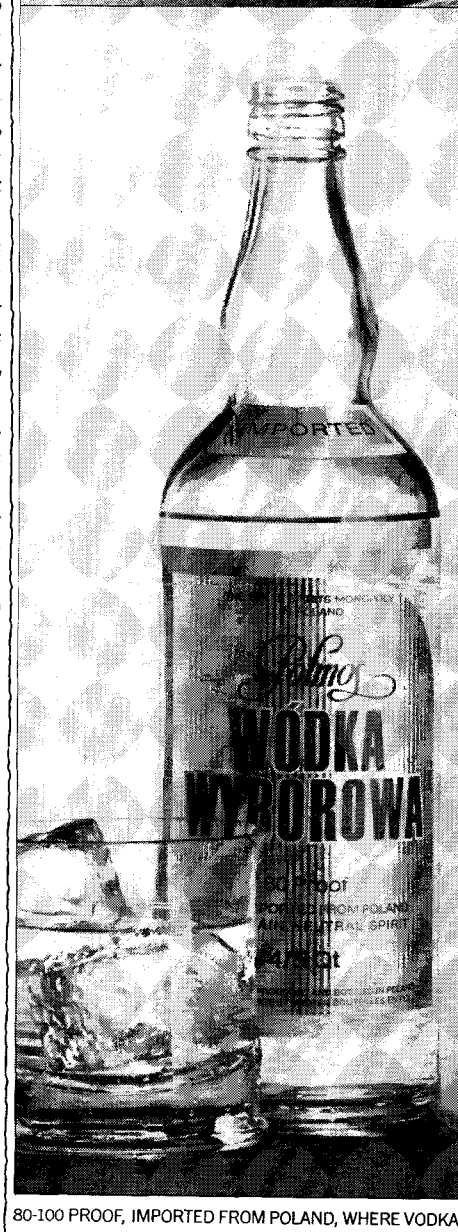

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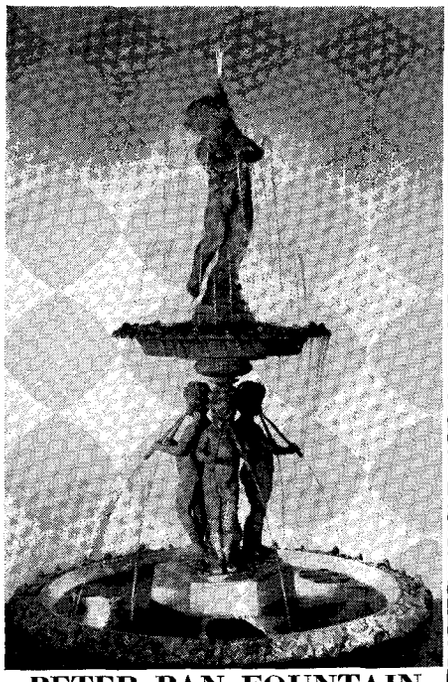

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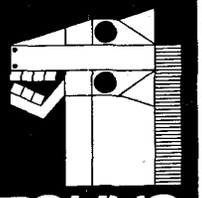

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I liked Ralston very much. I say this because, for some reason, I don't usually take to persons who are immersed in Dale Carnegie or some ideology like S.M.I.'s. As I thought things over, it seemed to me that the reason I found Ralston so appealing is that there is a lot more to him than the hardworking coach and the ardent self-improver. I could picture him as a kindly, capable, genuinely dedicated country doctor. I am not sure, but that image may have dropped into my mind because of a story that the Broncos' two public-relations men, Bob Peck and Dick Maxwell, told me about how Ralston had acted after the 1973 Pittsburgh game, in Pittsburgh, in which the standout Denver tackle Marv Montgomery suffered a terrible broken leg—both the tibia and fibula smashed. After the game, Ralston rushed to the hospital and was present at the operation. He called the airport, held up the departure of the chartered plane the team was travelling in, and ordered a row of seats to be removed on one side of the center aisle, so that there would be ample room for Montgomery to stretch out his leg and rest it comfortably. There was no way that plane was going to return to Denver without Montgomery on it.

IN a large outer office that leads to the private offices of Curt Mosher, the Dallas Cowboys' public-relations director, and Doug Todd, his assistant, a small radio plays country-and-Western songs all day long. Mosher and Todd are very keen on this type of music, but it would be wrong to deduce from this that they are two good old boys from the outback who are lost the moment they get north of the chicken-fried-steak sector. One of the best indexes of this is the kick they get out of collecting and savoring lyrics that epitomize the lush strain of sentimentality found in country-and-Western music. Some examples: "It just dawned on me what sundown does to you." "How much more can she stand and still stand by me?" "I bought the shoes that just walked out on me." The entire Cowboys' organization, for that matter, is one of the least provincial in the N.F.L., and has been since the league awarded Dallas its franchise. It is appropriate that the club's headquarters are on the eleventh floor of a sleek fifteen-story office building called the Expressway Tower, on the North Central Expressway, about five miles north of downtown Dallas, which is now dense with slab-shaped skyscrapers, and about five miles south of the new L.B.J. Expressway, which, when it is completed, will encircle this sprawling city. When a visitor gets off the elevator on the eleventh floor of the Expressway Tower, he is confronted by a three-dimensional mural with the words "Dallas Cowboys Football Club" in raised white letters on a royal-blue background, and, below them, a series of raised white circles, raised red squares, and chromed-metal tubes arranged to simulate a diagrammed football play—a power sweep to the right, on which the ballcarrier, designated by a red arrow, points down a long, blue-carpeted corridor toward the receptionist's desk. The building, by the way—a fact that is hardly surprising, considering the reach and diversity of his interests—is owned by Clint Murchison, Jr., who also is the principal owner of the Cowboys.

The office at the southwest corner of the Cowboys' floor has floor-to-ceiling windows providing a fine view of Southern Methodist University, just across the expressway. This office is occupied by Tom Landry, now in his fifteenth year as the Cowboys' coach. The picture of Landry that most people have is the one that has met their gaze so frequently whenever they have watched the Cowboys on television. A long face, usually shaded by a Rex Harrison-type tweed hat set straight ahead, it is taut with concern. The expression never changes. The eyes are sunk so deep that one can hardly see the pupils. The mouth is a thin, straight line. The chin juts way out. Landry's "game face," as it has come to be called, conjures up different images for different people. A friend of mine, for example, thinks of it as the tragic mask that balances the comic mask of Johnny Carson, to whom Landry bears a considerable facial resemblance. To me, its brooding intensity has always suggested a portrait Rembrandt might have done entitled, say, "Spice Merchant from Alkmaar," with the added explanation that the merchant had just received news that all his ships had been lost at sea. Since I had previously seen Landry only on television or through a pair of binoculars, I hardly recognized him when I met him at a press luncheon on a mid-season trip I made to Dallas. The absence of strain totally altered his features and the way they fitted together. His eyes, for example, no longer had that embedded look, and I could see that they were blue. Now fifty years old, he is

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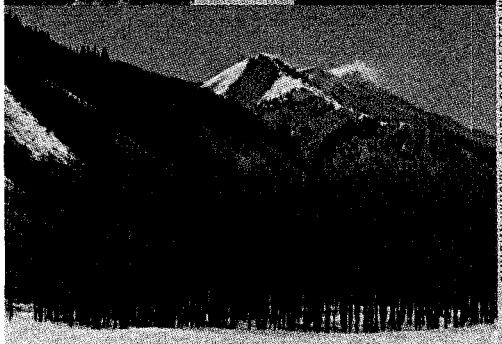

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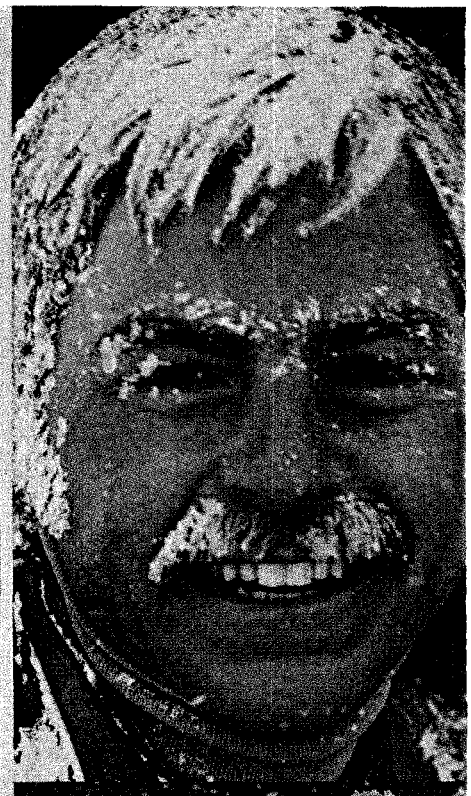

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getting bald and his sideburns are gray, but he looked much younger and far more handsome than I had expected. (He also seemed much taller. I had never realized that he is about six-two.) When he spoke to the three dozen assembled writers and broadcasters, his manner was light and there was a twinkle in his eye. This was the eighth week of the season, and on Sunday the Cowboys would be playing their second game against the Cardinals, who were still undefeated. When Landry was asked what he planned to do to stop Terry Metcalf, the Cardinals' wonderful young back, who had run several Dallas kickoffs back for enormous yardage in the first game, he said with a little laugh, "Maybe we can make a deal with the Cards whereby they just take over at their forty-yard line on kickoffs."

Landry is aware of his game face and has a definite opinion about it. He believes that it results not from tension but, rather, from trying to sustain a high pitch of concentration. "My job during a game is to help the team all I can," he said when we talked one day. "There are a lot of things to watch for, to think about, and to correct as rapidly as possible. That requires every last bit of attention and knowledge I can muster." (According to Gil Brandt, the Cowboys' vice-president for personnel development, Landry sometimes gets so deeply involved in a game that "I've heard him call for players we haven't had for two years.") It is Landry's opinion that although he may not look it, he is actually fairly relaxed during a game—much more relaxed than he is on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, when he is working on the game plan for the next Sunday. The members of the Cowboys' staff are quick to corroborate this. "The first three days of the week, Tom may pass you in the corridor without saying a word," Al Ward, the vice-president for administration, says. "He doesn't even see you. On Thursday or Friday, he's liable to greet you warmly and slap you across the back." When Landry is preoccupied, his standard response to any routine question or piece of news is a barely audible "O.K.," uttered with a rising inflection. "He's always very brief at those times," Curt Mosher told me, with a smile. "During the 1968 pre-season, to give you an example, the trainer telephoned in to report that Bob Lilly had a slight leg injury, which the Coach hadn't been told about. I found Tom in his office engaged in a serious discussion with six of his assistants. When I relayed the report, he just lowered

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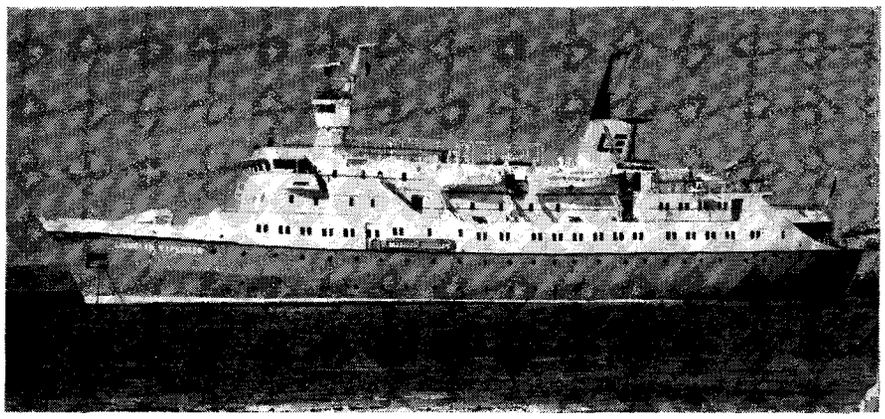

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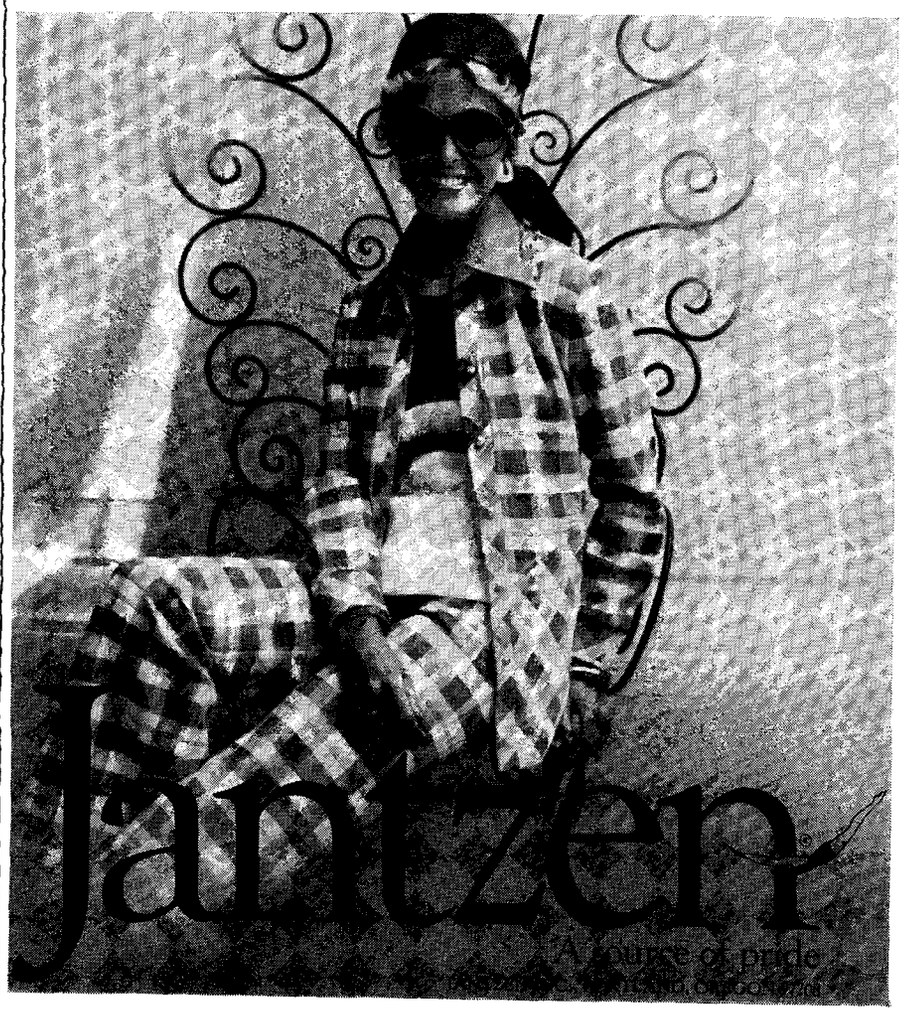

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his reading glasses and said in a flat, chirping voice, 'O.K. Start East'—meaning Ron East, one of our backup tackles. For Tom, that covered everything." Later in my stay, I had the opportunity to talk about Landry with Tex Schramm, the club's president and general manager. "Tom is not an easy man to read," he said. "For example, he's a very emotional person, but the way he conducts himself, he doesn't allow it to show. Another thing, he's a very confident person. That has helped us immeasurably. For a large number of reasons, the Cowboys, as you know, have been one of the glamour teams of the postwar era, along with the old Rams, the Giants of the late fifties and early sixties, and the Packers under Lombardi. Few people, however, seem to remember the many severe disappointments the Cowboys suffered through before they won the Super Bowl at the end of the 1971 season. I think it was Landry's own strength, along with the great faith we have in him, that enabled the team to pull itself off the floor after those disheartening blows and come back with renewed purpose."

The story of Landry and the Cowboys—and a fascinating one it is—really begins in 1952, when Murchison, who had always wanted to own a professional football team, made an attempt to acquire the moribund Dallas Texans of the N.F.L. but was stymied, because the league had already reached an agreement with a Baltimore group to take over the franchise. (The Baltimore group later renamed the team the Colts.) Despite the fact that Murchison had neither the size nor the sinew of his classmates, he had played end on the Lawrenceville team before going on to Duke and from there to M.I.T., where he earned his degree in electrical engineering. Back in Dallas, he got into football again when his two older sons were growing up and he began coaching a team for kids twelve and under in the Y.M.C.A. League. The game meant a lot to him. After being repulsed in his effort to buy the Texans, he tried, also unsuccessfully, to buy the Washington Redskins and then the San Francisco 49ers. His chance came at last in 1959, when the N.F.L. announced that it would be expanding the next year, and subsequently informed Murchison that it regarded with favor an application made by his syndicate to establish a new team in Dallas. The first man hired by Murchison was Schramm, whose job was to put the team together and run it. Down through the years, Murchison has always made himself available to Schramm for consultation, but in recent times he has taken a leading role in only one of the club's projects—the building of its new home, Texas Stadium, in nearby Irving. One of Murchison's construction outfits entered a bid on the job and got the contract. Murchison himself conceived the plan of the stadium and made every decision, down to the choice of leather seats for the press box and the small Sony television set between every two seats. Texas Stadium is unique in that its outside wall tilts inward at the top, covering the stands but leaving an area of some two and a quarter acres above the playing field open to the sky. This design, besides protecting the patrons from rain and from sun glare, preserves the outdoor character of an outdoor sport. One of the few N.F.L. stadiums not built by city, county, or state funds—it was financed basically by the team's season-ticket holders—Texas Stadium is the finest football facility I have ever seen. (I should perhaps add that I have not been to the new Arrowhead Stadium, the home of the Kansas City Chiefs, who are owned by Lamar Hunt, another well-to-do Texan and an old friend of Murchison's.)

Schramm, the man who has guided the growth of the Cowboys, is regarded as one of the ablest administrators in sport. Before going with Dallas, he had been the publicity director and the general manager of the Los Angeles Rams, and then had left the game to become assistant director of sports at CBS. (His full name is Texas Edward Schramm. His grandfather, who emigrated from Germany to the hill country north of San Antonio, fell so deeply in love with Texas that he named his son after the state; the son, who became a broker in San Gabriel, California, passed the name on to *his* son, who, for his part, chose to go to college at the University of Texas.) As Schramm set to work building the Cowboys, the leading candidate he had in mind as a possible coach was Sid Gillman, whom he had known when they were both with the Rams. The man who suggested Landry was Paul Corley, an aide to Toddie Lee Wynne, Jr., still another well-to-do Texan, who is an investor in the Cowboys. Corley had come to know Landry, a deeply religious man, at the Highland Park Methodist Church in Dallas, where they were both active in the Sunday-school program. In those days, Landry, a native Texan, was still associated with the New York Giants

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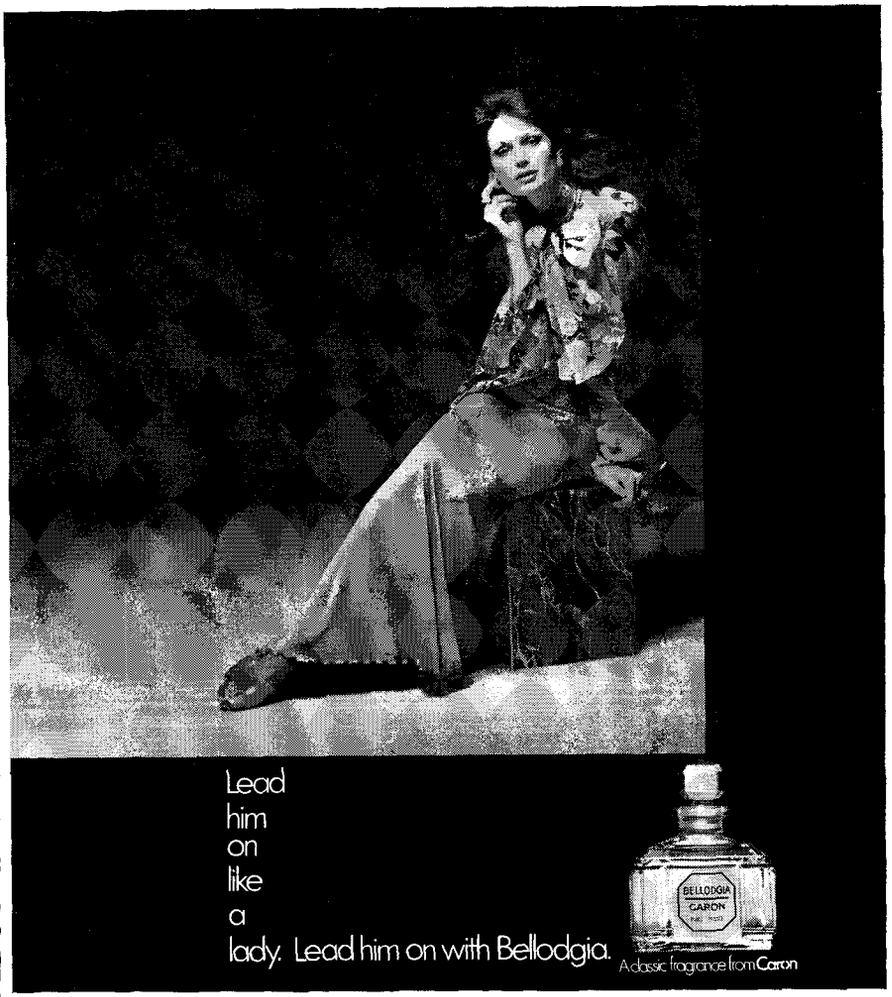
as their highly esteemed defensive coach, but football then took up only six months of a person's time, and during the off-season Landry and his family regularly returned to Texas. Schramm, of course, knew a good deal about Landry to begin with. He made further inquiries about him, met with him several times on trips to New York, and then signed him as the Cowboys' coach right after the Giants had lost the 1959 N.F.L. championship game. "Nobody in football has ever questioned Tom's knowledge of the sport, then or now," Schramm told me. "As everyone knows, he was the first man to take a defensive unit and turn it into the *team*. Yankee Stadium—that was the first place where the crowds set up the chant of 'Dee-fense! Dee-fense!' and where, after the defensive unit had done its stuff and stopped a drive, that huge roar of applause rose from the stands. But, equally important, I felt that Tom had the personal qualities that we could count on over the long pull. After my years with the Rams, where the constant bickering among the owners had been very destructive, I appreciated the value of having continuity on a team. Unless people know they're going to be a part of tomorrow, you can't expect them to think in long-range terms."

Landry was born and grew up in Mission, a small town at the head of the Rio Grande Valley, eighty miles northwest of Brownsville—a district that produces citrus fruits and winter vegetables. His father, a mechanic who ran his own garage, was the chief of the town's volunteer fire department for forty years before retiring, in 1973. Landry, who looks back on his boyhood in Mission with immense affection, played quarterback on the high-school team. He entered the University of Texas, but in the spring of his freshman year—1943—he enlisted in the Army Air Forces. He got his wings as a B-17 pilot at nineteen, and flew thirty missions over Germany and German-occupied Europe. After the war, Landry returned to the University of Texas and football. He switched to fullback, and in his senior year he co-captained the team. He was signed by the New York Yankees of the A.A.F.C. and played cornerback for them. When the league folded, after the 1949 season, Landry and most of the other players in the Yankees' defensive backfield ended up with the New York Giants. The Giants were coached at that time, as they had been since 1931, by Steve Owen, a master of defensive football. In 1950, the season the Giants played their first game



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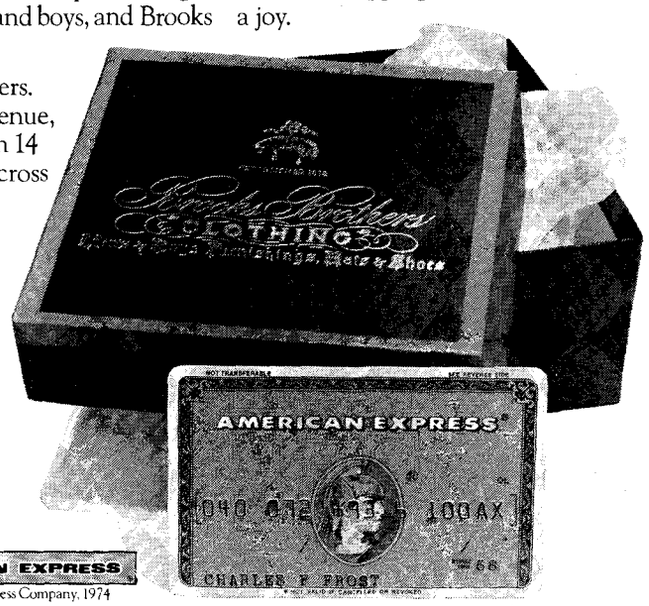

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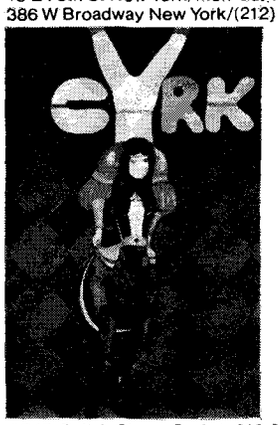

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against the Browns, who had transferred to the N.F.L. after the demise of the A.A.F.C., Owen came up with something special to contain the Browns' fearsome offense. Instead of going with the standard 5-2 pro defense of five linemen and two linebackers supplemented by four deep backs—the so-called Eagle Defense, since it had been developed by Earl (Greasy) Neale, the coach of the Philadelphia Eagles—Owen surprised the Browns by coming up with a 6-1 defense: six men on the line, including two ends, who rushed on some plays and dropped back on others to help the single linebacker. Behind this front wall were four defensive backs, including Landry, arrayed in a wide arc that came to be known as the umbrella defense. The Browns were badly confused by Owen's revolutionary alignment—and in particular by the two mobile ends, rushing the passer on one down, sliding out into the flat on the next. In the first half, the Browns' celebrated Otto Graham didn't complete a single pass. He didn't do much better in the second half, and for the first time in history the Browns were shut out. When Owen retired, before the 1954 season, his successor, Jim Lee Howell, recognizing Landry's penchant for analytical probing, appointed him a player-coach. Landry continued in this double role for two years—in the first, 1954, he was named to the All-Pro team—making up for his lack of speed by shrewd position play. By studying an opposing team's offense on films, he learned to anticipate what plays were coming up by spotting certain keys in the different formations. After the 1955 season, he retired as an active player and became the Giants' defensive coach—a position he held until he went with Dallas. It was during the four years he was a full-time coach with the Giants that Landry devised the 4-3 defense, which soon became the standard pro defense, and still is. "The 4-3 derives, of course, from Steve Owen's 6-1," Landry said when he was clarifying its origin for me. "It became obvious to the other teams after a while that the two ends in the 6-1 would drop off. To keep it effective, some refinements had to be made. It took a while for the 4-3 to evolve—replacing the two ends with two linebackers—but when you used this defense with discipline and imagination, it really worked for you, especially if you had a good, veteran secondary who had learned to play a coördinated defense."

Most coaches, even many who majored in offense, are sold on the thesis that to be successful a team first and foremost must possess a reliable defense. Consequently, when Landry took over at Dallas the football cognoscenti, knowing his background, looked for him to devote the bulk of his attention to establishing a solid, savvy defensive unit and to settle, at least temporarily, for a skeletal offense. It didn't work out that way. First, the Cowboys' defense yielded a very high number of points until their sixth season, 1965, by which time Landry had assembled the personnel he needed to make his system work. Second, instead of installing an uncomplicated, three-yards-and-a-cloud-of-dust offense, he chose to go with the most intricate attack possible—a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer amalgam of slot formations, double and triple wings, I formations, and several other formations, which, quite logically, came to be called the multiple offense. According to Ermal Allen, who has headed up the club's research-and-development department since 1962, the Cowboys today employ five basic offensive formations: the I (with the two running backs stacked behind the quarterback); the Brown (with both backs set to the weak side); the Red (a split backfield with the fullback set to the strong side); the Green (a split backfield with the halfback set to the strong side); and the Blue (with both backs set to the strong side). From these five formations, sixty or more variations are possible. Sometimes the Cowboys go on a quick count, sometimes after one shift, sometimes after a shift in which a flanker or a running back goes in motion, and sometimes after a second shift. This Byzantine offense, which at first look seems so out of character for Landry, isn't at all when he explains his reasons for creating it: "At the time the Cowboys joined the N.F.L., most of the teams in the league had adopted the 4-3 and were emphasizing defense. Having spent so much time myself on the 4-3, I realized that the basis of its effectiveness was recognition—recognizing what possible plays your opponent's offensive formation was setting up and then making your defensive adjustments. My thinking went like this: If this is the case, let's keep the other team from recognizing *our* offensive intentions. We'll show them one formation, and while they're adjusting their defense to it, we'll shift into a different formation and run our play before they can even start to readjust." By 1962, their third season,

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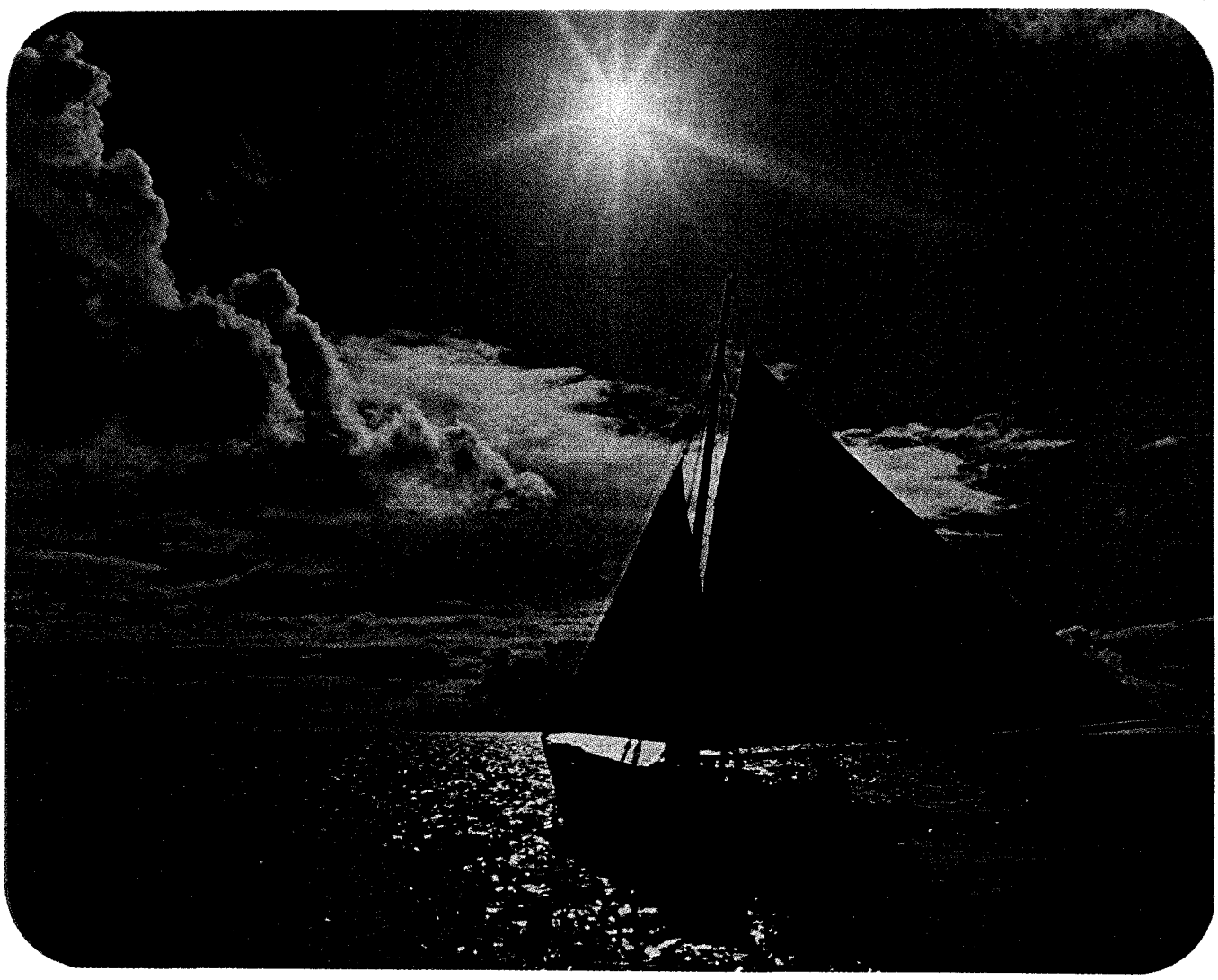

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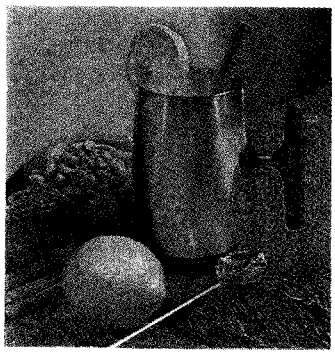

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the Cowboys were one of the three top offensive teams in the league, and their 1966 team stands as one of the most explosive in football history. On the other hand, the multiple offense has certain inherent difficulties. While a man like Calvin Hill, with an exceptionally good mind, can learn the system in one year ("It's something like calculus," Hill said one day after practice. "If you know why one thing is happening, you can figure out the other things"), this type of offense is so complex that a lot more can go wrong with it than with a simplified attack. As much as anything else, this explains why the Cowboys have traditionally been very much like the little girl with the little curl right in the middle of her forehead. When they have been good, they have looked like the Rolls-Royce of football, and when they have been bad, they have stuttered and stalled like an old Chalmers. Indeed, one of the recurrent problems for Landry has been finding a quarterback who, in his opinion, could correctly exploit the many options afforded by the multiple offense. His solution has often been to alternate two men in that position—Eddie LeBaron and the very talented but emotionally ornate Don Meredith, Meredith and Craig Morton, and Morton and Roger Staubach, the team's present regular quarterback, who is that rare anomaly, a man of brimming self-confidence and courage who lacks the fundamental qualities of leadership. Most of the years, whatever the situation at quarterback, Landry has ended up calling the plays himself.

Landry's most significant achievement has not been the building of some superb two-way teams but, as Schramm has intimated, his holding the Cowboys together during the protracted period when they incurred a succession of traumatic defeats unmatched in the history of professional football. In 1966, when the team had at length coalesced, it went all the way to the N.F.L. championship game only to lose to the Packers in the final minute, 34–27. (With 1:58 to go, the Cowboys had a first down on the Packers' two-yard line but failed to score.) In 1967, in the famous Ice Bowl game, they again lost to the Packers in the final minute, 21–17. (With time for only one play left, Starr, behind a block by Jerry Kramer, dived into the end zone for the winning touchdown.) The Cowboys expected their turn to come the following season, but they didn't even reach the championship game, committing error after error against the Browns in the Eastern

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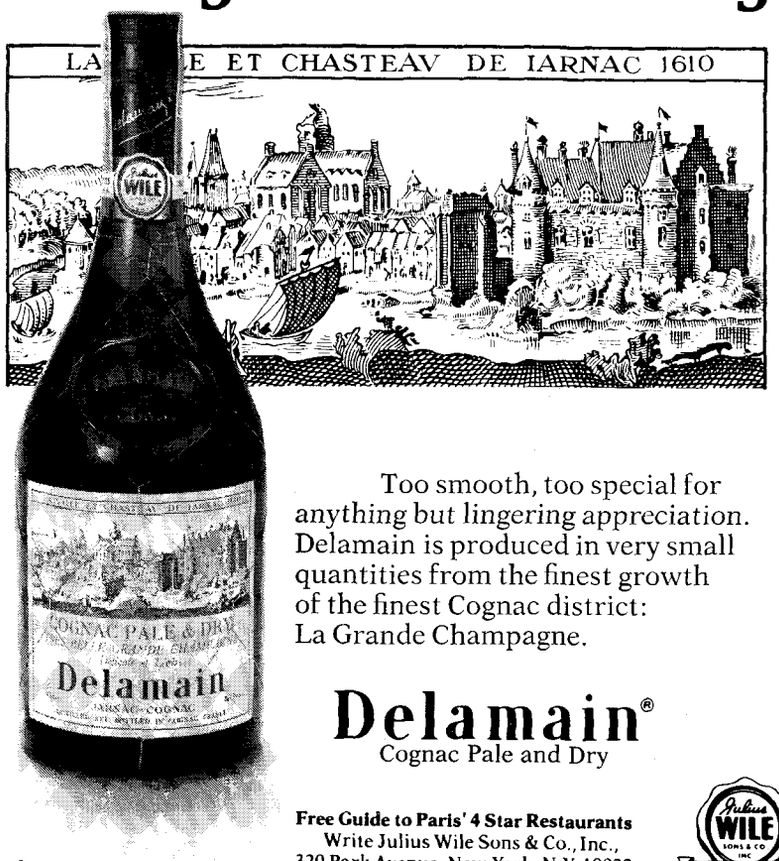

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Conference playoff and succumbing 31–20. The 1969 season brought an even more humiliating defeat in the Eastern Conference playoff: on paper much the superior team, the Cowboys were pushed all over by the Browns, 38–14. In 1970, the first year in which the teams previously in the American Football League were fully incorporated into the N.F.L., the Cowboys, after winning two close games to take the National Conference playoffs—in the new setup, the teams were now divided into six divisions, three in each of the conferences—met Baltimore, the American Conference champions, in Super Bowl V. There they maintained their reputation for blowing the important games by losing this one, 16–13, on a last-minute field goal by Jim O'Brien, after they had thoroughly outplayed the Colts. What a tale of travail! Through it all, Landry somehow had the stuff to gather himself together after each disappointment and to reknit the confidence of the players in themselves and the team. (His hardest moment, perhaps, followed the 1969 loss to the Browns, when, after talking with his coaching staff in the locker room, he asked them to leave, and spent seven or eight minutes by himself trying to think things through.) At last, in 1971, the Cowboys made it. They defeated Minnesota and San Francisco in the National Conference playoffs to reach the Super Bowl again, and there they defeated the Miami Dolphins, 24–3. It was historically fitting that when the Cowboys finally won their first championship, they did it by playing the perfect Bowl game. After that success, there was talk that perhaps a Dallas dynasty had begun, but in 1972 and 1973, while they had good seasons, on each occasion the Cowboys lost the game that would have put them in the Super Bowl. Landry's comment on this has been entirely characteristic: "It's the old story. Getting to the top is hard, but staying there is harder. A team loses its incentive, and that's no easy thing to reëstablish."

A compulsive perfectionist, Landry believes that "the quality of life depends on your commitment to excellence." If he has a major weakness, it may be that he is overpatient with people and circumstances and, as a result, takes too long to make some decisions. Of his many strong points, one of the most admirable is the continuous effort he makes to maintain some proportion in his life. For example, he insists on having breakfast each morning, even during the football season, with his

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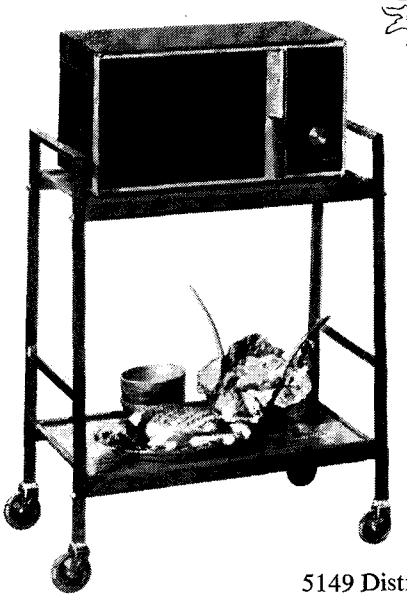

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wife, Alicia, and those of their children (they have three) who happen to be at home. He relaxes during the off-season by fishing (he is a very competitive angler), by playing golf (his low round last year was a 73), and by working with the Fellowship of Christian Athletes (he is currently the chairman of the board of trustees of the National F.C.A.). For all this, it is quite probable that no one in this country spends more time thinking about football during the course of a year than Landry.

THIS year, when the Cowboys lost four of their first five games, all by narrow margins, it looked as if their record of reaching the playoffs eight straight seasons were surely coming to an end. Then they turned things around and won six of their next seven games, including a storybook victory over Washington in the last twenty-eight seconds on Thanksgiving Day. At this writing—halfway through the thirteenth week of the fourteen-week season—they still have an outside shot of gaining the "wild-card," or last-qualification, spot in the National Conference. The Broncos also got off to a bad start, winning only one of their first four games. Ralston, with his esprit and fibre, managed to regroup his forces, and got them playing some exciting offensive football, climaxed by a gritty, come-from-behind victory over Detroit on Thanksgiving Day. Four days later, however, they were mathematically eliminated from the championship race when Miami defeated Cincinnati in a Monday-night game. What a bunch-up we have had this season! Oakland, Los Angeles, Minnesota, and St. Louis have already clinched four of the eight playoff places that lead to the Super Bowl, but at the moment no fewer than eight other teams are still eligible for the remaining four places, and we may not know who is in and who is out until the last day of the regular season, December 15th. I am making plans to drive up to New Haven sometime the week after that so that I can commune with the shades of Walter and Alice Camp, discuss the various coaches of the teams who have made the playoffs, and get a little perspective on these difficult matters.

—HERBERT WARREN WIND

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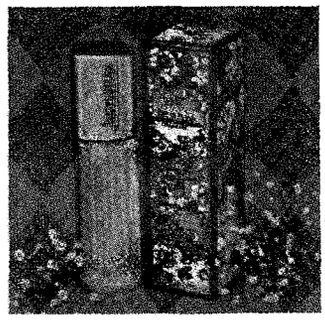

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Travels with Mignon

THE inability of most modern singers to sing and speak idiomatic French, the move from small opera houses to large, the replacement of spoken dialogue by sung recitatives and of French texts by Italian translations, general aggrandizement—these things conspired to destroy opéra comique. When the Théâtre de l'Opéra-Comique in Paris closed, three years ago, the genre lost its last metropolitan stronghold. It survives precariously in the French provinces and on the French radio. But, otherwise, to discover what opéra comique is like one must read the librettos and produce in the mind's theatre those plays of wit and sentiment that start with a chorus and proceed rapidly in spoken dialogue so designed that the actors can often break into song. Recasting the works in grand-opera format, even when the job was done by the composer himself, seldom improved them. By elevated grand-opera standards, "Faust" is judged trivial (though attractive) and "Benvenuto Cellini" a sorry muddle (though touched by genius). By their librettists, both pieces were initially intended as entertainments in a genre whose limitations were clearly understood and appreciated. It could compass tragedy, comedy, and romance. Great works of literature and fashionable novelettes alike passed under the fingers of seasoned professional librettists, often working in pairs, to be trimmed and furbished for the taste of a bourgeois public that liked to laugh a little and cry a little, to be diverted by spectacles exotic or picturesque (fairs, gypsies, and Oriental dances abound), and to go away with some graceful, pretty tunes to remember. Composers, for their part, knew exactly what to provide, and theatre directors were ever at hand to advise, meddle, insist on alterations, and insure that the accepted rules were observed. An opéra comique, like a modern musical, reached its first night through a trail of discarded numbers, revisions, rewrites, and alternative endings. The debris survives in Paris's rich archives, and it rewards study. Often enough, there is no case to be made for reviving in actual performance the music that was rejected or replaced. Sometimes there is, especially when there is evidence that changes were imposed on a composer against his will, to placate a vain artist, lighten the task of a weak one, or meet an early curtain time. And even when last thoughts are obviously best thoughts, a knowledge of first thoughts can illumine things obscured by the alterations.

Ambroise Thomas's "Mignon," first performed at the Opéra-Comique in November, 1866 (while Verdi's "Don Carlos" was in preparation at the Paris Opéra), and a Metropolitan staple from 1927 to 1944, has just been given two performances by the Dallas Civic Opera. The large State Fair Music Hall, handsomely and comfortably refitted in its public areas since I was last there, is no place for an opéra comique, and the piece was done in the familiar grand-opera version with recitatives that Thomas prepared for the London première in 1870. It was sung more or less in French by a cast of Americans and Italians—very few of whose words could be understood. It was enjoyable, because the score contains so many tunes that are skillfully and gracefully fashioned. Mignon's "Connais-tu," Philine's polonaise "Je suis Titania," Frederick's gavotte "Me voici dans son boudoir" (an addition for the London première), and Wilhelm's "Adieu, Mignon!" and "Elle ne croyait pas" are justly celebrated. Record collectors also know Mignon's styrienne (Lotte Lehmann), the Harper's berceuse (Gerhard Hüsch), and the Swallow Duet (Supervia and Bettoni). The ensembles and choruses prove to be packed with catchy strains. Many numbers are in lilting dance rhythms. The instrumentation is slight but cunning. "Mignon" is a collection of deft, delightful melodies, and must be accepted (or rejected) as such—as a typical opéra comique. "Carmen," the masterpiece that lifted the genre to a higher level and made it a medium of music-drama, was still in the future.

In 1859, the librettist team of Jules Barbier and Michel Carré had carved an opéra comique from Goethe's "Faust." With his "Wilhelm Meisters Lehrjahre" they had a harder task, since, as Carlyle remarked in the preface to his famous translation, "of romance interest there is next to none in 'Meister;' the characters are samples to judge of, rather than persons to love and hate; the incidents are contrived for other objects than moving or affrighting us; the hero is a milksop, whom, with all his gifts, it takes an effort to avoid despising." Although the types represented range widely, "from the gay material vivacity of Philine to the severe moral grandeur of the Uncle and the splendid accomplishment of Lothario," the main matter is "everlasting disquisitions about plays and players, and politeness and activity, and art and nature." However, though a "Wilhelm Meister" opera was clearly impossible, a "Mignon" could be made, since

> the history of Mignon runs like a thread of gold through the tissue of the narrative, connecting with the heart much that were else addressed only to the head.... This mysterious child, at first neglected by the reader, gradually forced on his attention, at length overpowers him with an emotion more deep and thrilling than any poet since the days of Shakespeare has succeeded in producing.... She is of the earth, but not earthly. When she glides before us through the light mazes of her fairy dance, or twangs her cithern to the notes of her homesick verses, or whirls her tambourine and hurries round us like an antique Maenad, we could almost fancy her a spirit; so pure is she, so full of fervour, so disengaged from the clay of this world.... It is not tears which her fate calls forth; but a feeling far too deep for tears. The very fire of heaven seems miserably quenched among the obstructions of this earth. Her little heart, so noble and helpless, perishes before the smallest of its many beauties is unfolded.

This Mignon was given her meetest music in Hugo Wolf's settings of songs from the novel. Something of her, I imagine, appeared in Lucrezia Bori, who played Thomas's heroine at the Metropolitan for ten consecutive seasons. She can be discerned in Jennie Tourel, whose Metropolitan début, as Mignon, in 1937, can still be heard on record. Thomas's first Mignon, Galli-Marié, was a mezzo, but he adjusted the role for soprano interpreters, and a lyric-soprano voice possibly suits the character best. Christine Nilsson—a Marguérite, Juliette, and Ophélie, and "helped by a certain naïvety of look and manner which was thought very charming"—introduced the opera to London and to New York; the sopranos Marie van Zandt and Geraldine Farrar were among her successors at the Metropolitan. After Bori's long incumbency, the mezzos took over there—Gladys Swarthout, Tourel, Risë Stevens. But whether soprano or mezzo, a Mignon needs limpid tones and simple, unaffected charm of delivery. Marilyn Horne, who undertook the part in Dallas, was not really suited

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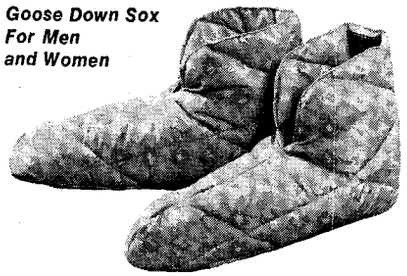

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to it, for she is a heroic coloratura mezzo, robust in temperament, in voice, and in physical presence. Being also a versatile and intelligent artist, she did her best, by timbre and demeanor, to suggest an androgynous waif. But neither the voice nor the appearance was ethereal, and so much of the fragile, delicate pathos of the piece was lost. Words like "*bien*" and "*lointain*" Miss Horne nasalized, instead of keeping them forward, and then the finespun sound became a snarl. The set pieces were sung slowly, with much artful virtuoso detail, which was very impressive, if less touching than "*candeur naïve*" might have been.

When Barbier and Carré drew the "thread of gold" that is Mignon's history from Goethe's book, they ingeniously conflated other characters and incidents to provide an opéra-comique setting around it. (At resourceful transference they were adept; their "Hamlet," also written for Thomas, ends with the Ghost's ordering Gertrude to get her to a nunnery, and proclaiming Hamlet king.) In their first plan for "Mignon" (the draft libretto of which survives in the Bibliothèque Nationale), there were four acts. The Baron and Baroness, owners of the château where the present Act II is set, are among the principal characters; the former flirts with the actress Philine, the latter with Wilhelm. There are lively French-farce scenes—of concealments, eavesdroppings, and inopportune entrances—constructed around Philine and her three admirers and Wilhelm and his three. There is lively theatrical patter, based on the book, for a large cast of subsidiary characters. Mignon gives the private performance of her "egg dance," accompanied by her song and castanets (the librettists of "Carmen" took up the idea). The troupe plays not "A Midsummer Night's Dream" but "Romeo and Juliet;" Mignon, moved to despair by the ardor that Philine and Wilhelm bring to the bedroom scene, interrupts it. At the end of Act III, the Harper strides onto the burning stage, whence all but he have fled, to declaim "Wer sich der Einsamkeit ergibt" in noble ecstasy. "Wilhelm Meister" is a fecund book. (Incidentally, it also adumbrates the Marschallin's levée, and some of the "Ring" mythology.) Most of the incident in this first "Mignon" libretto can be found in it somewhere or other, but the authors left Goethe behind at the end, when they prepared the marriage of Mignon and Wilhelm. In this draft version, the celebrations turn to lament when Mignon expires in an excess of rapture. But in Thomas's score for the Opéra-Comique the death is omitted, and all ends in jollity. Then, for Germany, the composer devised an alternative unhappy dénouement by removing the final scene and making Mignon die, not merely swoon, on hearing the voice of Philine, her former rival. Next, he ended with a trio in which she revives—and this is the close published in modern scores. Dallas retained it . . . but then allowed Mignon to die after all in the final bars. (Clara Louise Kellogg hit on a similar solution for the version she published in 1874.)

Sarah Caldwell was both musical and stage director of the Dallas production. With her own company she would doubtless have done something closer to the original opéra comique, and perhaps have included some of the alternative music turned up in her researches (among it a stranger, bleaker setting of "Connais-tu;" a cabaletta to Mignon's "Elle est aimée;" a dashing trio for Mignon, Wilhelm, and the Harper when Mignon wakes to find herself in the land where the lemons bloom). As it was, she restored some of the passages traditionally cut, and invested the crowd scenes with liveliness. Nothing Miss Caldwell does is routine. Conceiving the last act as a dream fantasy of the dying Mignon was a foible that proved harmless, since it made no effective difference to the staging. Only when reading the program note, after the performance, did I realize that this had been Miss Caldwell's intention. True, Wilhelm did not react to Philine's offstage voice (if he was part of Mignon's dream, surely he should have done so?), but throughout the evening Renzo Casellato had been acting so dully that his apathy here made no special point. His voice, a bright lyric tenor, is pleasant enough, but there was no romance in his musical or dramatic manners.

Ruth Welting played a cutesy-pie Philine, a pretty little ingénue rather than the chic, glittering actress implied by her music. Her voice, usually so sweet and true, she pushed to squealiness at high climaxes. Nancy Williams was a plump, not a sparky, Frederick. Nicola Zaccaria lacked the fine, for-

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ward focus that good French basses bring to the Harper's music. With this cast (Piero de Palma sang Laertes, and Enrico Campi Jarno—both in execrable French) it might have been wiser to use the Italian translation. French, purely and distinctly pronounced, is one of the most beautiful and vivid of singing languages, but what these singers made of it was horrid. As conductor, Miss Caldwell began slowly, inflecting the overture with more expression than it can easily bear; later, she showed her wonted grace in lyrical moments, and verve in brilliant passages. The décor, by Peter J. Hall, was painted canvas that had already seen hard labor in Italy.

DALLAS does four operas and twelve performances (plus four student "Toscas") this season. Over in Houston, the Houston Grand Opera does six operas and thirty-nine performances. In the local telephone directory ("Some Interesting Facts About Houston") one is told that the company is the fourth-largest in the country. (There is also a spring festival, and a junior touring company, the Texas Opera Theatre.) It plays in Jesse Jones Hall, a strikingly handsome, well-planned modern auditorium downtown, close to restaurants and other theatres. (Dallas's Music Hall is out in a deserted park.) The foyer is a picturesque, inviting space, rising the full height of the building, wrapped in a curve around the horseshoe. Terraces cascade downward, linked by a romantic stair that hugs the outer wall like an Inca trail climbing a gorge. The feel of the place—its shapes and colors, a huge Lippold rod sculpture glinting overhead—is exhilarating, and so was the feel of the company, and its audiences, at the two performances I attended.

Both were of "Il Trovatore." Each production in Houston is given in an "international series" and again by a "national" cast, in English translation, at lower prices (on subscription, all six operas can be seen for a dollar each). The English "Trovatore" was by far the more exciting. Patricia Wells may not have the weight or metal in her voice to be a complete Leonora, but she was perfectly audible in the large house—true, accurate, and musical. Mario Fusco, making his opera début, was a bright-voiced, slightly raw Manrico. Brent Ellis was by any reckoning an admirable Luna—swift in attack; keen in utterance; lyrical, passionate, and forceful in the ways that a Verdian baritone should be. Carolyne James's very

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dramatic Azucena was marred by a slow, wide vibrato. A sensible, singable new translation by Ross Yockey gave fresh life to the drama. In the Italian version, Lucine Amara (deputizing for an injured Martina Arroyo) and Barry Morell were a Leonora and Manrico of routine mediocrity, and Kostas Paskalis, as Luna, was something worse—a sprawly, self-centered, self-indulgent performer. Lili Chookasian was a gusty Azucena. In both casts, John Mount made a strong Ferrando. He looked very young, but since Manrico, according to the libretto, is just turned fifteen, a twenty-five-year-old Ferrando, say, might well remember the face of a child-stealing gypsy he saw when he was ten.

Chris Nance conducted the English performance, and Charles Rosekrans the Italian, both ably. The scenery, by Sally Jacobs (the designer of Peter Brook's "A Midsummer Night's Dream"), looked like Ludwig Sievert décor of the thirties—clean, simple, and effective. There was nonsense in Gordon Davidson's direction; he introduced (*in his own words*) "a 'family' of *timeless gypsies*—rootless souls who seem to be in touch with the inexplicable forces which even today turn rational behavior into passionate excesses." Unrelated to the singing gypsies of Verdi's drama, they sat about in or wandered through *every* scene, and in some way they were supposed to make manifest Azucena's desire for vengeance, which "in this context . . . becomes the spine upon which the human and social drama, Verdi's own passionate theatrical cry against oppression and fascism, is constructed." Muddled thinking! But these mute "timeless gypsies" could be ignored, and for the rest Mr. Davidson's work was clear, except when, during the last few bars of Act I, he essayed a scurried mime of the action later narrated in "Mal reggendo"—with predictably ludicrous result.

—ANDREW PORTER

ROCK, ETC.

The Rolling Stones Now

THERE was a time when a new Rolling Stones album was an automatic, instant rush, fuelled by Mick Jagger's phenomenal power to create and control his universe—a power as exciting as it was at times offensive. But then the Stones began to sing about their own nervous breakdowns instead of other people's; the hysteria of "Gimme Shelter" and the resignation of "You Can't Always Get What You Want" converged in the impotent horror of Altamont. Subsequent Stones records, instead of taking immediate command, have tended to confirm a kind of domino theory of album listening: If I feel compelled to play one cut over and over, chances are I'll end up loving the rest. When I first heard "Exile on Main St.," I hated it. I found the mix, with its recessed vocals, alienating; I concluded that the Stones, seduced by Mick Taylor, had finally abandoned the rock-and-rollers and gone over to the musicians. Yet I found myself obsessed by "Tumbling Dice," with its chaotic music and maddeningly elusive lyrics and desperate mood. The next domino to fall was "Rocks Off," which, I discovered with a shock, was "Satisfaction" updated. Then I heard the love in "Shine a Light" and began to realize that if "Exile's" surface was alienating—as alienating as exile itself—its undercurrents of rebellion and transcendence were no less potent for being submerged. I now think that "Exile" is arguably the Stones' best work. My conversion to "Goats Head Soup" was less dramatic—partly because it isn't nearly as rich as "Exile," partly because I'd given up expecting that instant rush—but the process was similar. The song that first drew me in was the obvious one, "Star Star," which would have been a gigantic hit if Jagger had exercised his fabled talent for slurring obscenities. Most of the others followed soon afterward. But only a month ago I was listening to "Angie," a song I'd dismissed as an irritating whine, and suddenly heard it as exactly the opposite—a victory over self-pity. Given enough time, I may even get to like "Can You Hear the Music."

"It's Only Rock 'n Roll" (Rolling Stones COC 79101 0698) is yet another low-key album that yields its pleasures slowly. In order of discovery, they include "It's Only Rock 'n Roll (But I Like It)," wherein Jagger-Richard prove that they can write a better rock-and-roll anthem than anyone else while making fun of the whole idea *and* throwing in some maybe serious comment on the star-fan relationship; the melancholic nastiness of "Till the Next Goodbye" (refrain: "Till the next time that we say goodbye, I'll be thinking of you"); Mick Taylor's brilliant guitar in "Time Waits for No One;" the "Gimme Shelter"-*cum*-"Superfly" sinister urgency of "Fingerprint File;" the triple edge of "Luxury," a reggae song in which multimillionaire pop star assumes the persona of harassed refinery worker complain-

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ing about the inequities of capitalism while cherishing his own lubricious fantasies of wealth; "If You Really Want to Be My Friend," a powerful, if somewhat ambiguous, dialogue between a woman (Bianca?) and a rock-and-roll star (guess who) on the subject of— well, call it open marriage. But the album as a whole is interesting in a way that transcends particulars: it suggests not only that Mick Jagger is as insecure about the current state of relations between the sexes as you and I but that he has come to regard his celebrity less as a source of power in his dealings with women than as an added complication. His straightforward performance of the Temptations' "Ain't Too Proud to Beg"—which seems to announce both a new humility in love and the black influence that is more conspicuous on this album than on any other Stones record since 1965—establishes a tone of uncharacteristic vulnerability; "Time Waits for No One," which is rescued from triteness by its wonderful music, implies that that vulnerability has a lot to do with the question of what happens to a forty-year-old Rolling Stone. When, in the title song, Mick addresses his teen-age fans with a mixture of disdain, attraction, mockery, and, ultimately, recognition of the secret bond he pretends to deny ("It's only rock 'n roll"), his sardonic tone admits that he'd *better* like it—while it lasts.

Listening to this album, I can't help wondering about Jagger's marriage, which is opaque to me in a way that his turbulent affair with Marianne Faithfull was not. Bianca's public image is that of a partygoing, costume-wearing, expensive shell, and as a couple they give the impression of having an alliance (what its terms are is unclear) rather than a relationship. But after hearing these songs I'm not so sure. It just could be that Mick has finally met his match. "Short and Curlies" may be a crude, infuriating display of male paranoia, but it says something that Jagger's presumption of control and his anatomical metaphors have undergone a reversal since "Under My Thumb." And in "If You Really Want to Be My Friend" it is the woman who demands freedom, the man who pleads for an end to power games: "I know you think life is a thriller; you play the vamp, I play the killer. . . . By the last reel we'll be cryin.'" She responds on several levels of wonderful condescension, with "People tell me you are a vulture, Say you're a sore in a cancer culture, Now,

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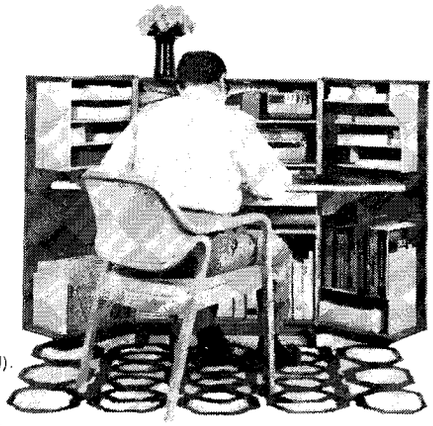

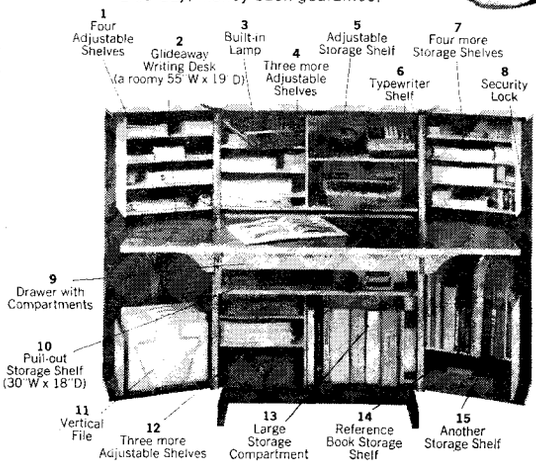

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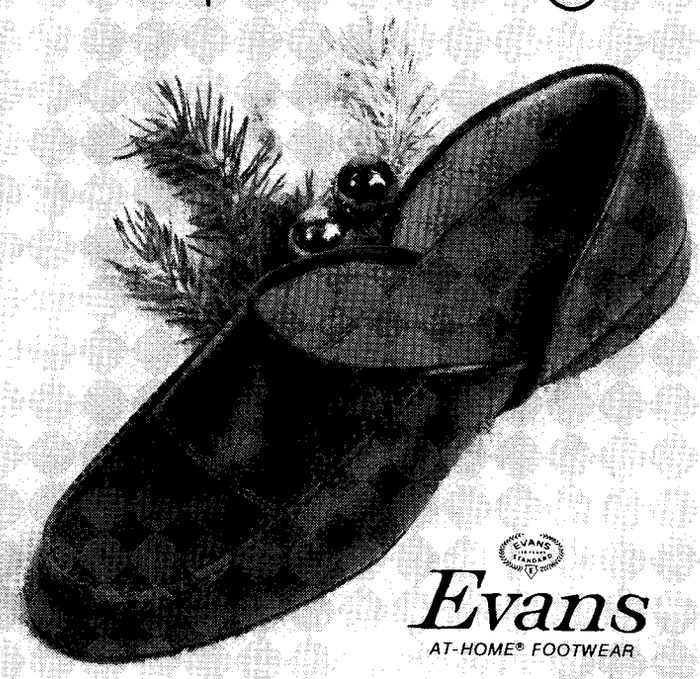

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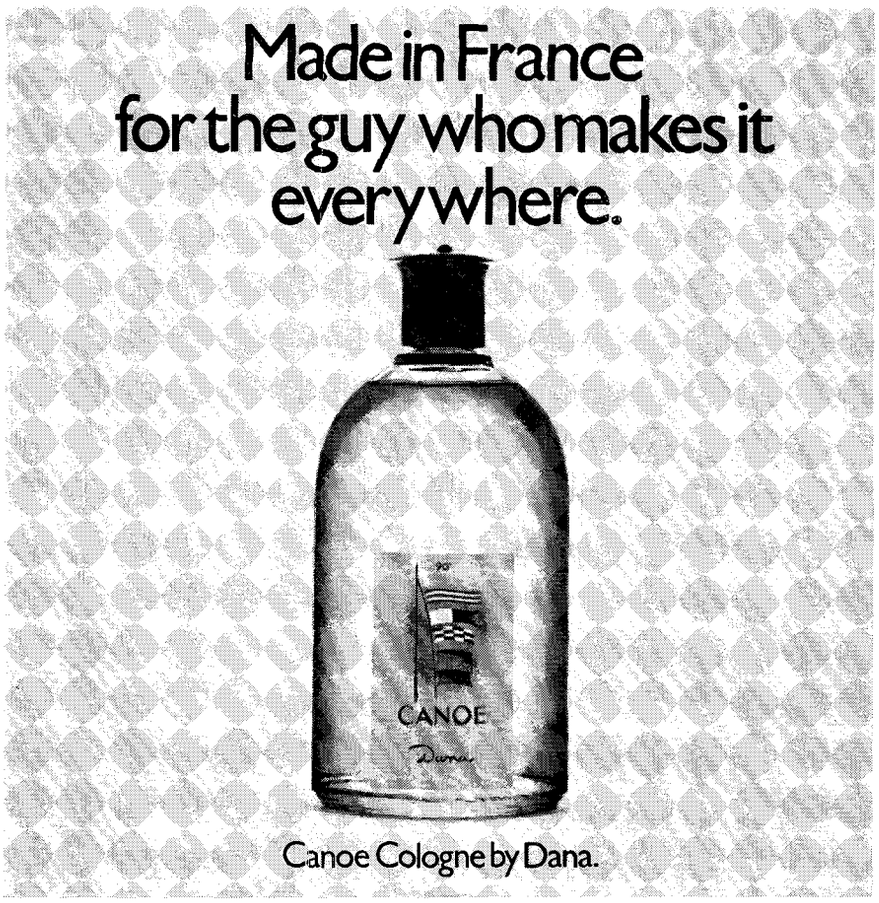

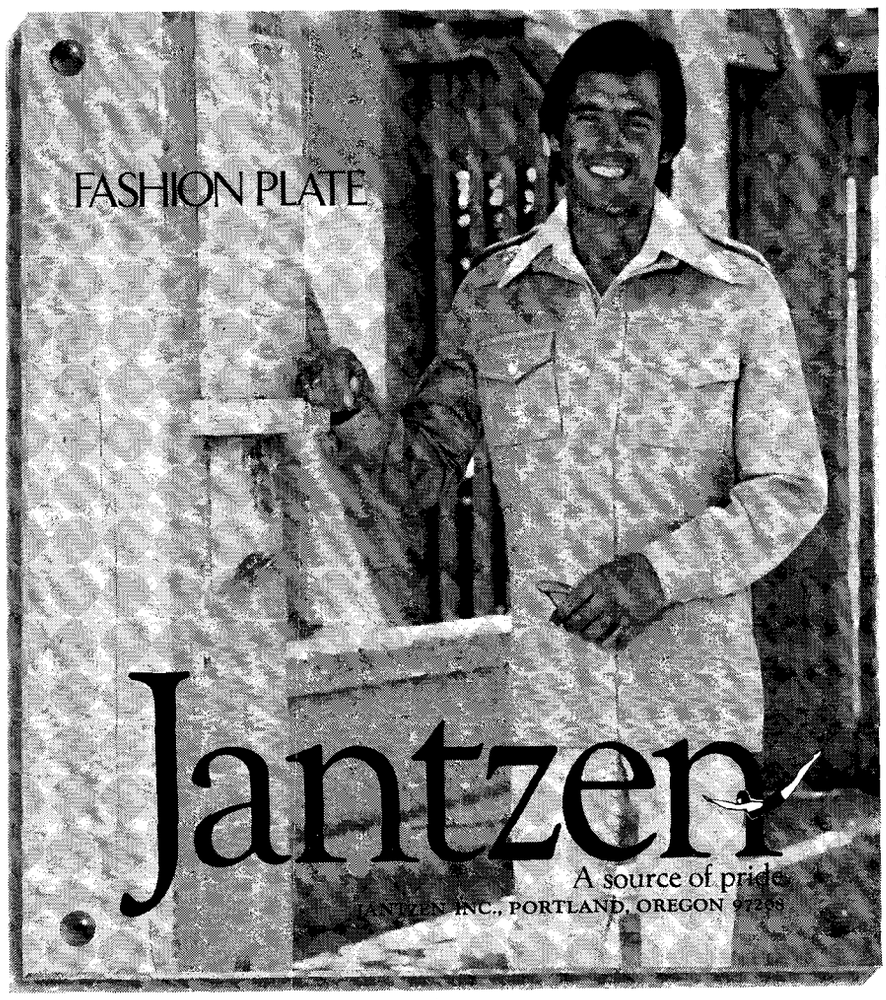

but you got a little charm around ya." It's only human, and I like it.

WITH the emergence of "The Harder They Come" as a midnight-movie staple, Jimmy Cliff could hardly be in a better position to make his move. Unfortunately, Cliff doesn't have nearly as good an instinct for self-promotion as the charismatic singer-outlaw he portrays. His recent concert at Carnegie Hall was so dull that my annoyance at its brevity was purely abstract. Appearing in an unassuming white suit rather than one of his outrageous Johnny Too Bad outfits, he put on an unassuming performance of mostly interchangeable songs. His new album, "Music Maker" (Reprise MS 2188), also suffers from a lack of excitement and variety. So, come to think of it, do the two other albums that have come out since the movie sound track. You can get it if you really want, but, Jimmy, you gotta want it more. . . . Maybe I'm just a Blue Meanie, but in my opinion Tom O'Horgan's "Sgt. Pepper" extravaganza, at the Beacon Theatre, represents some sort of apotheosis of pointless, mindless theatrics. I did enjoy the giant octopus puppet—which should have been in the Macy's Parade—and John Lennon, who was sitting three rows behind me, looking sexier than ever.

—ELLEN WILLIS

•

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BOOKS

Going to Pieces

IN the current Jean Rhys revival, only one book still remains out of print—"Voyage in the Dark" (1934). It shares a theme with her other novels of the twenties and thirties—"Quartet" (1928), "After Leaving Mr. Mackenzie" (1930), and "Good Morning, Midnight" (1939)—and even with "Wide Sargasso Sea" (1966), a rather different affair from its predecessors: for most people, love and the act of love are the greatest accusations they ever make against the falsehoods of society; we are one thing as lovers and something totally different as working, social, and political creatures. The disparity is as old as Adam and Eve, but the truly innocent (as distinct from the merely chaste) cannot bear it, and that notion is either central or implicit in all the novels. Sins of the flesh, therefore, are often not sins at all but their opposite: innocence, unbelieving, trying to restore itself. What the world makes of this kind of virtue is something else again, and there is not one Rhys heroine (each a species of a generic one) who does not innocently, and somewhat lazily, come up against the Philistines. They are masked sometimes as bohemians but are not to be distinguished from her chief enemies—the bourgeoisie and the authorities. Respectability is the great antagonist. It is also the despised haven.

The pattern of the Rhys heroine is set by Marya Zelli in "Quartet"—an unsuccessful actress-chorus girl turned artist's model or mannequin, who slowly drifts toward the vaguer forms of prostitution and is picked up variously by younger men equally wounded, middle-class Englishmen trying to revive themselves, or aging gentlemen fending off, or cynically making the most of, their last illusions—all unable to say what they feel, all afraid of being used, of giving in to emotions damaging to their self-esteem. And the truth of the matter is that the men are spoilers, searching out the weak case, just as the women—most superbly realized in "After Leaving Mr. Mackenzie"—can be formidable. One grows formidable by having nothing to lose, by being free of hope. This involuntary process doesn't necessarily work to one's advantage. Meanness here derives from the need to defend that scrap of self-respect each person carries inside him like a furled flag. Even Mr. Mackenzie, even Heidler, a monster of selfishness in "Quartet"—modelled after Ford Madox Ford, an early sponsor of Miss Rhys's work—have a certain pathos, a kind of sinking familiarity, as if the women they help do in were also a denied part of themselves. The awful thing is to come up against someone who won't play by the rules, someone who knows and is willing to say the rules are lies. But one can stay innocent too long. Truth-sayers are also threats—to themselves as well as the men they involve. Stupidity and cruelty are parcelled out on both sides. Relationships are barters and chillingly ambivalent—the trading of a moment of affection or sex for a dinner or two, a hotel room, some ready cash.

The connection between love and money may be Miss Rhys's most original contribution to the history of emotional exploitation. For everything in society is geared to revealing power as masculine and to hiding the thousand subtle ways by which power uses money to enslave. And hers are novels of subjugation: the fat cat and the underdog tied together by invisible threads, subjugation either by addiction—sexual obsession or drink—or by the manipulation of passivity. Sensuality is at war with will and can be worked on, from varying distances, to escape the worst of human conditions—isolation. The aging gamine whom Miss Rhys pursues through these books with a relentlessness as cool as it is remarkable, considering the unmistakable autobiographical flavor, slowly goes to pieces. Living on a day-to-day basis, mostly in Paris, at one hotel a little seedier than the one before, she is a girl (later a woman) to whom an encounter, a drink, a sunset, a bar of music have the enchantments they have in life, but who comes to see them, finally, as ends in themselves. Sensuousness in these books is comforting—perhaps their only comfort. And their chief psychological state is uneasiness. Miss Rhys writes of this with an acuteness other writers reserve for madness, and she sees the strong connection between these states of mind. To hate the respectable world and to be dependent on it, to be rebellious and helpless at the same time, produces resignation and rage; there are no more uncomfortable bedfellows. This psychological state is mirrored in a social one: if Marya Zelli, Anna Morgan, Julia Martin, and Sasha Jansen are on the market, ready to be martyred, the male middle class knows

"Royal blue again! I hate royal blue."

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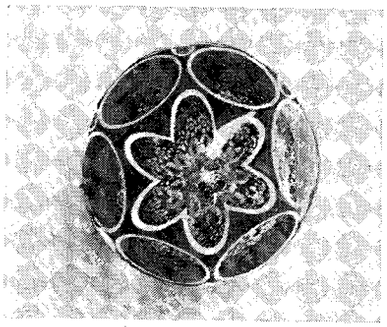

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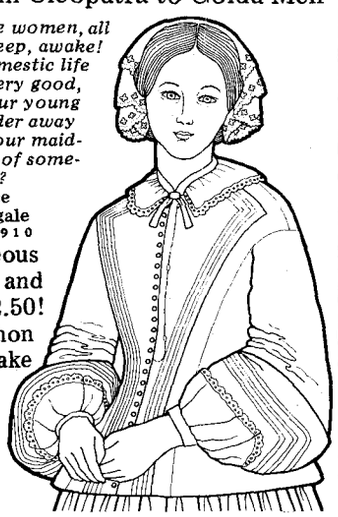

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a victim when it sees one, being so easily victimized itself. In this case, the predators and the prey are warily conscious of how quickly one step down leads to humiliation and one step up to anonymity and safety. Julia, in "After Leaving Mr. Mackenzie," and Sasha, in "Good Morning, Midnight," are on to the game, but they have no more idea of how to change the rules than they have the power to do so. To be a sort of aristocrat of the emotions and a penniless pretty girl, unable to *do* anything, is to be vulnerable. Money is never there when it is needed; affection is elusive when it might be most healing. The girls are too bright, and, most of the time, too feeling to use weapons in return. They are slowly driven out of their wits by the harshness and unnaturalness of the world, by its lack of affection and warmth. They come into the world unarmed, and the world smashes them—"smash" is a particularly meaningful word for Miss Rhys—in an unequal war. The battles take place at a restaurant table, a hotel desk, a bar, or an interview—any of the small vectors of power where the victim and the victimizer juggle the balances.

But mainly these beauties are victims of themselves and of time, which has its own sliding scale—the necessary, the bearable, and the desperate. They have the blindfold quality of stutterers walking in darkness, unable to speak when speech is required, unable to move, except from room to room, from hotel to hotel, from lover to lover. And when the lovers run out, the one-night stand takes their place. To get to the *tabac*, the beauty parlor, sometimes even downstairs is to walk the prison round. These are novels of dispossession written by someone with a strong sense of place. If all this sounds like "privileged despair" (to use Kenneth Tynan's phrase), it doesn't read like it. Every centimetre of torture is carefully measured out, and with an exactness and a lack of sentimentality all the more painful for being temperamentally unavoidable. To be wretched to the very roots of existence and yet to be coolheaded, watching the wretchedness, is the fate of these women, and particularly of Sasha, in "Good Morning, Midnight," for that book is the culmination of the story, the last sounding of the theme, and the most abstract of the novels, ending with Sasha's ghostly seduction by a man in a white dressing gown who, like a fateful moth, has flittered, seemingly unimportant, through the corridors of her hotel. When he moves from the corridor into the bedroom, he sums up Sasha's fate as he sums up all the strangers, charming and dreadful, who wander in and out of the first four novels. A dead child haunts two of them, the husbands and lovers have different names, but it is the same story we are reading, over and over, in various degrees of intensity, at different stages of the same career—the story of an exile from life, sometimes dressed in an expensive fur coat, a relic of former affluence, who is broke, aging, and alone.

"Voyage in the Dark" is the most harrowing of the novels because it is the most realistic, a love story that takes place in the present, where no marriage, no broken framework is to be taken for granted from the start. It ends with a girl alone in a room, having survived an abortion, on the brink of absolutely nothing. The girl is Anna Morgan, and to counteract the gray drabness of the London skies she keeps remembering scenes from her childhood on the island of Dominica—Miss Rhys' birthplace, where she spent her first sixteen years. But it is only in "Wide Sargasso Sea" that she is able to put together her two landscapes—the West Indies and England. Its ending leads us to the attic in "Jane Eyre" where the first Mrs. Rochester is confined. In capitalizing on the fact that Mrs. Rochester was born in the West Indies, and by working backward, Miss Rhys has opened up a seam in the Brontë novel and then resewn it with her own peculiar needle. It is a spellbinding book, labelled in its present hideous paperback edition a "Gothic," but it bears about as much resemblance to the genre as "The Turn of the Screw" does to the ordinary ghost story. Good as it is, something too theatrical attaches to it. For the first time, Miss Rhys uses the landscape of her childhood as more than a contrasting backdrop; its tropical color and languor are released as if they had been held under pressure for a long time. But she has fused it with something bookish, and what might have been the most personal of the novels is the most literary. In spite of its staginess, it is marvellously adroit technically—each of its three sections is told from a different viewpoint—but, more important, a world is at last revealed to us that we can transpose backward, with some hesitation, but with some meaning, to the books as a whole.

And that is the world of magic—the West Indian staples of Voudoo, witchcraft, and possession. It sheds a

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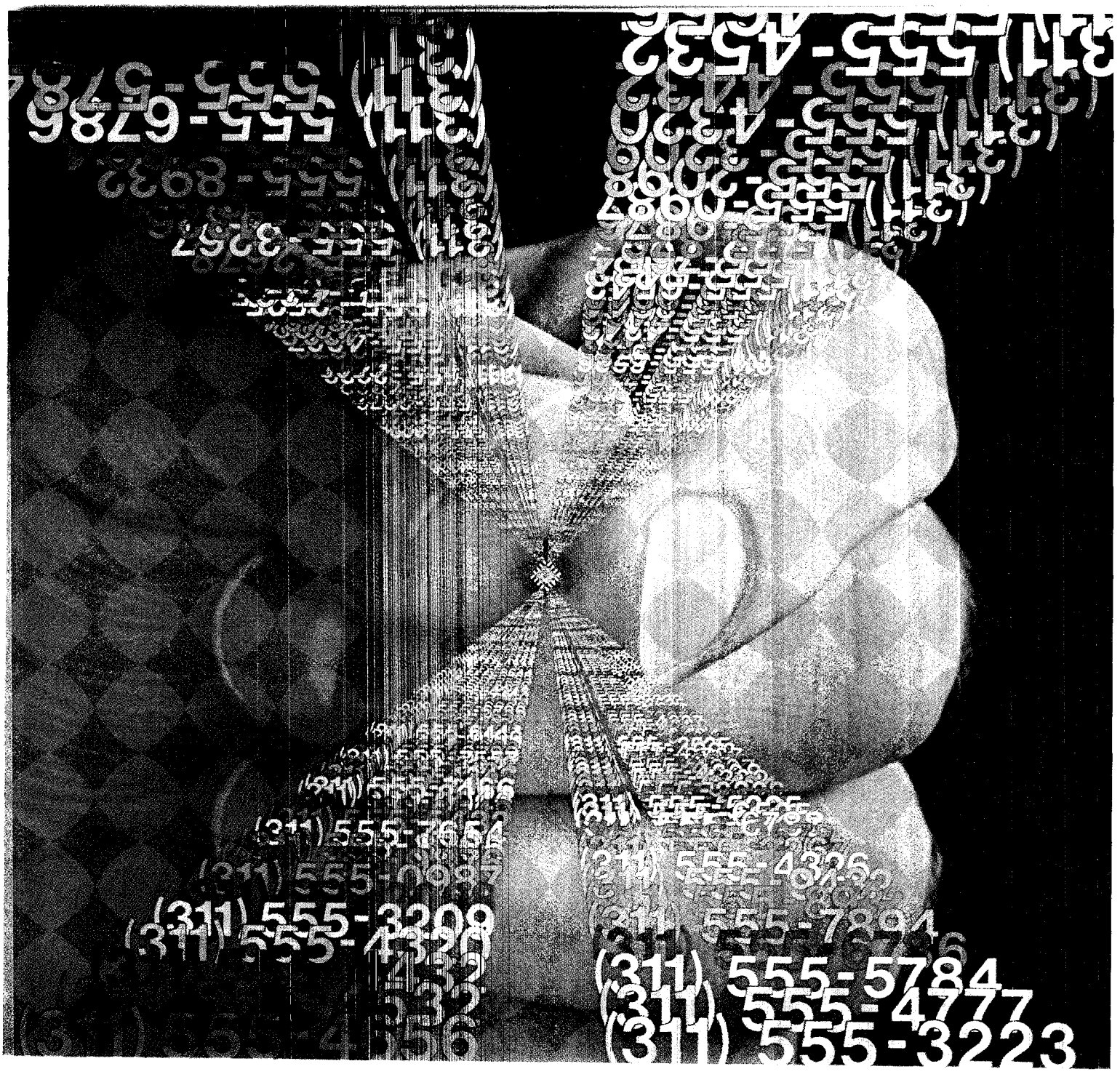

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shadow rather than a glimmer on the psychology of the earlier novels, for the idea that one is being forced to behave rather than willing one's behavior is a notion as common to the mentally disturbed as to those who believe in magical forces. One's fate is held in someone else's hands, and as we watch Antoinette turn into the crazed Mrs. Rochester the passivity of the earlier heroines takes on a different cast. Not only is there an exaggerated notion of the male's powers to complete but magic accrues to certain acts and gestures that will soothe and heal. Clothes are very important in this respect, and so are makeup and mirrors—strange little throwbacks, once they are looked at this way, to a world far more primitive than Paris or London. It makes us realize, perhaps for the first time, how dominant the idea of fear is in Miss Rhys's work. It is as if behind the scenes in the first four books a world had been withheld which doesn't explain action or motivation but which colors them in a new and revealing way. To be down on one's luck is to overvalue the chance rescue, to give it a significance it doesn't quite have. Once that significance is granted, the way is clear for seeing significance in everything. And that, in turn, opens the door for the arrival of the gods.

Though "Wide Sargasso Sea" is the most dramatic of the novels, it is the least telling in the Rhys canon precisely because the heroine *does* go mad, and because she commits a final demonic *act*—the burning of Thornfield Hall. Miss Rhys's specialty is neither action nor madness but the precipitants that precede them. The suicide at the coastline, not the floating corpse, is her real subject. "Wide Sargasso Sea" is an ingenious tour de force, but it is not the genuine Rhys article. For the earlier novels—and particularly "After Leaving Mr. Mackenzie" and "Good Morning, Midnight"—are unlike anything else in English. They bear a close allegiance to the tight French short novel expanded to its limits, rather than the cumulative drama of build-up and crisis. Colette comes to mind, but briefly. The music-hall flavor suggests a connection, but there is a finer sense of social institutions in the English writer and a far less developed concern for the natural and the familial. The relationship between Colette and Sido would, I think, have been outside Miss Rhys's range (one never thinks of her as having parents), though the relationships between Hester and her stepdaughter, Anna, in "Voyage in the Dark," and between the two sisters, Julia and Norah, in "After

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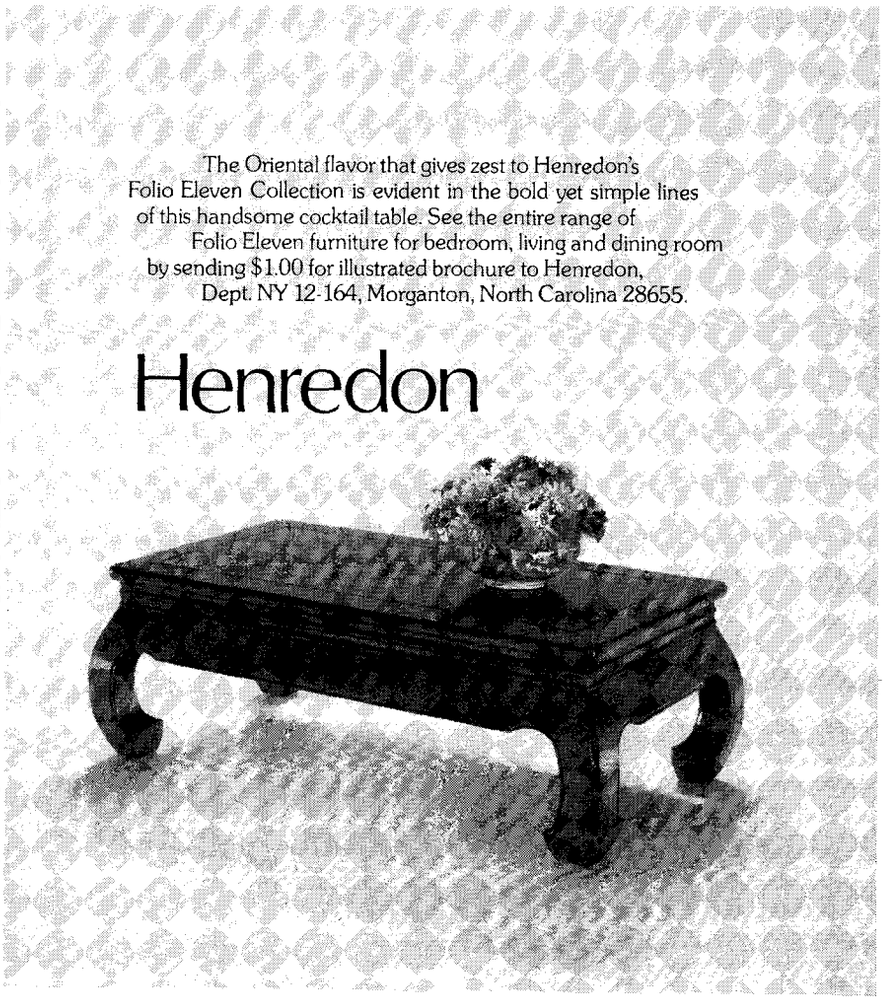

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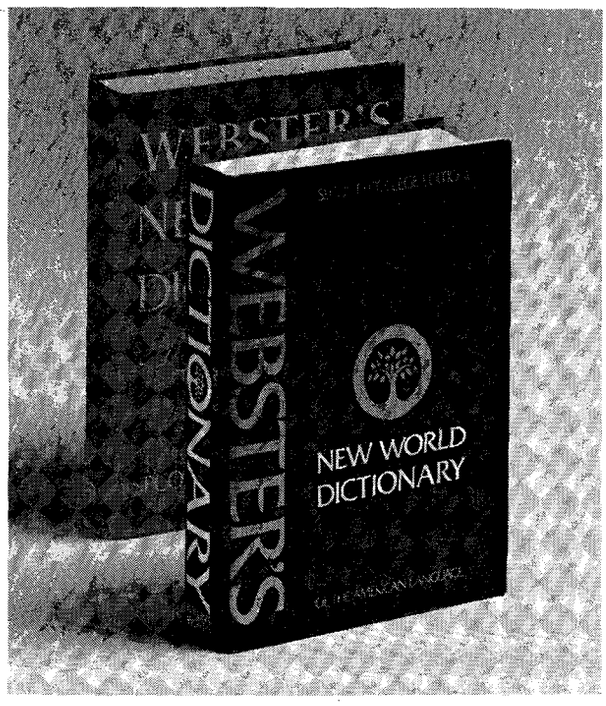

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Leaving Mr. Mackenzie," are poisonous and true but somehow exceptions, and rather surprising in the work as a whole. Yet Miss Rhys knows something about bureaucratic humiliation, the cold machinery of prisons and hotels which either escaped Colette or escaped her interest, for Colette is basically a joyous writer and Miss Rhys a despairing one.

The difficulty of saying how or why her books seem so original may be a sign of their authenticity. They seem peculiarly timeless for works focussed on such particular times and places as the twenties and thirties in London and Paris. A casualness of style, a natural sense of form suggest either the consummate letter writer or an arduousness belied by their surfaces. They are novels of streets and rooms as unforgettable as maps if one had to navigate by them, yet they manage inside their small frames to be significant. They have the quality of the best books by seeming to have written themselves, and, reading them, one flinches at truth after truth.

"TIGERS ARE BETTER-LOOKING" (1974), a collection of short stories, has just been brought out by Harper & Row. Miss Rhys is being resurrected in bits. The best story is the first one, "Till September Petronella," in which the now-familiar central figure goes off to join an artist and a music critic, and the girl friend of one of them, for a stint of modelling in the country. It is a perfect Rhys novel in miniature, a bonsai of compression. It, and a story about a West Indian woman in London, "Let Them Call It Jazz," funny and pathetic by turns, are the high points. Selections from her very first book, "The Left Bank" (1927), are included, with its original introduction by Ford Madox Ford. The right word for these is "sketches," and most of them *are* dated and trifling. They have some historical interest, they fill in a gap. The story is not as congenial to Miss Rhys as—I was about to say the novel. But it is her *version* of the novel I mean—which reads as if a piece of French literature had happened to be written in English—and it is hers alone. —HOWARD MOSS

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

DOG SOLDIERS, by Robert Stone (Houghton Mifflin). As forcefully as any book one can think of, this novel conveys the cynicism, the terror, and the appetite for new (often

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drug-induced) experiences that have marked recent years. In the simplest possible terms, it is an adventure story about heroin smuggling between Vietnam and California, but it follows such a free course, and is so convincing in its treatment of strange locales and confused minds, that it amounts to a broad contemporary document. An ironic logic underlies the story: Because the war is brutal and absurd, people will want to get high. Because the opportunity exists, John Converse, a free-lance journalist in Saigon, decides to send three kilos of heroin to his wife, in Berkeley. Because he has a taste for danger, Ray Hicks, Converse's friend in the Marines, agrees to carry the shipment over. And because the system is rotten through and through, the federal narcs who are set on their trail want not to enforce the law but to work off their own violent hatreds. Mr. Stone is a capable young writer, and his wide knowledge, accurate ear, and cruel wit seem just right for this scary, compulsively readable tale.

HARLEQUIN, by Morris West (Morrow). Harlequin—young, charming, brilliant George Harlequin—is the head of the old and famous Swiss bank that bears his family name, and then one flabbergasting day he is confronted by a coercive takeover attempt by the internationally known computer-systems company whose services he employs. His struggles to save himself in this literally lethal situation are recorded by plain, awkward, loyal old Paul Desmond, his managing director and longtime friend and the erstwhile suitor of his charming wife. Mr. West is a compelling storyteller, and he has us pretty much in thrall before it begins to dawn on us that his story is nonsense, his view of life sentimental and apocalyptic, and his characters nonexistent. A selection of the Literary Guild.

GENERAL

ROLL, JORDAN, ROLL: THE WORLD THE SLAVES MADE, by Eugene D. Genovese (Pantheon). A rich, plausible historical panorama of the lives of black slaves in the American South. Professor Genovese takes account of all the work on the subject, from eighteenth-century documents to Fogel's and Engerman's "Time on the Cross," and has investigated and rethought a variety of disputed matters—such as the persistence or disappearance of African culture, and

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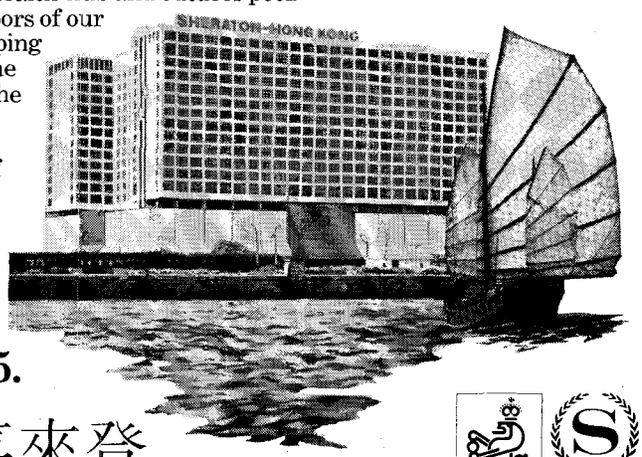

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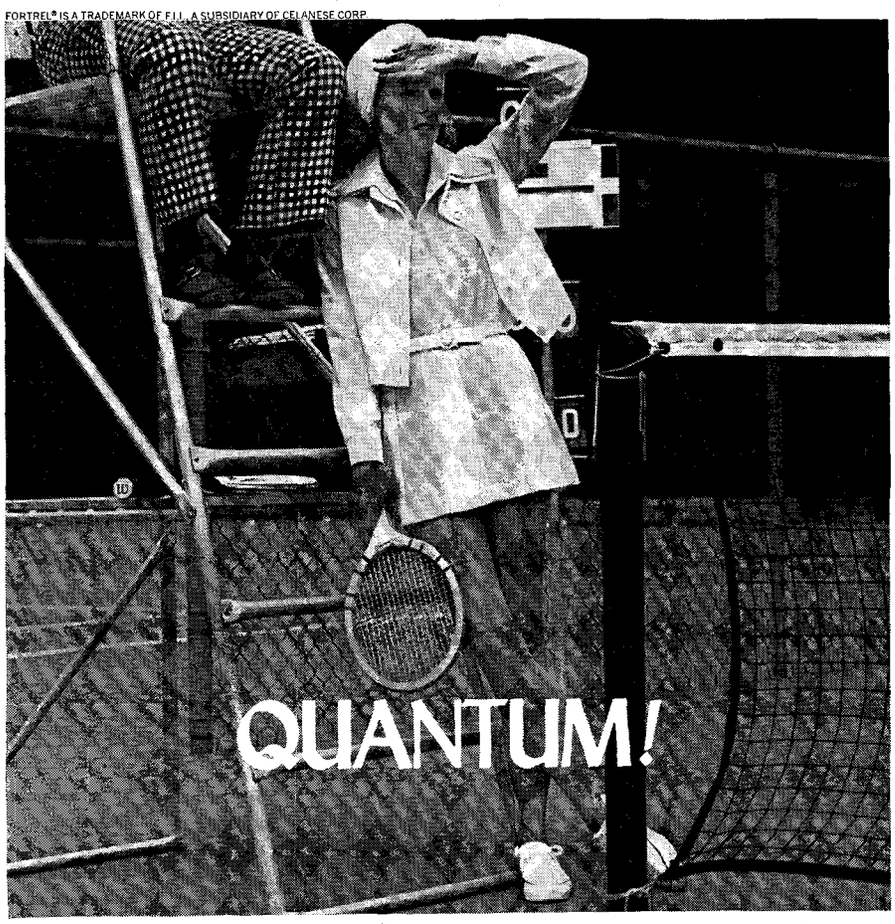

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the meaning of Christianity to slaves. The outstanding quality of his conclusions and opinions is judiciousness. Altogether, a first-class historical work, enhanced by a good, forthright style.

DISCRIMINATIONS: ESSAYS & AFTERTHOUGHTS, 1938-74, by Dwight Macdonald (Viking). This collection is aptly titled. It deals with a variety of literary and political topics over a long stretch of time, and the discriminations that its author makes are nice and frequently eye-opening. Right or wrong, agree, disagree, or don't know, Mr. Macdonald offers an attractive mixture of earnestness and entertainment. Five of the forty-nine pieces originally appeared in this magazine.

DE KOONING, by Harold Rosenberg (Abrams). One of the most curious, not to say amusing, qualities of this lucid, spirited, and beautiful book is that almost any of the descriptions of the unique work and character of its subject could be applied with equal accuracy to the critical work of its author. Mr. Rosenberg believes that the greatest of this great modern Dutch-born painter's virtues (besides his talent) is his lifelong "refusal to be recruited." His paintings, Rosenberg says, have always been "permeated with intellectual character, yet never illustrative of a concept. They have the strength, surprise, emotional range, and, on occasion, the arbitrariness of a temperament." The excellently reproduced examples of de Kooning's powerful, tense, yet fluid paintings range from 1921 to the present. Also included are a reprint of an interview that originally appeared in *ARTnews* in 1972, and one of a lecture the artist gave at the Museum of Modern Art in 1951. Two hundred and twenty-six illustrations, sixty-five in color. Forty-five dollars.

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The house, which is located at 46 So. Main St., will undergo several renovations, including partitions and a stall shower to accommodate eight students and two tutors.—*Lawrence (Mass.) Eagle-Tribune.*

Well, togetherness is next to cleanliness.

•

MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Carbondale (Ill.) Southern Illinoisan*]

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The gas station guy who saved you during the shortage.

The dentist who said, "No cavities this time."

The accountant who caught that $300 mistake — in your favor.

The doctor in town who still makes house calls.

Your old teacher who never flunked anybody.

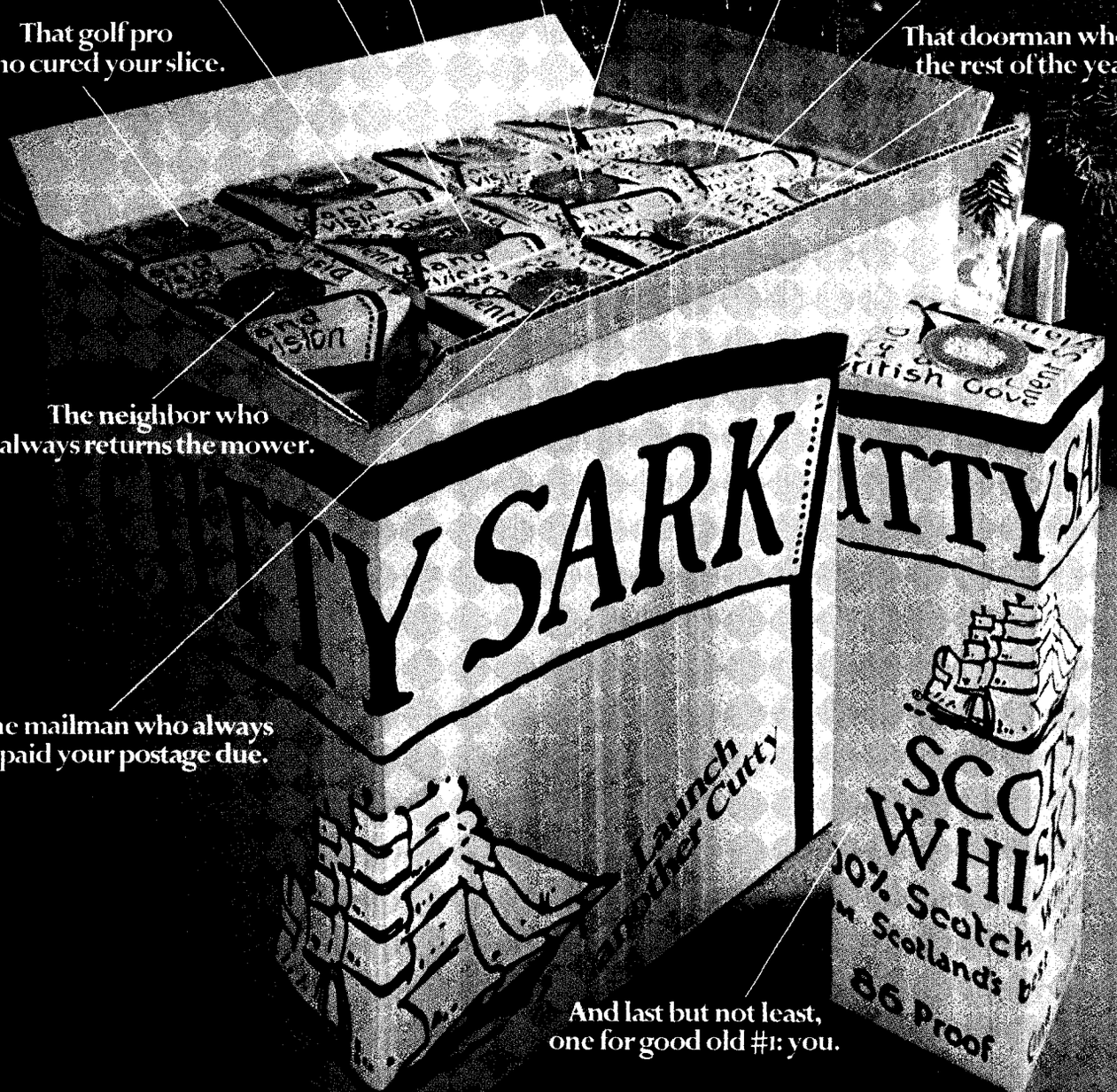
That golf pro who cured your slice.

That doorman who's nice the rest of the year, too.

The neighbor who always returns the mower.

The mailman who always paid your postage due.

And last but not least, one for good old #1: you.



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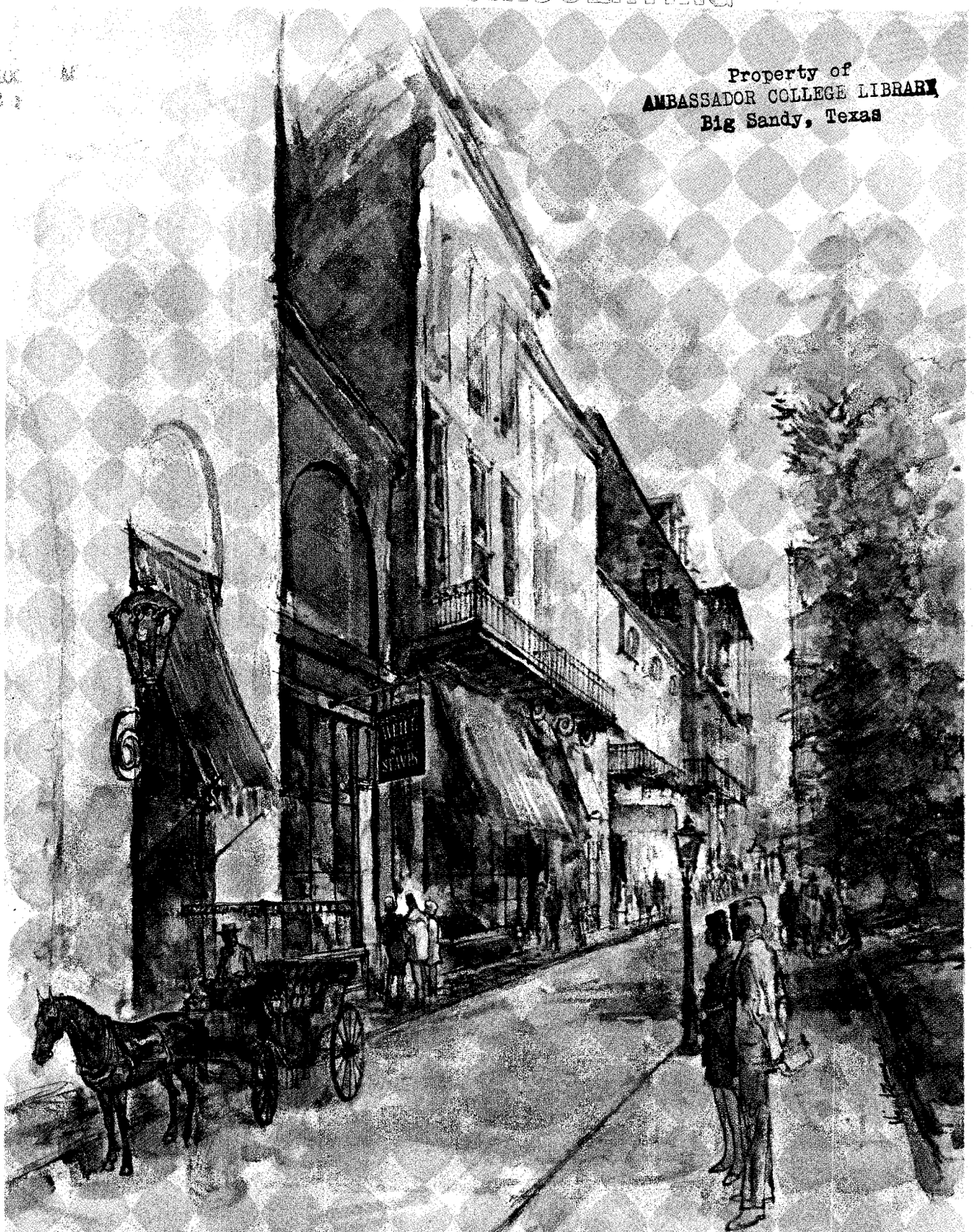

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